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24

25

26



THE  
ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.



BY  
THE REV. J. M. KING,  
VICAR OF CUTCOMBE.  
LATE SCHOLAR OF BALL. COLL., OXON.

*SECOND EDITION.*

LONDON:  
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1875.

298. f. 33.



22

EC 1. 1. 2



WHEN the Athenian sculptor had embodied his conception of the human form, he engraved on the pedestal of the statue of Hercules this legend,

*Γλυκὼν Ἀθηναῖος ἐποίησεν,*

which I now adopt as my motto for my present work, because by it he meant to indicate that he was still labouring after, rather than that he had attained to his own idea of perfect strength and symmetry.

If asked why issue this new Edition when the ground is already occupied by the popular version of Professor Conington, I reply because I believe that the adoption of that short and popular metre is the one weak point in the Professor's polished coat of Roman mail; and that such will be the final verdict, between the two metres, of the Masters of the English language.







## DEDICATION.

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To you, young men of our middle classes, on whom, under God, the future of our country depends, I offer this new edition and corrected version, prepared very carefully and especially for you, of one of the most finished productions of the human mind. It may help to foster in you a habit of reading, one of the great preservatives against vice, when you see how rich and musical your own language is. What to me has been the cheerful friend of many days, to you may be the pleasant companion of an unoccupied hour. And as you read and wonder at the fictitious scenes of interest and beauty which the heathen poet has clothed with such marvellous splendour, be thankful for the Truth, which, unknown to him, has given to you a Faith and a Reality.

J. M. K.



100



## PREFACE.

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As the best Preface I can offer to my readers, I copy the following from Dr. Beattie's Essays:—

“Virgil has imitated many poets, especially Homer, from whom he has borrowed the plan and many of the sentiments, images, and phrases of the *Æneid*; but Virgil's style and manner, and the numbers of his verse are altogether his own, and are characterized by a peculiar dignity, correctness, and delicacy, not to be met with in Homer, or, indeed, in any other poet.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“*Æneas* bears the infirm old man, his father, on his shoulders to a place of safety, and ever afterwards behaves towards him as becomes a son and a subject, and speaks of his death in terms of the utmost tenderness and veneration. As a father he is equally affectionate, nor is his son deficient in filial duties. *Turnus*, when vanquished, condescends to ask his life for the sake of his aged parent, who he knows will be inconsolable for his loss. The young, the gentle, the beautiful *Lausus* dies in defence of his father; and the father provoked his own destruction, because he could not live without his son, and wished to be laid with him in the same grave. The lamentation of *Evander* over his *Pallas* transcends all praise. And nothing



even in this poem, the most pathetic of all human compositions, is more moving than what is stated of the gallant youth Euryalus, when, on undertaking the night expedition, which proved fatal to him, he recommends his helpless parent to the Trojan prince. Let a man read Virgil with attention and with taste, and then be a cruel parent or undutiful child, if he can."



# THE ÆNEID.

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## BOOK I.

I WHO but late with pipe and pastoral song  
Won gentle maids and charm'd the rustic throng,  
Then left the groves, and taught the barren field  
To swell with fruits, or golden harvests yield,  
Now sing of arms and Troy's great chief, who bore 5  
The gods of Ilium to the Tyber's shore,  
When Juno's wrath descending lash'd the main,  
And discord raged upon Laurentum's plain:  
Whence sprang our Alban sires, our Latian home,  
And thy proud Capitol, eternal Rome. 10

Sing, heavenly maid, what dire offence the queen  
Of courts celestial and of gods had seen  
In one for piety renown'd: and say,  
Can mortal passions on immortals prey.

Fronting the Tyber, where the sounding flood 15  
Sweeps Libya's sands, an ancient city stood:  
Carthage, whose sons from wealthy Tyrus came,  
Shone forth in arms, and gain'd a nobler name.  
Here Juno loved, so sacred legends tell,  
Though Samos wept, in costlier fanes to dwell: 20



Her arms, her altar, and her chariot here,  
In solemn pomp her priestly train appear;  
And here her thoughts that range through future days  
Her Libyan chiefs to regal splendour raise.  
Opposing which she heard, so fate decreed, 25  
A martial people should from Troy proceed,  
Who, rival Carthage from her empire hurl'd,  
Should know no limit, and command the world.  
Proudly she thought, how once her aid she bore  
To conquering Argos on the Phrygian shore; 30  
And still the insult work'd within her mind,  
How scornful youth her proffer'd realm declin'd,  
When Paris turn'd from her majestic grace  
To softer beauty and a fairer face :  
Still Ganymede in Hebe's garland dress'd, 35  
And frail Electra rankled in her breast.  
From hence all Troy the wrath of Juno shared,  
Who sterner slew where stern Achilles spared :  
Through years storm-tossed the wanderer seeks his home :  
From such vast labour sprang imperial Rome. 40  
    Sicilia's cliffs were fading from their view  
As through the waves the Trojan vessels flew,  
When the glad sight aroused Saturnia's hate,  
And thus she mused : Shall Juno yield to fate ?  
Pallas could all the tempest's force command, 45  
Nay, launch Jove's awful thunder from her hand,  
Avenge on Greece her once polluted fane,  
Scatter the vessels, and upturn the main,  
Stout Ajax fling upon a pointed rock,  
Hissing with flames, and lifeless from the shock; 50



But I who march in majesty on high,  
Consort of Jove, and empress of the sky,  
War with one race: O who shall hence adore  
My slighted deity, my aid implore?

Thus mused the goddess, and to fury wrought, 55  
The birth-place of the winds, Æolia, sought,  
Where Æolus in gloomy grandeur reigns,  
Compels the whirlwind, and the tempest chains;  
Whilst they indignant roar the cave around,  
Bellow, and fill the mountain with the sound: 60  
But calm their king amid the tumult stands,  
Rais'd on a rock, and all their rage commands.  
His hand withdrawn, in wild impetuous race,  
Earth, sea, and air were whirl'd through empty space.  
But Jove, this dire confusion to prevent, 65  
In deepest caves the daring spirits pent,  
Heap'd huge hills on them, and a king assign'd,  
Whose airy sceptre awes each rebel wind.  
This king can quell the storm, the whirlwind rein,  
Or loose and pour its fury on the main. 70  
On whom the Queen of gods in suppliant guise  
Her arts persuasive and entreaties tries:  
" Æolus, for Jove to thee the rule assign'd,  
" Which smoothes the waters, or lets loose the wind,  
" A race I hate now sails, intent to save 75  
" Its shattered fortunes, o'er the Tuscan wave;  
" To Italy they bring the gods of Troy:  
" Unbind thy winds, and all their ships destroy;  
" Or drive their scatter'd fleet the ocean o'er,  
" And cast their mangled corpses on the shore. 80



“ Twice seven young virgins bow to my command:  
“ Deïopea, fairest of the band,  
“ To thee I give in wedlock’s firm embrace,  
“ The beauteous parent of a beauteous race.”  
    To whom the King of tempests: “ Queen, ’tis thine   85  
“ To form the project, to complete it mine.  
“ To thee I owe that storms my empire own,  
“ To thee, that Jove confirms my airy throne;  
“ To thee, at blissful banquets to recline,  
“ Receiv’d by gods, and worshipp’d as divine.”   90  
His spear the mountain struck: the winds rush forth,  
As thundering squadrons charge, and scour the earth.  
East, South, and West, in mighty tumult roar,  
And roll huge billows on the sounding shore.  
Loud shout the crews, still louder roars the main,   95  
And groans the cordage with the tempest’s strain.  
Dense clouds roll swiftly up th’ ethereal steep,  
Light fails, and darkness settles on the deep.  
From pole to pole loud thunder shakes the spheres,  
Fork’d lightnings flash, and instant death appears. 100  
E’en great Æneas owns unwonted fear;  
Up-raised his hands in pious form appear:  
“ Thrice happy he who ’mid the carnage dies  
“ A warrior’s death, and with his kindred lies!  
“ O would that I such noble death had won,   105  
“ Slain by thy sword, great Tydeus’ godlike son!  
“ Where fell Sarpedon, Lycia’s monarch proud;  
“ Where e’en stern Hector to Achilles bow’d;  
“ And whelm’d beneath the Simois’ crimson’d wave,  
“ Troy’s mightiest heroes found a soldier’s grave; 110



“ While to the main the purple current bore  
“ The shield and helmet that her warriors wore.”

From the dark north the raging storm prevails,  
Lifts the white foam, and strikes the trembling sails;  
The oars break short, the ship deserts her course, 115  
And turns a broadside to the tempest's force.

Crested with foam, huge mountains towering rise,  
Wave breaks on wave, and thunders to the skies.  
These hang upon the billows' watery steep,  
Those plunge between them to the boiling deep: 120  
Here in mid ocean earth laid bare appears,  
Here foam and sand the seething water bears.

Three on sunk rocks the furious south wind throws,  
Aræ the name the Latian seaman knows,  
Who marks them, rising from the stormy brine, 125  
Lift their dark backs like some gigantic shrine.

Three Eurys drives, too weak to hold their course,  
On shallow sand-banks with impetuous force:  
Fix'd on the ridge immovable they stand,  
Their painted hulls embedded in the sand. 130

Where good Orontes on his deck is borne  
Towers a huge wave, then dashes on the stern,  
And whelms the helmsman, from his rudder torn:  
Thrice whirl'd around, no art the ship can save;  
She reels, then founders in the yawning wave. 135

Here some strong swimmer struggles with his fate,  
Where float the treasures of the Trojan state;  
Ilioneus, Achates, Abas brave,  
And old Alethes, scarce support the wave;  
The opening seams receive the hostile shower, 140  
And bends the vessel to the tempest's roar.



Neptune, meanwhile, up-borne above the seas,  
With look severe the raging storm surveys,  
Beholds his empire in confusion thrown,  
His power usurp'd, and yet the realm his own; 145  
Sees Troy's great chief the sport of every wind,  
And reads the wrath that fills Saturnia's mind.  
The furious winds he summon'd to his side,  
And thus his words the daring spirits chide:

"Lawless by race, and rebels from your birth, 150  
"Shake ye the heavens, and unbalance earth?  
"Whom I—but now these waves my care demand:  
"Repeat the crime, and feel my sovereign hand.  
"Hence to your king, and say, 'tis mine to reign  
"With awful trident o'er the azure main: 155  
"Wild rocks are his, your stormy home, and there  
"Imprison'd tempests are his noble care."

The deed prevents the word; the order goes,  
The rebel waves sink down in soft repose;  
Clouds which up-piled in heaps chaotic lie 160  
Disperse, again bright sunshine glads the sky.  
Their powers Cymothoë and Triton show,  
And from the rock lift off the shattered prow;  
Where on the bank the vessel stranded lies,  
Neptune himself his brazen trident plies, 165  
Then smooths the surface of the angry main,  
On light wheels gliding o'er the glassy plain.  
And as when faction's noisy passions rise,  
If, while through air each angry missile flies,  
Some citizen of grave repute appears, 170  
Awe-struck the rabble stand with listening ears:



So all the uproar of the storm was stay'd,  
Soon as the god his face serene display'd;  
Still was the sky as on his horses flew,  
And smooth the sea where sped his chariot through. 175  
The weary Trojans now, the tempest o'er,  
With shatter'd vessels seek the nearest shore.  
Off Libya's coast an islet's rocky side  
Breaks the rude swell of Ocean's noisy tide;  
The waves divide, and murm'ring o'er the sand 180  
With gentle force run up the winding strand.  
Around the bay vast rocks ascend on high,  
Rise with twin cliffs, and seem to dare the sky;  
Beneath, the tranquil sea, unlash'd to foam,  
With soothing cadence calls the sailors home; 185  
Above, impending woods, a sylvan scene,  
Dusk with deep shade, extend a leafy screen.  
A grotto opposite, of spacious size,  
Whose unhewn roof a hanging rock supplies;  
Where silvery streamlets gushing from the wall, 190  
Shed crystal dew, and cool the sea-nymph's hall.  
Unanchor'd here may boats securely ride,  
Unstrain'd the cable, and unfelt the tide.  
Seven crews surviving, now the storm is o'er,  
On the smooth strand enjoy the wish'd for shore. 195  
Soon on dry leaves a spark Achates caught,  
Nurs'd the young flame, and crackling branches brought;  
The famished sailors spread this hearth before  
Heaps of wet corn, and dry their damag'd store;  
Rude preparations for the banquet make, 200  
Bruise the parch'd grains, and knead the wheaten cake.



Meanwhile Æneas climbs the harbour's side,  
Expects his comrades, and surveys the tide;  
For Capys long and Antheus looks in vain,  
And seeks Caïcus on the watery plain. 205  
Three beamy stags along the winding shore,  
Securely browse the dappled herd before;  
He stood, Achates gave the sylvan dart,  
The arrow quiver'd in the victim's heart.  
The leaders first received the feather'd wound, 210  
And bow'd their branching honours to the ground:  
Others he struck as through the glade they fled,  
Till seven huge deer were numbered with the dead.  
These with rich wine from kind Acestes' store,  
His gift when late they left Trinacria's shore, 215  
The chief divides amongst the fleet, and cheers  
Their drooping spirits, and allays their fears.  
" Friends, who already with your prince have shared  
" Worse ills than these, and greater dangers dared;  
" As brighter seasons have succeeded those, 220  
" So these with happier days shall fortune close.  
" Ye who, where Ætna rears its fiery head,  
" Through all the woods saw shapeless Cyclops spread,  
Who stemm'd undaunted Scylla's raging flood,  
" Where monsters barking by the virgin stood; 225  
" Bear as of old; nor yield to abject fear;  
" Perchance these ills will be to memory dear.  
" Through chequer'd scenes our way to empire lies,  
" And, gods consenting, Troy again shall rise.  
" Then firm in hope, your faith unshaken, live, 23  
" Till future times more prosp'rous fortunes give."



Thus spoke the Trojan chief; but hope was feign'd,  
Grief shook his soul, and care in secret reign'd.

The hungry crews to speed the banquet toil,  
Point the light spit, and pierce the quivering spoil; 235  
Caldrons of brass suspend in shining line,  
Entice the flame; and seethe the juicy chine;  
Then gen'rous wine the foaming goblet fills,  
Blots out the past, recruits for future ills.  
The banquet done, their friends employ their care, 240  
If still they live, or vain's their comrades' prayer;  
But chief Æneas feels his anxious breast  
For bold Orontes' cruel fate distress'd;  
Then noble Gyas and Cloanthus more,  
And Lycus' godlike soul his thoughts deplore. 245

Still was the world: when from Olympus' height  
The King of gods to earth directs his sight,  
Surveys the land, and marks how navies ride,  
Their wings expanded, on the azure tide.  
At length he paus'd, his gaze arrested where 250  
Libya's wide realms and rising walls appear.  
Deep thoughts were lab'ring in the Thunderer's breast,  
As Venus thus her heavenly sire address'd;  
Tears bright as diamonds from the Indian mine,  
Precious as them, in crystal sluices shine: 255  
"Almighty Sire, whose flaming wrath descends,  
"And all the puny strength of mortals ends,  
"Say for what crime, denied his Western home,  
"Doth still Æneas unprotected roam?  
" 'Twas once thy promise that on Latian ground 260  
"The Dardan race a martial line should found,



“ Which, wise in counsel, resolute of hand,  
“ O’er earth and sea should hold a wide command.  
“ What cause sufficient could my father see  
“ My heart to break, and change his own decree? 265  
“ Hope would their future with the present weigh,  
“ And cheer’d my soul in sorrow’s darkest day.  
“ How long shall ills the pious chief depress,  
“ And Jove refuse the gods of Troy redress?  
“ No power forbad Antenor to pursue 270  
“ His destin’d course Illyria’s waters through,  
“ Liburnia’s inmost realms unscathed to reach,  
“ And cross Timavus thund’ring to the beach,  
“ Whose fountains gushing from the mountain’s side,  
“ Flood the green meadows with their roaring tide. 275  
“ There to the town his martial followers gave  
“ Patavium’s name, and there his banners wave.  
“ All perils past, no cares disturb his breast,  
“ Beneath the olive bough he sinks to rest.  
“ Shall we, thy race, decreed in heav’n to dwell, 280  
“ Our vessels wreck’d, O tale too sad to tell!  
“ To Juno’s wrath be sacrificed, and sent  
“ On distant shores our sorrows to lament?  
“ Are these the honours pious heroes gain,  
“ Shall Dardans thus their promis’d realm obtain?” 285  
The awful Thunderer kiss’d her brow and smiled  
Mildly majestic on his radiant child;  
Then with that aspect which, serenely bright,  
Dispels the clouds, and pours the fulgent light,  
He thus began: “ On fair Laurentum’s plain 290  
“ Shall Dardans triumph and Æneas reign.



“ Fierce wars he’ll wage where ancient Tyber flows,  
“ (For Jove to thee will secret fate disclose)  
“ Whose people, taught life’s softer charms to prize,  
“ Improv’d in arts, shall watch their cities rise. 295  
“ For three full years, the mighty Turnus dead,  
“ Through that fair land his peaceful sway shall spread ;  
“ But when Ascanius bears the rule (the same  
“ Who shines the founder of the Julian name,  
“ Call’d Ius, as the boy from Ilium came), 300  
“ Through thirty long revolving years he’ll hold  
“ His court where first his father did of old :  
“ Then from Lavinium move the royal seat,  
“ And Alba-Longa’s palaces complete.  
“ Here through three hundred years shall Hector’s race 305  
“ Their throne establish, and their empire place,  
“ Till royal Iliu at one wondrous birth  
“ Bears a twin offspring, and subdues the earth ;  
“ And Mars’ true son (his infant cradle made,  
“ A she-wolf’s nursling, in a forest’s shade), 310  
“ Shall found a mighty state in fame to grow,  
“ Till Romulus in Rome the world shall know.  
“ To these nor date nor limit I assign,  
“ The empire theirs, the care to guard it mine.  
“ Then angry Juno shall no longer spread 315  
“ Alarm through heaven, and fill the earth with dread,  
“ But milder counsel take, and join to raise  
“ A toga’d race, and swell the Roman praise.  
“ Assaracus, as onward ages roll,  
“ Phthius and famed Mycenæ shall control, 320



“ And in his children from Æneas born  
“ Rule over vanquish’d Argos in his turn.  
“ A Trojan Cæsar, who the name shall bear  
“ Of Julius, as Iulus’ blood he’ll share,  
“ Shall bound his empire by the utmost sea, 325  
“ And stars the limit to his glory be;  
“ Whom, laden with the spoil of Eastern climes,  
“ Heaven to its courts shall hail in after times:  
“ Safe in thy arms, thyself releas’d from care,  
“ He in his turn shall hear the suppliant’s prayer. 330  
“ Then Faith with hoary locks again shall reign,  
“ And sacred fires illumine every fane;  
“ Faction subdued shall fail, contention cease,  
“ And milder virtues track the steps of Peace;  
“ Till all the earth enjoy secure repose, 335  
“ And iron bars the gates of Discord close;  
“ Where impious Rage, bound down in sullen guise,  
“ Broods o’er his armour that neglected lies;  
“ Horrid with bloody jaws, and foul with stains,  
“ The monster struggles with his hundred chains.” 340  
Jove ceas’d: then gave to Mercury command,  
To seek on peace intent the Libyan strand,  
Lest, all unconscious of controlling fate,  
Against the strangers Dido close her gate.  
The god through air his feathery steerage plies, 345  
Descends to Carthage, and forsakes the skies:  
The haughty tribe the soothing god confess,  
Curb their fierce passions, and their wrath repress;  
But chief his power the Tyrian queen inclin’d  
To peaceful counsels and a gentler mind. 350



Æneas, much revolving through the night,  
Rose with the dawn, and bless'd the golden light,  
Then bent his steps along the neighb'ring shore,  
To note the country, and the coast explore,  
Whether the haunt of beasts or home of men, 355  
And bear the tidings to his friends again.

His ships were moor'd where circling cliffs ascend  
Round a deep bay, and close concealment lend;  
Above them trees a waving arbour made,  
And nodding branches cast a leafy shade. 360

The chieftain rous'd Achates where he lay,  
And arm'd with spears they took their onward way.

Lo, with the arms a Spartan virgin bears,  
The Queen of Love in sylvan garb appears:  
So fair Harpalyce with flowing rein 365

Tires her swift steed, and glows upon the plain.  
Her silken hair waves lightly in the breeze,  
No courtly robe impedes her native ease,  
Each limb unfetter'd glides with grace along;  
A Thracian quiver from her shoulder slung. 370

" Say, have ye seen equipp'd in sylvan guise  
" A sister here," the bright-hair'd huntress cries.  
" A lynx's skin for silken vest she wears,  
" And a light boar-spear through the thicket bears."

To whom her son: " No sister met our sight. 375  
" No wild boar pass'd us foaming in his flight.

" O sylvan maid, if sylvan maid I greet,  
" Whose voice, whose form for heavenly courts are meet;  
" Sister it may be of the god of song,  
" Born from some nymph, or from the Dryads sprung; 380



“ O say beneath what clime of heaven we roam,  
“ Cast on what shore we seek a wanderer’s home;  
“ What coast it is, what people here may dwell,  
“ To us, storm-toss’d and wreck’d, in mercy tell:  
“ So shall to thee ascend the suppliant’s call, 385  
“ The vow be utter’d, and the victim fall.”  
“ Let not to me,” his mother straight replies,  
“ Victims be slain, or clouds of incense rise.  
“ We Tyrian virgins all the quiver bear,  
“ Bare to the knee the purple buskin wear. 390  
“ There Dido’s rising battlements behold  
“ (Long were the tale, if all her wrongs were told),  
“ From Tyre she sail’d, and fled Pygmalion’s hate,  
“ Whose power was boundless as his crimes were great.  
“ With purest flame when rich Sichæus burn’d, 395  
“ And she his love with equal love return’d;  
“ A dotting sire consign’d her virgin charms,  
“ Mid happiest omens, to his longing arms.  
“ But when before his country’s shrine he knelt  
“ And fear’d no ill, Pygmalion’s steel was felt: 400  
“ Blind love of gold his greedy soul possess’d,  
“ Careless what grief transfix’d a sister’s breast.  
“ Some vain excuse, employ’d with subtle art,  
“ Hides his foul deed, and cheats her sickening heart.  
“ When lo! as waned the gloomy hours of night, 405  
“ A grisly phantom met her startled sight,  
“ With pallid lips the murd’rous tale declar’d,  
“ Show’d his blue wounds, his gaping bosom bared;  
“ Told how he fell before the altar slain,  
“ And cursed the tyrant and his bloody reign. 410



“ Her course to aid, the ghost the spot reveal’d,  
“ Where lay vast heaps of hoarded gold conceal’d.  
“ Dido alarm’d for instant flight prepar’d,  
“ Who shared her hate, her exile also shared.  
“ Ships ready launch’d upon the tide they seize, 415  
“ Lade with the gold, and fly before the breeze :  
“ The wealth Pygmalion’s greedy spirit sought  
“ To distant shores a woman’s daring brought.  
“ The land they reach’d where now the eye descries  
“ The lofty citadel of Carthage rise, 420  
“ And bought the soil, for so the contract bound,  
“ Whate’er they could with one bull’s hide surround :  
“ And Byrsa hence the name the region bore,  
“ To mark the fraud first practis’d on its shore.  
“ Declare in turn what strangers here I meet; 425  
“ From whence : and whither bend the wand’ers’ feet.”  
To whom her son in accents deep replies,  
His voice contending with his rising sighs :  
“ Ere I, O nymph, could number half our woes,  
“ The gates of day the evening hours would close. 430  
“ To Libya’s shores from ancient Troy we came,  
“ If fame to thee has borne the Trojan name;  
“ My pious care the gods of Ilium own,  
“ And ’midst the stars is just Æneas known.  
“ I sail’d these gods in Italy to place, 435  
“ Whence, sprung from Jove, first came the Dardan race.  
“ Twice ten stout ships the Phrygian waters plough’d,  
“ So fate’s decree my goddess-mother show’d;  
“ Seven only left, and these in shatter’d form,  
“ Have reach’d the haven, and survive the storm. 440



" Exiled from Asia, Europe's shores denied,

" I stand a wanderer by the Libyan tide."

Venus no more the chief's complaints could bear,  
But gently soothed him with a mother's care :

" Whoe'er thou art that com'st a stranger here, 445

" Thy life, I ween, to heavenly powers is dear :

" Prescient of good, e'en now I bring thee word,

" Thy fleet's in safety, and thy band's restored, 446

" Or vain the tidings yonder omen brought,

" And vain the science which my parents taught. 450

" See, twice six swans, which late the bird of Jove

" Through the clear air, in whirling circles drove,

" In long succession now survey the land,

" Or slowly wheeling choose the smoothest strand.

" As these on pinions strong securely sail, 455

" And whistle shrill, triumphant on the gale,

" So thy stout ships, safe-moor'd, at anchor ride,

" Or spread their canvas, and enjoy the tide.

" Follow where fate thy onward steps would lead,

" And, fortune guiding, to the queen proceed." 460

O'er her fair bosom, as she turn'd her head,

Celestial light a rosy brightness shed ;

Ambrosial unguents from her locks distil,

And all the ambient air with perfumes fill.

Her robe, unclasp'd, around her loosely flows, 465

Mortal no more, her step the goddess shows.

Then as she vanish'd from his anxious view,

Words mix'd with sighs her parting form pursue.

" Say why with empty visions still deceive,

" O why thy son to hopes delusive leave? 470



“ Why the embrace refuse, the fond caress,  
“ The ears that listen, and the words that bless ? ”  
Part chiding, part in grief, Æneas calls,  
Then turns his footsteps to the Punic walls ;  
Venus around them hangs a sable cloud, 475  
Whose mists impalpable the heroes shroud :  
Through crowded cities though the chiefs should go,  
Nor touch nor vision might their presence show.  
She, borne through air, resought her Paphian isle,  
Where myrtle bowers with constant freshness smile ; 480  
Where the proud temple rises from the ground,  
Whose hundred shrines perfume the air around.

Along the opening path the comrades speed,  
And boldly follow where their fortunes lead ;  
Then climb a hill whose beetling summits frown 485  
Above the ramparts, and command the town.  
Where late were huts, Æneas, with surprise,  
Sees lofty walls, and bristling turrets rise :  
Turn where they may, their eyes with wonder meet  
The massive portal and extended street. 490  
The buzz of labour falls upon the ear,  
Where Tyrians toiling at their tasks appear :  
Workmen huge masses for the fortress square,  
Roll on the stones, the spacious site prepare ;  
One marks his humbler dwelling on the ground, 495  
And runs a trench his future home around ;  
One hews vast columns from the solid rock,  
And shapes for shaft and capital the block ;  
Here runs the port where fleets shall proudly ride ;  
There springs the theatre in gorgeous pride ; 500



Here halls, for justice far renown'd, shall stand,  
And patriot senators the crowd command;  
E'en so the honey-bees their labours ply  
From flower to flower beneath the vernal sky;  
Now lead the swarm just ready for the wing, 505  
Now to their homes the golden treasure bring,  
Now force the idle drones the camp to leave,  
And now the bee bow'd down with sweets receive:  
Swift speeds the work, the hive with ardour glows,  
The fragrant cells the rich perfume disclose. 510  
"O happy race!" the Trojan leader cries,  
And to the ramparts lifts his wondering eyes.  
Then, strange to tell, the chiefs their way pursue,  
Surveying all, themselves conceal'd from view.  
Full in the centre of the city seen 515  
A waving grove affords a grateful screen;  
The spot where first, embedded in the ground,  
A horse's head the Tyrian settlers found:  
The emblem Juno gave to mark the place,  
The future capital of Sidon's race; 520  
Meet type a nation's progress to proclaim,  
Fertile in produce, and of martial fame.  
To Juno here the Tyrian Dido rear'd,  
Rich in the gifts that on its shrine appear'd,  
A lofty fane, where crowds adoring tell 525  
The Queen of gods with man delights to dwell.  
From polish'd steps the brazen threshold springs,  
Wide on its hinge the gate refulgent swings,  
From end to end the solid timbers pass,  
Beam bound to beam, and girt with shining brass. 530



A sight fresh hope well fitted to impart  
Here meets his view, and animates his heart.  
The chieftain's eye survey'd it as he stood,  
He read the omen, and confess'd it good.  
Where in the grove Æneas stops to watch 535  
The busy crowd, and waits the queen's approach,  
Admiring how each master works his part  
With glowing pencil and elaborate art,  
Pourtray'd upon the walls in lengthen'd line  
By graphic skill the Trojan battles shine. 540  
Here Atreus' sons, here Priam stood confess'd,  
With both Achilles there his wrath express'd.  
"Behold," he cries, "how valour meets with praise,  
"And Troy's long labours can compassion raise.  
"The woes, the glories of the Dardan name, 545  
"These gain respect, and those protection claim."  
Still nature triumph'd in the hero's sighs,  
As lived each lifeless picture in his eyes.  
Pale terror here through Grecian armies spread,  
And Troy's swift youth pursued, as Argives fled; 550  
There Trojans yielding wage unequal war,  
Where plumed Achilles thunders in his car.  
Here the white tents of Rhesus on the plain  
By bloody Diomede are fill'd with slain:  
The full-maned steeds reward the victor's toil, 555  
Who to the camp conducts the fiery spoil,  
Ere yet their mangers Phrygian grain receiv'd,  
Or Xanthus' waters had their thirst reliev'd,  
Here Troilus, beneath the Trojan walls,  
A hapless prey to stern Achilles falls; 560



Ill-fated youth, who dared his strength to boast  
'Gainst the best warrior of the Grecian host.  
Hung to his car, and dragg'd along the plain,  
His dying finger clutches still the rein;  
The ground is furrow'd by the trailing spear, 565  
Dust stains his neck, and clots his streaming hair.  
There Ilium's dames in long procession wind  
To Pallas' shrine, and cold reception find,  
Though the rich robe of costliest price they bear,  
And beat their breasts, and rend with wails the air : 570  
The goddess hears, but turns her head aside  
With gloomy aspect and offended pride.  
Achilles here the corpse of Hector sold,  
Thrice dragg'd round Troy, and barter'd now for gold ;  
The spoils, the chariot, which the sculptor wrought, 575  
Deep groans from out his inmost bosom brought ;  
There lies the lifeless body of his friend,  
There aged Priam's feeble hands extend ;  
Mix'd with the Greeks himself the chief describes,  
And swarthy Memnon's arms uplifted rise. 580  
Penthesilea here her daring shows,  
The virgin's face with fire heroic glows ;  
With crescent shield, with golden girdle bound,  
She wheels her squadrons on the battle ground :  
Her breathing form instinct with martial rage 585  
With Grecian champions rushes to engage.  
But as this scene the Trojan prince surveys  
With unfeign'd wonder and arrested gaze,  
With youthful court fair Dido seeks the place,  
Of peerless beauty and surpassing grace. 590



As when her nymphs with deftly tripping feet  
On upland lawns in mazy dances meet,  
With belt and quiver Dian leads the choir,  
Latona smiles, and all her grace admire;  
So Dido charms, her cheerful smile inspires 595  
Each Tyrian's heart, and all their ardour fires.  
Beneath the temple's lofty dome the queen,  
In martial pomp and regal splendour seen,  
Just laws assigns as each contending ask,  
Watches the lot, and regulates the task. 600  
When lo! the prince advancing through the trees,  
Antheus, Cloanthus, and Sergestus sees,  
With many a Trojan chief whom tempest-toss'd  
On the dark sea their comrades mourn'd as lost.  
With mingled joy and fear the heroes gaze, 605  
Anxious their friends to greet, the veil to raise,  
But doubtful how th' unlook'd for chance may turn,  
They pause the issue of the scene to learn,  
Uncertain who survives, what purpose calls  
The Trojan party to the Punic walls; 610  
For chosen from the rest their steps they bent  
To ask for aid, on peaceful mission sent.

The porch they enter'd; when with placid breast  
The great Ilioneus the queen address'd:

"O thou to whom the King of gods assign'd 615  
"A state to found, a haughty people bind  
"With social law: to thee we raise our prayer;  
"Shipwreck'd we are; the Trojan name we bear.  
"From flames, unholy flames our vessels spare.



“ We come not war on Libyan hearths to pour, 620  
“ Nor Libyan beeves to hurry to the shore.  
“ No swelling thoughts like these our minds engage ;  
“ The vanquish’d bosom knows no noble rage.  
“ A place there is which Greeks Hesperia name,  
“ CEnotrian settlers once possess’d the same ; 625  
“ Their sons, ’tis said, Italia call the land,  
“ From Italus, who bore the chief command :  
“ A smiling land, where ancient valour reigns  
“ O’er teeming valleys and extended plains.  
“ Thither we steer’d : when sudden from the brine 630  
“ Herald of tempests rose Orion’s sign,  
“ Cast us on shelves before the south wind’s force,  
“ Whelm’d in the surge and driven from our course.  
“ On the white crests of foaming billows toss’d,  
“ Few float surviving, and attain the coast. 635  
“ What race so savage that its shore denies  
“ To him who wreck’d from instant peril flies ?  
“ But if nor man, nor mortal arms you fear,  
“ Just are the gods, and will the righteous hear.  
“ A prince we had who joined to high renown 640  
“ For martial deeds the just man’s holier crown ;  
“ If rescued now he breathes ethereal light,  
“ By Jove preserved, nor rests in realms of night,  
“ Nor ill we fear, nor shalt thou e’er repent  
“ Of timely succour to Æneas lent. 645  
“ Friendless we live not ; on Sicilia’s coasts  
“ His Dardan blood renown’d Acestes boasts.  
“ Then grant to haul our vessels on your shore,  
“ To fell the pine, and shape the sweeping oar.



“ Our comrades found, once more our Phrygian band 650  
“ Shall trust the sea, and seek Hesperia’s strand.  
“ But if, great prince, on whom the hopes depend  
“ Of Troy, with thee these hopes are doom’d to end,  
“ And dreams of grandeur perish in the grave  
“ Where sleeps Iulus ’neath the sounding wave, 655  
“ These shores again for Sicily we leave,  
“ And good Acestes for our king receive.”

He ceas’d: from all assenting murmurs rise,  
When Dido thus with thoughtful brow replies:

“ Ye Dardan chiefs, dismiss foreboding fear, 660  
“ Our infant state demands this jealous care.  
“ Who does not Troy and Troy’s great chieftain know,  
“ Applaud her deeds, and weep for Ilium’s woe?  
“ Warm’d by the generous sun’s refulgent rays,  
“ No hearts are ours insensible to praise. 665  
“ And would ye hence or Saturn’s vineyards gain,  
“ Or good Acestes, and Sicilia’s plain,  
“ Safe from her realms your bands will Dido send,  
“ Her wealth contribute, and her succour lend.  
“ Or would you here with us in friendship live, 670  
“ To you our country and our walls we give.  
“ Would that, obedient to his people’s prayer,  
“ Your chief himself might Dido’s bounty share!  
“ But frequent scouts along the Libyan shore  
“ Our tribes shall question, and our groves explore.” 675

Rous’d by these words they long to burst the cloud  
That wrapt the chieftains in its sable shroud;  
Achates first his leader thus address’d,  
Fresh hope awaken’d in his faithful breast:



“ Sprung from a goddess, say what thoughts employ 680

“ Thy godlike breast, long suffering prince of Troy ?

“ Orontes lost alone our hearts deplore ;

“ While these, the omen true, have reach'd the shore.”

Æneas turn'd : the cloud that veil'd the pair  
Vanish'd, dissolving into liquid air. 685

Erect he stood : celestial brightness shed

A godlike splendour round his fulgent head ;

His mother's art the bloom of youth supplies,

And breathes a sparkling lustre on his eyes.

So shines the marble in its golden band ; 690

Or polish'd iv'ry 'neath the workman's hand.

All stand amaz'd as thus he speaks : “ O Queen,

“ In me the object of your search is seen ;

“ The Trojan prince whom fates propitious send

“ To find on Libyan shores a royal friend. 695

“ Thou who alone for Trojan woes dost feel,

“ Whose generous soul would Troy's misfortunes heal,

“ Who dost the houseless to a home invite,

“ And friendless men in friendship's band unite :

“ Nor we, nor all the Dardan race that live, 700

“ Meet thanks for such beneficence can give.

“ But heaven, for heaven must charity respect,

“ Shall guard the sovereign, and her realm protect ;

“ Whilst the same breast from which such feelings flow

“ Shall on itself the best reward bestow. 705

“ Blest are the parents who have call'd thee child,

“ Happy the age on Dido's birth that smil'd !

“ While streams descending to the ocean roll,

“ While orbs of fire move round the heavenly pole,



" While from the hills the evening shadows fall, 710

" My grateful memory shall thy name recall:

" Still shall these lips, though cast on distant coast,

" Thy grace, thy glory, and thy goodness boast."

He ceas'd: Ilioneus his right hand grasps,  
With equal zeal his left Serestus clasps; 715

Then the bold Gyas and Cloanthus bold,

And each in turn their chief's embraces hold.

Amaz'd Sidonian Dido thus began, ~  
His woes she pitied, and admir'd the man:

" What power, O chieftain, whom a goddess bore, 720

" Has cast thee here on Libya's savage shore?

" Art thou the great Æneas Venus gave

" To good Anchises by the Phrygian wave?

" Well I remember to have heard thy name,

" To Sidon's towers when injur'd Teucer came, 725

" And sought, from Salamis compell'd to roam,

" On Cyprus' shores to found another home,

" Whose fertile plains then Tyrian Belus held

" By right of conquest, and their suit compell'd.

" Your wars, your fortunes oft would he relate, 730

" Name Græcia's princes and each hero's fate;

" Although a foe, would all your valour laud,

" And his own birth from Trojan blood record.

" Ours too it was a wanderer's life to lead,

" Ere to these walls might Dido's sway succeed; 735

" Then well the stranger may a refuge find

" 'Mid hearts to peace by kindred woes inclin'd."

The prince within the royal halls she led,  
Where banquet meet in regal state was spread;



Then bade due honours to the gods be paid, 740  
And pious offerings on their altars laid.  
The crews to cheer she orders twenty kine,  
One hundred lambs, one hundred bristly swine,  
One hundred ewes; then bids her people take  
Full foaming cups, and grateful banquets make. 745  
Bright is the hall to which the chief she brings,  
Rich with the gay magnificence of kings:  
Along the sides are purple couches seen,  
And groaning tables stretch their length between;  
The Tyrian looms their costliest webs supply, 750  
Where flames the gold, and glows the crimson dye:  
The boards with massive silver laden shine,  
Where golden gravings chronicle the line  
Of ancient fathers, who their race extend  
Through names of glory, and in heroes end. 755  
    Meanwhile obedient to the love which reigns  
His breast within, and all his soul constrains,  
That love which warm within a father glows,  
That fondness which a father only knows,  
He bids Achates to the ships proceed, 760  
Thence to the city young Ascanius lead,  
And gorgeous offerings from the vessels bear,  
It may not shame a royal dame to wear.  
A robe where needlework and gold combine,  
A veil where stems of bright acanthus twine; 765  
These Argive Helen from Mycenæ brought,  
When lawless passion soft indulgence sought;  
Fair Leda's gift, to whom she ow'd her birth,  
Of wondrous texture, and of lasting worth.



With them the sceptre which could Thrace command, 770  
And graced Ilione's imperial hand;  
Long rows of pearls that from her neck hung down,  
And rich with gold and gems her double crown.

Achates hastes his chieftain to obey,  
And to the Trojan fleet directs his way. 775

But now fresh cares in Venus' breast arise,  
And fresh designs her mind inventive tries;  
How Cupid, veiling his immortal grace,  
Ascanius' form may wear, Ascanius' face,  
Love's soft infection with the gifts instil, 780  
Pour the sweet poison, and conceal the ill.

Perplex'd in thought, she dreams of hidden guile,  
Then fancies Tyrian lips dissembling smile;  
Juno's stern visage haunts her couch by night,  
And care returns with the returning light. 785

Her winged boy she fondles in her arms,  
The cause revealing that her soul alarms:  
" My son, my strength, meet emblem of my might,  
" Who dar'st alone the Thunderer's vengeance slight;  
" To thee I come, my troubles to deplore, 790  
" Engage thy service, and thy aid implore.

" Full well thou know'st thy Trojan brother's state,  
" From shore to shore so long pursued by fate;  
" Whose life, the sport of hostile Juno's rage,  
" Would oft with mine thy anxious care engage. 795

" Him Tyrian Dido's blandishments enthrall  
" With honey'd words, and far from glory call.  
" 'Tis doubtful kindness Juno's love commands;  
" Not idle long her restless spirit stands.



“ With flames of love beset fair Dido’s heart, 800  
“ Till all her bosom feels the pleasing smart :  
“ Vain Juno’s warnings fall ; her royal charms  
“ Shall yield to love, and bless the hero’s arms.  
“ Now list : Ascanius leaves the Trojan fleet,  
“ A father’s love with equal love to greet ; 805  
“ Rich gifts he bears, a portion of the store  
“ From burning Ilium which Æneas bore.  
“ Him to Cythæra lull’d in balmy sleep  
“ My art shall bear, or to Idalium’s steep ;  
“ There while his limbs in blissful bower repose, 810  
“ The bold deceit no risk of failure knows.  
“ Do thou one night Ascanius’ features feign,  
“ And as a boy the boyish part sustain.  
“ While rosy cups the royal banquet grace,  
“ The queen shall fold thee in her warm embrace, 815  
“ With fond endearment hang upon thy lips,  
“ Nor taste the poison while the sweets she sips.  
“ Then breathe soft love with that delicious kiss,  
“ And subtle passion mingle with the bliss.”  
Love at her bidding casts his wings aside, 820  
And gaily mimics young Iulus’ stride.  
The Paphian queen o’er young Iulus pours  
Soft dews, and bears him to Idalian bowers ;  
There as his eyes in golden slumbers close,  
The Dardan boy enjoys a charm’d repose, 825  
Where sweet amaracus with golden flowers,  
Clasps his soft couch, and fragrant odours pours.  
Cupid, Achates leading, took the road  
To Carthage gates, and bore his glittering load.



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In halls with rich magnificence array'd 830  
On central couch of gold the queen was laid;  
The Trojan youth on purple beds recline,  
And in the feast with great Æneas join.  
Their softest napkins chosen damsels bring,  
With ewers of water sparkling from the spring; 835  
This light-wreath'd baskets for the banquet takes,  
Intent to please, and piles with wheaten cakes;  
Full fifty slaves the household wealth explore,  
And bless the gods that guard the fragrant store;  
One hundred boys, with girls of equal age, 840  
Whose service hospitable cares engage,  
Rich viands heap'd on every table place,  
Where foaming bowls impart the crowning grace.  
There many a Tyrian, by their queen's command,  
On painted couch augments the festive band; 845  
The words of feign'd Iulus all admire,  
The eyes that beam with more than earthly fire,  
Admire the robe whose golden tissue shines,  
And veil where stem of bright acanthus twines.  
But more than all, the queen caress'd the boy, 850  
Insatiate dwelling on the treach'rous joy,  
And still her eyes unsatisfied she feeds,  
Nor in the broider'd gifts destruction reads.  
Long on Æneas' neck the urchin lies,  
The kiss receiving which his love supplies; 855  
Then Dido seeks, and revels in her charms,  
Hangs on her breast, and nestles in her arms.  
Unconscious Dido, doom'd too soon to know  
The mighty god, and feel the destin'd woe!



Cupid, intent on all his mother taught, 860  
Wak'd in her breast the long forgotten thought,  
Gently dissolv'd love's earliest spell, and led  
The living hero to supplant the dead.

But now the meats are carried from the board,  
The goblets set, the juice of Bacchus pour'd; 865  
Through the wide hall the notes of mirth resound;  
The stately hall re-echoes with the sound.

Swung from the fretted roof the cressets play  
On gilded arches like the beams of day.  
Before the queen a mighty bowl they place, 870  
Whence Belus quaff'd and all of Belus' race;  
In massive gold the sparkling jewels shone,  
And silence reigned as thus the queen begun:

"Great Jove, to whom, the stranger's god and friend,  
"Flow our libations, and our prayers ascend, 875  
"Make this to all the source of joy, and may  
"Our children's children bless th' auspicious day!  
"May Bacchus crown with mirth the festive board,  
"And Juno bland approving smiles afford!  
"And you, ye Tyrians, celebrate the feast 880  
"With hearts propitious to our Trojan guest."

She spoke, and speaking due libations pour'd  
Of fragrant wine upon the festive board,  
Just raised the sparkling goblet to her lip,  
And lightly touch'd it as she bent to sip; 885  
Then pass'd the cup to Bitias the bold,  
Who drain'd with eager draft the brimming gold.  
Each drank in order: while Iöpas brought  
His golden lyre, and sang as Atlas taught.



---

He sang the changeful moon, and in his lay 890  
Told all the labours of the orb of day :  
He sang how men and beasts o'erspread the earth ;  
Whence rain, whence fire deriv'd their secret birth ;  
Arcturus sang who girt with storms appears,  
The rainy Hyades, and both the bears ; 895  
Then told why winter suns more swift descend,  
And what forbids long summer days to end.  
With plaudits loud the Tyrians shook the hall,  
While Trojan praise re-echo'd from the wall.  
Dido with varied themes' prolong'd the night, 900  
And drank large measures of the soft delight ;  
Of Priam much she ask'd her guest to tell ;  
Of stern Achilles, and how Hector fell ;  
What horses Tydeus' son from Rhæsus bore,  
And what the armour swarthy Memnon wore. 905  
" Great chief," she cries, " the chequer'd scenes relate  
" Of Grecian artifice and Trojan fate ;  
" Thy wandering course pursued from place to place  
" To eager ears through seven long summers trace."



## NOTES TO BOOK I.

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Line 34. For this and many other admirable lines I am indebted to my kind friend and neighbour, the Rev. Russell Richards, Rector of Wooton Courtenay, my never-wearying assistant in the first edition of this work.

50. "Cum Pallas usto vestit iram ab Ilio

In impiam Ajacis ratem."—HORACE, *Epod.* x. 11.

Pallas claimed for herself only of the celestials a knowledge of where the Thunderer kept the keys of his artillery magazines. See the Eumenides of Æschylus, line 825.

51, 52. I could not deprive the English reader of this most admirable and spirited rendering by Dr. Beattie.

84. The parallel passage to this will be found in the 14th Book of the Iliad, when Juno prefers her request to Sleep. Scaliger gives the preference to Virgil, but is accused of partiality by Mr. Pope, who, however, admits that the promise of children is here added with great judgment, and very conformably to the religion of the Romans, among whom Juno was supposed to preside over human births; an office, he observes, not assigned to her in the Greek Mythology.

150. The winds were sprung from Aurora and Astræus, one of the Titans.

157. There is a tone of irony in the original, "illa se jactet in aulâ," to preserve which I have used the word "noble."

187. "Dusk with horrid shade."—*Paradise Regained*, I. 205.

191. "It is a scene so lovely and so fair,

"The winds enamoured love to loiter there,

"Stoop to salute the sea-pink as they pass,

"And coldly kiss the ever-waving grass.

"The roof within cathedral-like ascends

"Sublimely arched and vaulted high, and bends

"O'er pillars vast its sparry curtains grand,

"Where gems unnumbered shine on every hand,

"Bright as the plumage of a seraph's wing:

"Behold a palace meet for ocean's king.

"They met again."—Book II.



255. So Milton presents Eve to his readers in matchless loveliness :

“ She was cheer’d,  
“ But silently a gentle tear let fall,  
“ From either eye, and wiped them with her hair.  
“ Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
“ Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
“ Kissed.”

So also Homer introduces Helen in tears, thereby receiving even from the old men of Troy unconditional homage.

456. The wild differs from the mute or tame swan.

“ Less of form, more light of wing,  
“ These high with flight aspirant spring.  
“ The whistle strong, and deep-drawn whoop,  
“ Tell to the ear the passing troop.”

BISHOP MANT’S *British Months*: October.

555. “ Full-maned : ” “ καλλιτριχες. ” — HOMER.

569. This “ peplum ” is mentioned in Homer for its exceeding costliness and beauty ; the work of Sidonian women ; and the richest ornament of Hecuba’s wardrobe.

572. “ Vendebat,” was in the act of selling : observe the liveliness and accuracy of the picture.

620. “ On Libyan hearths : ” “ Populare Penates.”

641. “ Pietas ” expresses both devotion towards God and justice heightened by benevolence to man.

664. Those who dwelt in a sunny clime were supposed to be more generous and humane than the inhabitants of a colder zone.

687. “ As from a cloud his fulgent head

“ And shape star-bright appeared.”

*Paradise Lost*, x. 440.

800. The expression used in beleaguering a town, “ Mœnia cingere flaminis.”

868. “ From the arch’d roof

“ Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
“ Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed  
“ With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light  
“ As from a sky.” — *Paradise Lost*, line 726.







## BOOK II.

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### THE NARRATIVE OF ÆNEAS.

THIS Book is said to have been selected by Virgil as a portion of his poem to be read before Augustus, and undoubtedly it contains many passages and lines of very exquisite finish and perfection. From the circumstance of its being a narrative delivered by a speaker of scenes in which he himself was a principal actor, it presents peculiar difficulties to the translator, requiring a style easy without becoming low, dignified but not turgid, clear without being prolix.







## BOOK II.

STILL was the hall, as thus the godlike man,  
From lofty couch, his tale of woes began.

Thou bidst me tell how Græcians could destroy  
The power of Phrygia, and the wealth of Troy;  
The deeds I witness'd, and the toils I bore, 5  
And all the sorrows of that darkest hour.  
No tongue can speak th' unutterable pain  
Thy wish awakens in this breast again;  
No Argive warrior's rugged soul could hear  
Unmov'd our sorrows, and restrain the tear; 10  
And now the stars to soft repose invite,  
As morning rises through the dews of night.  
But thou shalt hear, what though this bursting heart  
Shrank from the task, and shudders at the smart.

The Græcian chiefs, to whom through years of toil 15  
Our Trojan valour had denied the spoil,  
A vast machine, so Pallas will'd, contrive,  
Its hollow womb with chosen bands alive;  
The form a horse, but of gigantic size,  
Whose jointed ribs the forest pine supplies. 20  
The truth conceal'd, report the rumour bears,  
That Greece a vow for safe return prepares.



In sight of Troy, just off the Phrygian land,  
Famed Tenedos extends its sea-girt strand :  
Rich were its shores while Priam's kingdom stood,   25  
Unnoticed now they meet the rolling flood,  
Forsaken bays are swept by roaring tides,  
Nor safe the anchorage where a vessel rides.  
Our foes, we deem'd, had homeward sail'd, the while  
They sought concealment from the desert isle.   30  
Visions of peace, how vain ! possess the mind,  
And Greeks departing with a prosperous wind :  
All Troy releas'd the glad refreshment feels,  
The burst of joy her lengthen'd care reveals.  
Through open gates we issue to explore   35  
The Doric campments and deserted shore :  
Here, fired by Hector, blazed the Argive fleet,  
On this smooth plain would hostile squadrons meet,  
In sullen wrath Achilles paced the strand,  
And Phoenix bold review'd his martial band.   40  
Astonish'd all the monstrous horse survey'd—  
Ill-omen'd offering to the warlike maid :  
And first Thymætēs bids the Trojans lead  
Within Minerva's courts the fatal steed ;  
So guile suggested, or so fate decreed.   45  
Capys, in senate wise, in action bold,  
And all with him who prudent counsel hold,  
The signs of Græcian artifice declare,  
Kindle the torch, or threaten with the spear.  
The fickle crowd, of doubtful temper seen,   50  
Now to Thymætēs, now to Capys lean.



Laocöon, first descending with a band,  
Left the high citadel, and sought the strand;  
And thus, with eager soul, with accents loud,  
E'en as he ran, he chid the thoughtless crowd: 55  
"What desperate madness through all ranks has spread!  
"Deem ye, in truth, the crafty Greeks are fled?  
"More justly read Ulysses' subtle guiles,  
"And count these specious gifts no gifts, but wiles.  
"Or here inclosed an Argive army lies, 60  
"Or 'gainst our walls its vast proportions rise.  
"Some trick, believe me, holds its treach'rous course,  
"O trust not, Trojans, to this Græcian horse.  
"If gifts they bring, yet e'en their gifts I fear,  
"And Greeks to me will nought but Greeks appear." 65  
He spoke: impell'd by no unjust alarm,  
Against the horse he rais'd his warning arm;  
Straight flew the javelin, for the aim was good,  
Sang through the air, and quiver'd in the wood.  
The jointed planks the strong concussion own, 70  
The hollow womb re-echoes with a groan.  
Then, had not Troy been doom'd, and fate decreed  
Phrygia to fall, and Græcian art succeed,  
His warning voice had in our counsels told,  
And Trojan steel had burst the Argive hold; 75  
And Ilium's towers, and Priam's noble name,  
Had liv'd through ages, and increas'd in fame.

When lo! 'mid shouts some Phrygian shepherds bring,  
With pinion'd arms, a prisoner to the king:  
A willing captive, steel'd for either chance, 80  
To die undaunted, or the scheme advance.



Around the Trojans press with eager gaze,  
Insult the youth, and scornful laughter raise.  
Now learn the cunning of the wily Greek—  
Let one deceiver for the nation speak. 85  
See him as though perplex'd, defenceless, stand,  
And roll slow looks round all the Trojan band.  
“ Ah, wretched me,” he cries, with well-feign'd grief,  
“ To whom no sea, no land vouchsafes relief;  
“ By Greeks cast forth; the Trojan aid denies, 90.  
“ And for the life-blood of his prisoner cries.”  
That sigh, those words, disarm'd each fiercest mind,  
To ribald mockery no more inclin'd :  
In gentle terms we urge the youth to show  
His name and fortunes to a generous foe; 95  
And tell what news his secret means afford,  
What pledge he gives to trust a captive's word.  
At length, his fears subdued, he thus began,  
And subtle guile through all his story ran :  
“ The simple truth, great king, these lips shall speak, 100  
“ I scorn deceit, and own myself a Greek.  
“ To fortune's power compell'd by fate to bow,  
“ She stamps no infamy on Sinon's brow.  
“ Through Ilium's streets ere now perchance hath run  
“ The fame of Palamedes, Belus' son; 105  
“ On false pretence, by impious tongues assign'd,  
“ Him Greece condemn'd, to peaceful thoughts inclin'd.  
“ Convinc'd at length, too late their fault they know,  
“ To Greece a loss, a triumph to her foe.  
“ By love impell'd, by ties of blood allied, 110  
“ My father early join'd me to his side:



“ Poor was my sire, and sent me here to learn  
“ A warrior’s art, a warrior’s portion earn.  
“ While safe his kingdom and his power remain,  
“ I too some credit and some glory gain; 115  
“ But when Ulysses’ crafty lies prevail  
“ His death to compass, ’tis a well-known tale,  
“ I brood indignant o’er my slaughter’d friend,  
“ And all my days in secret sorrow spend.  
“ At length no prudent silence bars my speech, 120  
“ I vow revenge if Argos e’er we reach.  
“ Immediate hate such bold complainings move,  
“ And Sinon’s murmurs his destruction prove.  
“ Meanwhile Ulysses through the listening crowd  
“ Whispers dark words, which conscious baseness shroud :  
“ Fierce thoughts within their angry bosoms rise, 126  
“ Till Calchas gain’d still darker hints supplies.  
“ But why to Trojan hearers longer speak,  
“ Who know no virtue in the treacherous Greek ?  
“ Strike : and great joy stern Ithacus will know, 130  
“ And Atreus’ royal sons applaud the blow.”

What all would learn we urge him to impart,  
Duped by the subtleties of Græcian art.  
Trembling he speaks with well enacted fear,  
Pretending grief, while all expectant hear. 135

“ Oft would our army, wearied out, complain,  
“ Anxious to seek the Argive shores again.  
“ Would that they had ! But as they turn to go,  
“ Dark waves arise, and southern tempests blow :  
“ Till, when this vast machine complete appears, 140  
“ Storms roar through heaven, and thunder shakes the  
[spheres.



" In deep suspense Eurypilus we send  
" To learn from Phoebus what these signs portend.  
" Eurypilus, well skill'd in things divine,  
" This answer brings from Delphos' sacred shrine. 145  
" ' A virgin's blood appeas'd the winds, and bore  
" ' The Græcian navy to the Phrygian shore:  
" ' As sacrificial blood your armies brought  
" ' To Troy, by blood must safe return be sought.'  
" Through every breast a freezing horror thrills, 150  
" The means we fear, as once we fear'd the ills.  
" Whose blood does heaven in sacrifice demand,  
" Or choose what victim to absolve the band?  
" Now forth Ulysses drags the seer, renown'd  
" Calchas, and all impatient press'd around; 155  
" Many the cunning of the chief descried,  
" And darkly hinted what he sought to hide.  
" As if to veil the truth his art supplies,  
" For twice five days apart the prophet lies;  
" Then, as agreed, the base dissembler speaks, 160  
" My life devoting to absolve the Greeks.  
" Loud all applaud: what for himself he fears,  
" 'Gainst one poor wretch the band rejoicing hears.  
" The day draws near, salt cakes the priests prepare,  
" And bring white fillets for the victim's hair. 165  
" Desperate from terror, and my life the stake,  
" I burst my bonds, and trust the friendly lake;  
" There lie conceal'd amid the waving reed,  
" Till homeward all the Græcian fleet proceed.  
" Through foreign lands condemn'd for life to roam, 170  
" No more shall Sican see his native home;



" Its father's step no child's endearment greet,  
" No parent's vow its fond fulfilment meet;  
" Perchance with vengeance fired, the Argive band  
" My flight to expiate may their blood demand. 175  
" But by the gods, who love of truth respect,  
" Who right regard, and righteous men protect,  
" If 'neath the sun through all his shining round  
" Bright truth and faith inviolate be found,  
" To sorrows great as mine compassion show— 180  
" Woe undeserv'd claims mercy from a foe."

The captive's tears at once his pardon gain,  
And Priam hastens to unloose his chain.

Then kindly thus the guileless monarch speaks :

" As Priam's son forget the hostile Greeks; 185  
" Ours shalt thou be: do thou the cause declare,  
" Why Græcian counsels this machine prepare:  
" By whose advice; for warlike purpose meant;  
" Or on the service of the gods intent?"

Girded with wiles, and with Pelasgic art 190  
Invoking heaven, he play'd the traitor's part;  
And while his hands by us unfetter'd rise,  
The crafty Sinon impiously replies:

" Eternal lights in highest heaven that burn,  
" By you I swear, and who that oath may spurn? 195  
" Witness ye altars, and uplifted knife  
" Unpitying rais'd against the victim's life;  
" And ye white fillets, crown'd with which I stood,  
" While gazing numbers sought atoning blood;  
" Nor law of God commands me to conceal, 200  
" Nor bond of kindred, what my lips reveal.



“ Then guiltless here I cast all ties away  
“ With faithless Greece, and bare her counsels lay.  
“ Her truth, her gratitude let Ilium show,  
“ And when deliver’d her deliverer know. 205  
“ When Argos sent her noblest to the field,  
“ Minerva’s favour was their armies’ shield;  
“ Till Ithacus, who prompts each base design,  
“ And sacrilegious Diomed combine,  
“ Destroy the guard that watch her lofty tower, 210  
“ And with the crimson tide pollute the floor,  
“ With bloody hands her virgin fillets stain,  
“ Seize the Palladium and the shrine profane.  
“ Henceforth, her face averted, every day  
“ The Græcian arms keep lapsing to decay: 215  
“ Nor is the vengeance of Tritonia’s queen  
“ In signs that speak of doubtful anger seen.  
“ Scarce the Palladium in our camp we raise,  
“ Ere the eyes starting from their sockets blaze,  
“ The armed image springing from the ground, 220  
“ Clangs spear and shield, and wakes a martial sound.  
“ Then Calchas straight directs our homeward course,  
“ And vain ’gainst Troy declares all Græcian force,  
“ Until ’neath Argos’ ancient walls once more  
“ They seek fresh omens, and the gods implore; 225  
“ And bear the sacred image back, the same  
“ As in their hollow ships from Phrygia came.  
“ E’en now they seek Mycenæ’s shores again,  
“ With gods propitious to recross the main,  
“ When sudden force shall fall on Ilium’s towers, 230  
“ So Calchas’ art directs the Græcian powers.



“ This horse the injury of our chiefs declares,  
“ Proclaims their sorrow, and their guilt repairs;  
“ Its sides, so will’d the seer, compacted rise  
“ Of vast proportions and gigantic size, 235  
“ Lest Troy reception to the image give,  
“ And Trojans ’neath their fathers’ worship live.  
“ This horse refused, Troy’s fall the war shall end—  
“ O may such ills on Greece herself descend!  
“ Received, your sons shall arms to Elis bear, 240  
“ And all proud Argos in the ruin share.”

Thus where Tydides and Achilles fail’d;  
The crafty Sinon’s baser art prevail’d;  
And fell that Troy all Greece had learnt to fear,  
Caught by a lie, and vanquished by a tear. 245

But now the sea a fearful portent shows,  
O sight unspeakable! and aids our foes.  
Behold by Neptune’s shrine Laocöon stand,  
In priestly vestments, with uplifted hand:  
When lo! two snakes from Tenedos appear, 250  
And high their blood-red manes terrific rear,  
Through the still deep with folds enormous glide,  
And sweep with scaly length the tranquil tide.  
Lash’d by their strokes now sounds the foaming main,  
They reach the shore, and swift invade the plain: 255  
Then on with glaring eyes the serpents came,  
And lick’d their hissing jaws with tongues of flame.  
Dispers’d we fly, but with unwavering line  
Coil after coil the snakes approach the shrine;  
In their huge spires his tender sons inclose, 260  
Crush the soft limbs, and stain with gore their jaws.



Arm'd to their aid the wretched father flew,  
Round him their coils the hissing monsters threw,  
Around his waist twice curls the slimy fold,  
And now his neck its cold embraces hold. 265

High o'er his head the scaly circles rise,  
Dark poisonous gore the sacred fillet dyes;  
The twisted knots to burst he tries in vain,  
The winding spires a dreadful triumph gain.  
Loud is the moan that fills the air around, 270

As when some bull avoids the glancing wound,  
Bursts through the crowd, and, fury in his eyes,  
Bellows with rage, and from the altar flies.  
Gliding along towards the sacred mound,  
Where her broad ægis spreads its mystic round, 275  
To stern Tritonia's feet the serpents wind,  
And 'neath her awful shade protection find.

And now our souls, oppress'd with holy dread,  
See justice waken'd strike the guilty head,  
And crush the hand that with too daring zeal 280  
Resisting heaven had launch'd the impious steel.  
One voice from all: "Minerva's favour gain,  
"The horse conducting to her sacred fane."

Our walls thrown down, all ranks the labour share,  
These the strong rope, these rolling wheels prepare; 285

Pregnant with arms the vast machine proceeds,  
And scales her walls where wretched Ilium leads.

Virgins and youths in sacred chorus raise  
Their hymns harmonious to Tritonia's praise:  
On rolls the horse as if in conscious pride, 290  
Where eager hands the monstrous fabric guide;



Then in the centre of our city stands,  
Threatens her palaces, her towers commands.  
Home of the gods, time-honour'd walls of Troy,  
Where virtue long did heaven's regard enjoy! 295  
Four times the vast machine reluctant stood,  
Four times the clang of armour shook the wood;  
Yet on uncheck'd with frantic zeal we pour,  
And place the monster in the sacred tower.  
Then to deaf ears, so angry gods decreed, 300  
Our future fortunes did Cassandra read.  
And in glad rites the festive day is pass'd,  
That day by angry heaven foredoom'd our last.  
Adoring crowds through all the city round  
With peaceful wreaths the solemn altars crown'd. 305  
The sun declines, the light in darkness ends,  
From ocean's bosom night obscure ascends,  
And earth, and sky, and Græcian fraud are laid,  
Involv'd beneath her wings in gloomiest shade:  
Through all man's busy haunts deep silence reigns, 310  
Sleep's soft refreshment soothes the soldier's pains.  
Meanwhile from Tenedos the Argive fleet  
Launch, and 'neath Troy of strife unconscious meet;  
When moonlight shades and still repose prevail,  
Raised is the signal fire, the vessels sail. 315  
Then Sinon's hand unhbars the solid planks,  
Straight from the womb start forth the armed ranks;  
Foremost the way the bold Machaon leads,  
With vengeance fir'd great Atreus' son succeeds;  
These Athamas, Ulysses, Thoas join, 320  
With Neoptolemus of Peleus' line;



Epæus last, the vast machine who plann'd,  
With hardy Sthenelus complete the band.  
Through all wide Troy no wakeful voice was heard,  
Still as the grave no sleeping warrior stirr'd: 325  
The guards are slain, and through the open'd gate  
Arm'd legions pouring seal the slumberers' fate.

Lo! in the drowsy hour, when early night  
Draws her dark veil across the garish light,  
And sleep, vouchsafed in mercy to mankind, 330  
Creeps o'er the sense, and calms the feverish mind,  
Hector, but O! in mournful guise, appears,  
And the sad spirit pours unwonted tears.

His feet were pierc'd, as though the swollen wound  
Still held the throng which late his ankles bound, 335  
When, stain'd with lines of dust and foul with gore,  
Achilles whirl'd him round the sounding shore.

How chang'd from him who late exulting came,  
When Greece lamented the devouring flame:

Or proudly deck'd, 'midst crowds exulting bore 340  
The spoils which once the stern Peleides wore.

Uncomb'd and squalid hung the spectre's beard,  
Clotted with blood his grisly locks appear'd;  
While many a gash his open breast display'd,  
'Neath Ilium's ramparts by her foemen made. 345

When thus, for so it seem'd, I first began  
In words of sorrow to the godlike man:

"O light of Troy, and Trojans' firmest stay,  
"Whence comes our look'd, our long'd for Hector, say?  
"Our hearths invaded, and our warriors slain, 350  
"Hope comes attendant on thy steps again.



“ What cause has marr’d thy once majestic mien;  
“ Why are these marks of hostile fury seen?”  
Deep was the groan the mournful spectre gave,  
Then rais’d his last and warning voice to save: 355  
“ Chief, sprung from gods, these flaming ruins leave,  
“ Jove frowns on Troy, all nobler hopes deceive.  
“ A hostile force already holds the wall,  
“ Great Ilium nods, and totters to her fall.  
“ Could mortal arm availing succour lend, 360  
“ Hector had liv’d his country to defend.  
“ To thee she now consigns, O sad resource!  
“ Her household gods, to join thy flying course.  
“ With these thy way through foaming waters take,  
“ And distant shores renown’d through ages make.” 365  
He ceas’d; then forth from Vesta’s temple came,  
And bore her image, and undying flame.

’Tis not one single wail the air that rends,  
Shout following shout in one wild cry ascends;  
Confus’d at first, now ringing full and clear, 370  
The clang of arms alarms the startled ear:  
And yet far distant from the public way,  
Embower’d in trees, my father’s dwelling lay.  
Mounting a tower, I reach its loftiest round  
With hasty steps, and catch the swelling sound; 375  
So, when a flame by furious south winds borne  
With crackling noise invades the standing corn;  
Or mountain torrent thunders roaring down,  
And sweeps the harvests that his labours crown;  
Amaz’d the swain the loud confusion hears, 380  
Climbs on some rock, and stands with listening ears.



Sad was the scene the burning town display'd,  
The truth confirming of great Hector's shade;  
To every roof the fiery ruin came,  
And all Sigeum kindled with the flame. 385  
Loud peals the trumpet through its brazen throat,  
Loud clang their shields, sharp rings the warriors' shout.  
I arm, and arm'd, now half uncertain stand,  
To force what passage, or collect what band;  
Yet burning thoughts of ancient glory call 390  
In glory's bed the dying chief to fall;  
When Pantheus, flying from the Græcian throng,  
Stretches his arms, and breathless speeds along,  
Rous'd where in Ilium's citadel he lay,  
And watch'd the temple of the god of day. 395  
To gain our home his outrag'd gods he bears,  
His trembling boy, the partner of his fears.  
"How fares it, Pantheus? must all hope be vain,  
"And Troy unaided by her sons remain?"  
Scarce had I spoken, when he thus replies, 400  
His voice contending with his rising sighs:  
"Troy is no more, no more our ancient fame,  
"Great Teucer's glory, and our Dardan name;  
"By Jove's decree, to Argos victory turns,  
"And Greece triumphant reigns while Ilium burns. 405  
"Arm'd bands the lofty horse disgorging sends,  
"With smoking brands base Sinon arms his friends;  
"Thousands on thousands from Mycenæ's shore  
"Through open gates their plund'ring numbers pour,  
"With point of steel the trembling townsmen meet, 410  
"Cut down the flying, and blockade the street;



“ Foes, in the darkness, scarce discern’d from friends,  
“ The guards’ brief struggle in destruction ends.”

By every thought that prompts to vengeance fir’d,  
By love of country and the gods inspir’d, 415

Where the loud wail, where the dire Fury calls,  
I rush through arms, and stand ’midst blacken’d walls.  
First, through “ the struggling moonbeam’s misty light,”  
The aged Iphitus attracts my sight;

Riphæus, Hypanis, and Dymas brave, 420  
Their bands united, would the city save;

And young Choræbus, whom Cassandra’s charms  
Involv’d in death, to aid her kinsman’s arms;  
Too bold to hear her voice prophetic chide,  
Too fond for safety to desert his bride. 425

Then while in firm array the warriors stand,  
To boldest deeds I urge the daring band:

“ Heroic souls, instinct with noblest rage,

“ Alas, in vain! and eager to engage,

“ The gods, whose shrines our fathers bow’d before, 430

“ Desert their fanes, and leave this fated shore.

“ See where the waving flames ascend the sky—

“ Our homes destroy’d, ’twere best in arms to die.

“ One stern resolve alone those arms may guide,

“ Reckless to fight, and cast all hope aside.” 435

As famish’d wolves, impell’d by keenest pain

Of hunger’s gnawing tooth, invade the plain,

To danger blind, through darkness force their way,

And for their thirsting young secure the prey;

So we through night’s impending shadows go, 440

Careless of death, impatient for the foe.



Who shall the havoc of that hour explain,  
Weep with the living, and lament the slain!  
An ancient city that had reigned through years  
Falls, or a mass of waving flame appears; 445  
In sacred fanes the slaughter'd bodies lay,  
Fill'd our lov'd homes, and heap'd the public way;  
And where the Dardans' life blood stain'd the ground,  
Full many a Græcian corse was heaped around,  
When, olden valour kindling in his heart, 450  
The dying Trojan play'd the hero's part.  
Pale terror reigns, loud wailings lade the wind,  
And sullen death gigantic stalks behind.  
As on Androgeos with his Argives press'd,  
Our band he met, and thus for friends address'd: 455  
"Come ye as laggards to the fruitful toil?  
"Speed, comrades, speed, and share the Trojan spoil."  
No voice replies, at once the cause they know,  
And all irresolute confront the foe.  
As when the wanderer in a thorny brake 460  
Treads unexpected on a pois'nous snake,  
Soon as he sees its azure crest arise,  
He stands, turns, trembles, and yet scarcely flies;  
So halt the Greeks, for night forbids to fly,  
And terror-stricken in confusion die. 465  
Thus did the gods our first endeavours bless,  
And crown our daring efforts with success.  
"Complete the work," the bold Choræbus cries,  
"While fortune smiles, and Greece half vanquish'd lies.  
"The shields the Argive warriors used we'll bear, 470  
"Their weapons hold, their own devices wear:



“ Who, if our arms succeed against the foe,  
“ Or guile or valour for the cause shall know ! ”  
Androgeos’ nodding crests protection yield,  
He grasps his sword, and lifts his blazon’d shield ; 475  
Riphæus, Dymas, and the rest select,  
Or spears to wound, or bucklers to protect.  
As Græcians we the Græcian arms employ,  
The gods are there, but not the gods of Troy ;  
Full many a combat rages through the night, 480  
And many an Argive leaves the realms of light ;  
Some to the vessels trembling urg’d their way,  
And sought concealment where their navy lay ;  
Some scale the wooden horse with craven fear,  
And in the hollow fabric disappear : 485  
But O ! when heaven a race foredoom’d deserts,  
Weak man in vain his puny strength exerts.  
Lo ! from Minerva’s inmost altar torn,  
With hair dishevell’d see Cassandra borne,  
Her frenzied eyes to heaven uprais’d for aid, 490  
Bound were her hands, or else her hands had pray’d.  
The brave Choræbus, madden’d by the sight,  
Rush’d on the band, and cheer’d us to the fight ;  
But lo ! deceiv’d by Græcian armour here,  
’Gainst Trojans Trojans hurl’d the flying spear ; 495  
Whilst Atreus’ sons inflamed each hostile rank,  
And Ajax thunder’d on our wavering flank.  
So when the tempest bursts, fierce winds engage,  
And rend the clouds asunder in their rage,  
Swift scours the South, as swift the West succeeds, 500  
With Eurus glorying in his airy steeds ;



Loud roar the woods, and in his watery home  
The angry Nereus stirs the rising foam.  
They too who late had panic-stricken fled,  
Rejoin the combat, and avenge the dead. 505  
Borne down our friends in bloody ruin lie,  
'Tis vain to fight, and vainer still to fly.  
Peneleus first, omnipotent in fight,  
Dismiss'd Choræbus to the realms of night;  
The youthful chief before the altar fell, 510  
Where once Minerva would indulgent dwell.  
Riphæus falls, whose upright soul deserv'd,  
Had gods so will'd, to be by gods preserv'd;  
Next Hypanis and Dymas, drench'd in gore  
By kindred weapons, sought the Stygian shore; 515  
Nor, Pantheus, might thy pious soul be free,  
Nor priestly office from the fates' decree.  
Ye burning ruins of my country, say,  
If in that hour this sword inactive lay;  
Well had I death from Argive steel deserv'd, 520  
A hero's death, but heaven my life preserv'd.  
'Twas now, divided from the Trojan throng,  
With Pelias borne and Iphitus along,  
(Pelias still halting from Ulysses' wound,  
And veteran Iphitus in youth renown'd,) 525  
Onward I haste where agonizing cries  
From Priam's stately palaces arise.  
With fellest passions foes with foes engage,  
And Mars terrific pours ungovern'd rage,  
As if in Troy were heap'd no other dead, 530  
As if in Troy no other warriors bled.



With well compacted shields and fiercest hate  
The Græcians thunder at the yielding gate ;  
Some to the walls light tapering ladders bring,  
Mount by the steps, and to the summit spring; 535  
Grasping the parapet their efforts aid,  
Raise the left arm, and lift the buckler's shade.  
The lofty turrets which the palace crown,  
Urg'd by despair the Trojan chiefs roll down.  
Ancestral ornaments for missiles throw, 540  
And with bright gilded beams assail the foe;  
Whilst some with swords around the portal wait,  
And with determin'd valour guard the gate.  
A loyal ardour every bosom fires,  
Fresh zeal the danger of our king inspires; 545  
We rush to help the heroes in the strife,  
And aid the vanquish'd in the game for life.  
A postern door, conceal'd within the wall,  
From Hector's palace led to Priam's hall;  
Through which, while Ilium's regal homes remain'd, 550  
And aged Priam o'er his people reign'd,  
Oft would Andromache in silence glide,  
And young Astyanax attend her side,  
Before her Hector's sire to pour her tears,  
Cheat the sad hours, and soothe a matron's fears. 555  
Mounting by this I gain'd the roof, and sought  
The spot where still Troy's fainting warriors fought:  
Close on the parapet a turret stands,  
Wide is the view that lofty tower commands;  
Thence might the eye o'erlook the crowded street, 560  
Survey the camp, and reach the Argive fleet.



This tower we loosen at the topmost round,  
 Strain ev'ry nerve, and heave it to the ground :  
 Loud is the crash, the battlements descend,  
 And all the air loud shouts of horror rend. 565  
 Fresh troops o'er mangled bodies scale the wall,  
 Darts pour, and stones in quick succession fall.  
 Pyrrhus in front his martial form displays,  
 Bright like the sun both helm and corslet blaze :  
 As when a snake, which torpid long has lain, 570  
 Gorged with the noxious poisons of the plain,  
 Shines fresh in youth, and casts his slough aside,  
 Courts the warm sun, and hisses in his pride,  
 Draws his long folds, with head erect, along,  
 In speckled pomp, and shoots his triple tongue. 575  
 Automedon, Achilles' charioteer,  
 And mighty Periphas with him appear ;  
 And all the youth from Scyros' isle that came  
 High at the roofs the blazing torches aim.  
 Leading the band proud Pyrrhus plies his stroke 580  
 'Gainst the strong gates, and rends the solid oak ;  
 Burst are the bars, the brazen posts give way,  
 And kingly halls to lawless gaze display :  
 Still on the threshold firm a chosen band,  
 Arm'd to the teeth, with steady valour stand. 585  
 Sad is the scene the palace courts within,  
 Low walls at first, and hollow groans begin ;  
 Then loud the shrieks of frenzied women rise,  
     thin air, and mount the spangled skies :  
 in terror wander through the halls, 590  
     the doors, and kiss the lifeless walls.



With vengeful ire great Pyrrhus holds his course,  
And thunders there with all his father's force;  
In vain his mighty wrath the bars defy,  
The guards cut down before his faulchion die; 595  
Struck by a vast machine, the barriers fall,  
The useless hinge deserts the failing wall;  
Rage bursts through all, and steel-clad warriors pour  
Through the wide breach, and fill the royal floor.  
Not with such force the stream o'erleaps the mound, 600  
Foams as it flows, and floods the trembling ground,  
Through the wide plain its course impetuous holds,  
Sweeps off the cattle, and beats down the folds.  
The two Atridæ in the tumult share,  
With Neoptolemus, renown'd in war; 605  
Furious they fight, their arms besmear'd with gore,  
Exulting in the blood that drench'd the floor.  
There aged Hecuba I saw, and near  
Of noblest birth a hundred dames appear;  
There on the flame his pious service fanned 610  
Gushed Priam's life-blood by his murderer's hand.  
Rang'd all along a gallery's sculptur'd sides  
Ran fifty chambers of the royal brides;  
For these the gold had left the Indian mine,  
And deck'd with richest spoils the portals shine: 615  
All fell: for where devouring flame had fail'd,  
The deadlier fire of Græcian hate prevail'd.  
But dost thou, queen, how died the monarch, ask?  
For thee my voice fulfils the painful task.  
Soon as he saw his ancient palace fall, 620  
And battle's crimson tide pollute the hall,



Across his breast, ill fitted arms to bear,  
The aged monarch flung the weight of war,  
And girt his useless sword upon his thigh,  
Prepar'd amidst the thickest foes to die. 625

O'ershadow'd by a laurel's sacred wood,  
Within a court great Jove's high altar stood;  
The clear blue arch of heaven above it rose,  
And daily blood in grateful worship flows.

As timid doves beneath the angry sky 630

To some well-known and shelter'd covert fly,  
So seeks the hapless queen the sacred fane,  
Where trembling matrons clasp the shrines in vain.  
But when she mark'd the king bow'd down with age,  
"Oh why," she cries, "in bootless strife engage? 635

"No mortal strength for Troy can aught avail,

"If Hector liv'd, e'en Hector's arm should fail.

"Safe by our altar let us here abide,

"Or die contented by each other's side."

With this she folds in love's still warm embrace 640

The aged king, and trusts the hallow'd place.

But see Polites, wounded by a lance,  
Through the long gilded porticos advance;  
'Mid clouds of javelins and surrounding foes,  
Swift as he may, the halting warrior goes: 645

See Pyrrhus foaming draw each stride more near,

Now, now he grasps him, and extends his spear:

His failing strength just reach'd his father's side,

When life departed with the crimson tide.

No longer could the aged king contain 650

His rising passion, or his voice restrain:



“ Shedder of blood, whose barbarous wrath,” he cries,  
“ With the son’s corse pollutes the father’s eyes,  
“ If mortal woes can heaven’s regard command,  
“ Jove’s righteous bolt shall blast the murderer’s hand.  
“ Falsely thou boast’st Achilles for thy sire, 656  
“ Great in his deeds, and noble in his ire :  
“ With heart as generous as his soul was brave,  
“ He Hector’s body for interment gave;  
“ Safe to his gods restor’d a royal foe, 660  
“ And sacred held a suppliant father’s woe.”  
With this his feeble hand a javelin flung,  
’Gainst Pyrrhus’ shield the trembling weapon rung,  
Just pierc’d the brass, and from the centre hung.  
Fierce was his answer: “ Thine own message bear, 665  
“ And to the shade of Peleus’ son repair.  
“ There end the lecture thou hast here begun,  
“ And tell the sire of his degenerate son.  
“ Now die.” With this the aged king he drew  
Through his son’s blood, and on the altar threw. 670  
One hand he twin’d within his silvery hair,  
With one he laid his thirsting falchion bare;  
Then plung’d the weapon in the monarch’s side,  
Whose soul rush’d forth upon the purple tide.  
Thus died the king who wept his country’s fall, 675  
Her rifled altars, and her crumbling wall ;  
Who once, in empire as in glory great,  
Sway’d Asia’s tribes, and rul’d in regal state.  
A headless trunk the mighty monarch lay,  
A nameless carcase, and a thing of clay. 680



Now first our home my thoughts in terror sought,  
By this sad slaughter to my memory brought:  
My wife, my son, my sire of equal age,  
My plunder'd dwelling, all my care engage.  
One anxious glance on every side I cast, 685  
All friends are gone, alone I stand, and last.  
Some to the ground in wild alarm had leapt,  
The flames the wounded to the shades had swept.  
All objects round the glaring fires reveal'd,  
When lo! I see near Vesta's shrine conceal'd, 690  
Helen, foredoom'd our country to destroy,  
The beauteous pest of Trojans and of Troy:  
Dardans and Greeks alike she fear'd to meet,  
Nor dar'd to clasp an injur'd husband's feet.  
Deep vengeance then my country's woes desir'd, 695  
And mingled scorn and hate my bosom fir'd.  
Shall she, I thought, in Sparta's courts be seen,  
And reign triumphant fair Mycenæ's queen;  
Her spouse, her home, her parents, children greet,  
With Ilian maidens prostrate at her feet? 700  
Shall Priam die the prey of Pyrrhus' ire,  
His kingdom spoil'd, and Troy destroy'd by fire,  
While Trojan shores have steam'd with Trojan blood,  
And crimson streaks have ting'd the Phrygian flood?  
What though the deed no warrior's name can raise, 705  
For vanquish'd woman yields ignoble praise,  
Yet would her death the love of vengeance please,  
Punish her guilt, and gloomy ghosts appease.  
As thus I thought, through all the gloom of night  
Shone forth my mother in the purest light, 710



Majestic as when heavenly courts she treads,  
And on surrounding gods fresh radiance sheds.  
With gentle force she grasp'd my lifted hand,  
As holier deeds her rosy lips command :  
" O why, my son, thus violently rage ? 715  
" Can love for home no thought, no care engage ?  
" Forget'st thou where the old Anchises lies,  
" Creüsa sinks, perhaps Ascanius dies ?  
" Foes round them press, my hand alone has stay'd  
" The fiery ruin and uplifted blade. 720  
" No Spartan bride, no hated Paris blame,  
" God join'd with god destroys the Trojan name.  
" Behold ; (for now I lift aside the cloud  
" Which mortal eyes obscures with humid shroud ;)   
" There, where you see the breach in yonder wall, 725  
" And pile on pile the mighty fragments fall,  
" Where waving flames with clouds of dust arise,  
" Against the walls his trident Neptune plies ;  
" The whole foundations of the city rock,  
" Troy feels from base to battlement the shock. 730  
" Here Juno rages with eternal hate,  
" And in full armour keeps the Scæan gate ;  
" Summons her Argive warriors to the fray  
" With flaming sword, and leads herself the way.  
" There see Minerva's warlike form reveal'd, 735  
" 'Mid rays of glory, with her Gorgon shield ;  
" High on the lofty citadel she stands  
" With threatening aspect, and the Greeks commands.  
" Great Jove himself the foe with strength supplies,  
" And bids the gods against the Trojans rise. 740



“ Then cease, my son, this vain defence, and fly,  
“ While the path opens, and a god is nigh.  
“ Still shall my power attending guard thy flight.”  
She ceas’d: swift gliding through the shades of night.

And now dire shapes through all the air appear, 745  
God urging god against our walls we hear;  
One sheet of living flame is waving round,  
And fated Ilium sinking to the ground;  
The power which hands immortal help’d to rise,  
By them o’erthrown in one vast ruin lies. 750  
So when against the monarch of the wood,  
Which long on some high mountain fastness stood,  
Contending swains exert a furious zeal,  
Lift the broad axe, and ply the ruthless steel;  
At each rude blow it nods its stately form, 755  
And seems just yielding to the iron storm,  
Till, vanquish’d by the oft repeated wound,  
With one last groan it thunders to the ground.

Uncheck’d through darts and flames that round us play,  
Swiftly the goddess holds her silent way, 760  
Till, where its dome Anchises’ palace rears,  
That aged chieftain in his halls appears.

’Tis vain persuasion, vainer force to try,  
The worn-out warrior hesitates to fly.  
What if I urge the danger of delay, 765  
And ask to bear him in these arms away?

“ Fly ye,” he cries, “ whose strength entire remains,  
“ Whose blood still warm flows free through youthful veins.  
“ Did heaven to me yet lengthen’d days allot,  
“ Heaven had preserv’d this long familiar spot. 770



“ Enough, once captur’d Ilium to have seen,  
“ And sad survivor of her ruin been.  
“ Thus, thus my body for its burial laid,  
“ One last farewell shall please the parting shade.  
“ This hand my soul to Pluto’s realm shall send, 775  
“ Or some kind foe my painful sorrows end.  
“ ’Tis not much boast the aged to destroy;  
“ And what avail proud burial rites in Troy?  
“ A burden now this feeble life I find,  
“ Hateful to gods, and useless to mankind; 780  
“ Since Jove, of gods and men the awful sire,  
“ Blasted this form, and hurl’d avenging fire.”  
Thus wandering on the old Anchises ran,  
His purpose fix’d as when he first began.  
Creüsa, weeping, at my side appears, 785  
And young Ascanius adds his boyish tears;  
All urge the stern necessity to fly,  
Ere fate triumphant sees the lingerers die:  
But still unmov’d the aged chieftain hears,  
And to his purpose and his home adheres. 790  
Urg’d by despair, I seize my arms, to close  
A life of sorrow in death’s last repose.  
“ Canst thou,” I ask, “ the coward’s part advise,  
“ The son to live, what though the father dies?  
“ If heaven, with will unchanging, has decreed, 795  
“ In vain our bravest and our best should bleed;  
“ If thine own wish would thee and thine destroy,  
“ With the last ruins of expiring Troy;  
“ Pyrrhus advances with victorious band,  
“ Red is his blade, and red his slaughtering hand; 800



“ Who slew Polites where his father stood,  
“ Then stain’d the shrine with white-hair’d Priam’s blood.  
“ Was it for this thy care, bland parent, brought  
“ Æneas forth, ’mid flaming ruins sought,  
“ To see the fierce and lawless Græcians roam 805  
“ Through the wide chambers of our sacred home,  
“ Whilst sire, and wife, and young Ascanius die,  
“ And in each other’s blood expiring lie?  
“ Arms, bring me arms, since this last day must rise  
“ On vanquish’d Troy, with it Æneas dies; 810  
“ O let me then rejoin the deadly strife,  
“ And sell, as warriors should, a warrior’s life.”  
“Tis thus I burn the Argive to defy,  
To draw the sword, and lift the shield on high.  
But lo! Creüsa, in my path appears, 815  
And to Iulus points, dissolv’d in tears.  
“ If gloriously to die these arms you bear,  
“ Take us that glory and that death to share;  
“ But if success thy efforts may attend,  
“ Remain, and here thy hearth and home defend. 820  
“ Why is thy sire, why young Ascanius left,  
“ Why thy Creüsa of all aid bereft?”  
As thus her mournful supplications rise,  
A sudden portent meets our wondering eyes:  
E’en while with sad, but yet with fond, caress 825  
Our arms embrace him, and our accents bless,  
From the high crown of young Iulus came  
A fluttering light of gently streaming flame,  
With harmless lustre round his tresses spread,  
And on his temples unconsuming fed; 830



Instant we run, impell'd by false alarm,  
To quench the fire, and save the boy from harm.  
With joy the omen old Anchises read,  
And, as he spoke, his hands to heaven were spread:  
"Thy powerful aid, Almighty Parent, lend, 835  
"And lead these portents to a prosperous end."  
A hollow murmur, rising as he speaks  
On the left hand, in pealing thunder breaks;  
A comet flaming through the shades of night  
Glides o'er our roof, and draws a train of light; 840  
Pointed our way to Ida's sacred dell,  
Then, prone to earth, in fiery sparkles fell.  
'Twas now his form the aged chieftain rais'd,  
Ador'd the star, and heaven's indulgence prais'd.  
"No more," he cries, "may age your steps delay 845  
"With doubting faith, when Jove directs the way.  
"Gods of our fathers, who o'er Troy preside,  
"Preserve her children, and their wanderings guide."  
Scarce had he ceas'd, when the loud crackling flame,  
Roar'd 'mid the roofs, and onward fiercely came. 850  
"Do thou," I cry, "these shoulders swift ascend,  
"Which stooping now with pious purpose bend:  
"Let young Iulus join his father's side,  
"And be my onward course Creüsa's guide.  
"Whate'er our lot, one common fate we'll share, 855  
"Together triumph, or together bear.  
"Where Ceres' temple, springing from the ground,  
"Beyond the city crowns a rising mound,  
"Where, long held sacred by our fathers' love,  
"An aged cypress waves its boughs above; 860



“ There, by what path soe’er we bend our feet,  
“ Let all, if heaven befriend our purpose, meet.  
“ Do thou, O sire, in arms from slaughter pure,  
“ Unstain’d by war, the gods of Ilium bear.”

A tawny lion’s shaggy hide was flung 865  
My neck around, and down my shoulders hung;  
On this his seat the aged warrior makes,  
Her place behind long-lov’d Creüsa takes,  
And where our way through darkest regions bends,  
The young Iulus on his sire attends. 870  
And now the chief who late had mock’d at fear,  
In every passing breeze a foe would hear;  
At every shout that rent the air would start,  
And press Iulus closer to his heart.

Well nigh the way was pass’d, the gate was near, 875  
When the loud tramp of footsteps reach’d the ear;  
Through the thick gloom Anchises gazing cries,  
“ Flashes the blaze of armour on my eyes:  
“ See how yon Argive shields are gleaming bright,  
“ Where the bright orb flings back the glancing light.” 880  
’Twas then a cloud, mysterious, undefin’d,  
Came o’er my senses, and confus’d my mind:  
Whether some god convey’d her form away,  
Or weak and weary on the path she lay,  
Creüsa never from that awful night 885  
In mortal shape has met our longing sight.  
None guess’d the loss, nor was the error found,  
Till, near the shrine, we trod the sacred mound;  
One form was absent, sought beside the fane  
By comrades, husband, son, by all in vain. 890



Whom fail'd I then of men, of gods to blame?  
Through that sad night what blow more grievous came?  
My son, my sire, our country's gods I place  
In safe concealment, and my steps retrace;  
Resolv'd again to face the furious Greek, 895  
And through all Troy my lost Creüsa seek.

The secret gate, and each remember'd place,  
Again I visit, and our steps retrace;  
Dark images of horror crowd my sight,  
The awe augmented by the silent night. 900  
Our halls I tread, but in that ruin'd home  
The spoiler triumphs, and the lawless roam;  
While flames devouring in the victory share,  
And raging heat oppresses all the air.  
Again through Priam's palaces I go, 905  
And in the citadel confront the foe.  
There, Juno's sacred portico before,  
Where Trojan priests shall minister no more,  
The cruel Ithacus and Phoenix bold  
Appointed guard o'er Trojan plunder hold. 910  
Here was the wealth of blazing halls, and here  
The ravish'd offerings of our gods appear;  
Here cups of solid gold lie heap'd around,  
And rich embroider'd vestments strew the ground.  
Young boys are standing by, and captive dames, 915  
Seiz'd by the victors, as they fled the flames.  
Loud shouts again, and yet again I tried,  
But no Creüsa to that cry replied.

Whilst thus in vain the voice re-echoing goes,  
Creüsa's image on my vision rose; 920



In awful shape she met my troubled eyes,  
A ghost lamented, of unearthly size.  
My faltering voice at once betrays my fears,  
And stiff with horror every hair appears.  
When thus, in accents mild, the blissful shade 925  
Sooth'd my sad bosom, and my cares allay'd :  
" O why in boundless grief indulge in vain,  
" When heaven so wills it, why should man complain?  
" Great Jove, whose nod both gods and mortals fear,  
" Forbids you hence Creüsa's form to bear. 930  
" Long shalt thou roam, and distant seas explore,  
" Till fate conducts thee to Hesperia's shore,  
" Where Lydian Tiber's silent waters glide  
" Through plains of heroes to the Tuscan tide.  
" There prosperous days shall crown thy close of life 935  
" With wide dominion, and a royal wife.  
" Weep not, nor think or proud Thessalian dame,  
" Or Argive princess, as her slave may claim,  
" Whom Venus once beheld with fond delight,  
" And Ida's nymphs to purest joys invite. 940  
" Farewell: and, mindful of a mother's prayer,  
" Watch young Iulus with still tenderer care."  
Then, ere my lips, from sorrow dumb, reply,  
Dissolv'd in air, she melts into the sky.  
Thrice round her neck I strive my arms to clasp, 945  
Her form impalpable eludes my grasp,  
Like some light wind that courses o'er the plain,  
Or unsubstantial vision of the brain.  
And thus, the hours of night in danger pass'd,  
With morning's dawn I sought my friends at last. 950



Here, when once more I reach the sacred mound,  
Wondering, I see assembled crowds around:  
Husbands and mothers, youths and maidens stand,  
Prepar'd to go, a bold but hapless band.  
True were their hearts, and in their hands they bore 955  
The hard-earn'd relics of their former store;  
Resolv'd, where'er their chief should point the way,  
His steps to follow, and his voice obey.  
At every gate the Græcian armour shone,  
All expectation of relief was gone; 960  
On Ida's top the morning shadows lay,  
Where shone the star, the harbinger of day;  
Again my shoulders take their pious load,  
I yield to fate, and climb the mountain road.



## NOTES TO BOOK II.

Line 14. "Shrank," "shudders:" observe the change of tense, used by Virgil, to mark the shock felt by Æneas at the first mention of the subject, and the sense of pain which still continues.

64. So Sophocles:

Εχθρων αδωρα δωρα, κ' ουκ ονησιμα.

And Milton:

"And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but wiles."

*Paradise Regained*, II. 391.

87. Virgil has been often praised for having, by the hesitation and slow movement of the verse, admirably expressed the affected confusion of Sinon. The translator has attempted to preserve it.

167. The victims were not bound at the time of sacrifice, that would have been considered unlucky; Sinon burst from the confinement in which he was placed till the day arrived.

182. "At once his pardon gain." "Miserescimus ultro."

190. "Girded with snaky wiles."—*Paradise Regained*, I. 120.

197. To excite greater horror and compassion he speaks as if he had been actually led forth to sacrifice.

212. Those of the "Innupta Minerva" were of different form from those worn by matrons.

227. Sinon insinuates this had already been carried to Argos.

251. So Milton:

"With brazen eyes

"And hairy mane terrific."

271. The most perfect representation of a bull prepared for sacrifice, with the fillets on his horns and sacred band over his back, may be seen in the saloon at Appuldurcombe, the seat of the Earl of Yarborough, in the Isle of Wight. It is a bas-relief of most exquisite workmanship, the ornament of some ancient temple brought from Italy by Sir Richard Worsley, and presents a noble idea of the King of Victims.

305. Of laurel, olive, ivy, &c., in token of a public thanksgiving.

307.

"The sun

"Declin'd, was hasting now with prone career

"To th' ocean isles; and in th' ascending scale

"Of heav'n, the stars which usher evening rose."

*Paradise Lost*, IV. 353.



308. It has been remarked that there is great art shown in singling out Græcian fraud, to be thus brought prominently forward as the great object in earth and heaven which night obscured.

315. The signal fire was first raised by Helen from the citadel of Troy, which was answered by a light shown on the stern of Agamemnon's vessel, which also acted as a sailing signal to the rest of the fleet.

325. "Somno vinoque sepultus."

328. I have ventured to add the image of darkness to that of rest, as increasing the sublimity of the vision.

386. This is one of those lines in which Virgil has so perfectly matched the words to the sound, as to render any successful imitation by his translator all but impossible :

"Exoritur clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum."

396. Some readings give "litora," the shore, instead of "limina," the threshold, thereby destroying this marked testimony to the piety, valour, and judgment of Æneas, which made the priest of Apollo fly immediately with his sacred charge to his home for protection.

427. "Incipio *super* his: " "to boldest deeds."

453. "In no common form

"Death then appears, but starting into size

"Enormous, measures with gigantic stride

"The astonish'd earth."—*Death, by Bishop Porteus.*

475. "His blazon'd shield: " "clypei insigne decorum."

525. I am afraid that this literal rendering of the verb "*meruisse*" by the English word "deserve," which commonly bears a double sense, and one the very contrary to merit, may have weakened the force of this noble sentiment, which declares death to be the reward of valour, especially valour exerted in behalf of one's country. It is thus also that Horace (lib. IV. Ode 9, in fin.) after declaring that he only is the truly happy man who puts to their right use the talents which heaven has given him, endures trials with dignity and fears disgrace, and abhors meanness more than death, adds with so much spirit,

"Non ille pro caris amicis

Aut patriâ timidus perire."

616. "In painting we may represent any fine figure we please, but we never can give it those enlivening touches which it may



receive from words. A picture of Priam dragged to the altar's foot and there murdered, if it were well executed, would undoubtedly be very moving, but there are very aggravating circumstances which it could never represent.

"Sanguine foedantem quos ipse sacraverat ignes."—BURKE.

632. The altar of Jupiter Herceius, which stood within an open enclosure in the inner court of the palace.

658. "Funus," a dead body just slain, still warm.

664. Virgil with great art conceals the fact of any ransom being given for the body of Hector, and makes it the free act of a generous enemy.

716. By expressly introducing the word "quanta," which I have preserved by the rendering "majestic," Virgil insinuates that Venus, when she condescended to become visible to mortals, usually assumed a smaller form than when she appeared among the gods. And for this there was good reason. Her ethereal kindred were much mightier, and consequently taller, than her friends in this lower world; and a Venus adapted to the terrestrial state would have been thought too diminutive for the lofty inhabitants of Olympus."—Dr. BEATTIE: *On Imagination*.

747. "A god is nigh." "In Greek where women are mentioned only as persons, without any reference to their sex, they are often joined with articles, adjectives, &c., in the masculine. The same idiom is traced in the Latin authors. Thus in Virgil, speaking of his mother, Æneas says, "Ducente Deo."—Dr. BEATTIE: *Theory of Language*.

776. When it was taken by Hercules, in the reign of Laomedon.

778. "Positum Corpus" was a body laid out for burial; considering himself as which, Anchises bids them say over him the last words of farewell, "vale, vale, vale;" and by repeating the "sic," "thus," shows his fixed determination.

847. This last circumstance foreshowed the death of Anchises before Italy was reached.

936. So called, because the Tiber separated Latium from Tuscany, which had been colonized from Lydia.



## BOOK III.

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### THE NARRATIVE OF ÆNEAS CONTINUED.

To this Book are applicable the same remarks which were made with respect to the second, viz. the increased difficulty to the translator, arising from the circumstances of its being a narrative related by the speaker of scenes in which he himself was the principal actor; the pronoun in the first person being more difficult to manage with elegance in the English language, where it is necessarily expressed, than in Latin, where it is concealed in the verb. The Book is said not to be a favourite with the critics or the public in general. We have, however, Andromache, one of the most charming characters of the Iliad, introduced with a grace, a dignity, and an interest of sorrow, not inferior to that with which Homer has clothed her.







## BOOK III.

WHEN the stern sentence of the heavenly powers  
Doom'd Priam's race and Ilium's stately towers;  
And Troy, which rose from an immortal birth,  
Fell, and in ruins smokes upon the earth;  
By omens warn'd to quit the Phrygian shore, 5  
We fell the pines which sacred Ida bore;  
Beneath Antandros' walls prepare our fleet,  
Nor know where fate may guide the wanderers' feet.  
Scarce had returning summer calm'd the seas,  
When at Anchises' word we court the breeze: 10  
Mournful I leave the long familiar plains,  
Where Troy once was, where only dust remains;  
An exil'd chieftain launch'd upon the wave,  
His son, his comrades, and his gods to save.  
Where once Lycurgus rul'd with iron reign, 15  
A martial people plough the Thracian plain;  
The rites of friendship join'd each ancient race,  
And Ilium's gods had bless'd the hearths of Thrace,  
Along the winding shore our ramparts rise;  
Vain is the work; his sanction Jove denies: 20  
And yet, all ignorant of forbidding fate,  
By my own name I call'd the infant state.



Meet offerings now we bear to Venus' shrine,  
And praise the gods who in our labours join,  
Our vows to heaven's eternal sovereign pay, 25  
His aid implore, the lordly victim slay.  
Not far from where our new-built altars stood  
Rose from a mound the myrtle's spear-like wood;  
When this, of ill unconscious, I invade,  
And grasp a bough to lend its leafy shade, 30  
Dire is the portent that confounds my sight,  
And mars the progress of the sacred rite;  
Large gouts of blood descend with crimson stain,  
Trickling ill-omen'd on the sandy plain.  
Around my heart the stream of life congeals, 35  
Each quaking limb mysterious dread reveals:  
Anxious the fearful secret to unfold,  
Again my trembling hand renews its hold;  
Again large drops of dark and clotted gore  
Drip from the myrtle, and pollute the shore. 40  
To Thracian Mars now rose the suppliant prayer,  
To join the wood nymphs, and vouchsafe his care.  
A larger bough then grasping in my hand,  
I kneel, for greater force, upon the sand:  
O shall I tell, or leave in silence bound, 45  
The groan that dreadful shakes the troubled mound?  
"Let the sad corse in peaceful rest remain,"  
"Nor with rash hand unclothe the wounds again."  
"In me, great chief, a kinsman's spirit know;  
"No crimson drops distil from myrtle bough. 50  
"Entomb'd here murder'd Polydorus lies,  
"And hostile spears as myrtle branches rise.



“Pierc’d by foul hands I welter in my gore ——  
“Fly this false land, O fly this greedy shore.”  
Speechless I stood, and stunn’d: the very hair 55  
Rose on my head, and stood erect from fear.

Young Polydorus, with a secret store  
Of hoarded wealth, to Thracia’s friendly shore  
Had Priam sent; but Thracia’s king withdrew  
From falling Troy, and Polydorus slew. 60

O’er mortal hearts what empire dost thou hold,  
Thrice cursed thirst of all-enslaving gold!  
Awe-struck I stood: and then the murderous deed,  
The violated faith, the guilty greed,

In council state: the council straight decree 65  
The treacherous land to fly, to trust the sea.

The funeral barrow on the corse is laid  
With pious duty to our kinsman’s shade,  
The cypress guards, the dark blue fillet decks  
The shrine our sorrow to the dead erects; 70

Around the altars Ilian matrons go,  
Loose in the breeze their mournful tresses flow.  
Full frothing cups of fresh drawn milk we pour,  
With chargers meet of sacrificial gore;

His spirit next to earth’s dark womb consign, 75  
As in one last farewell our voices join.

Then when an even course the billows keep,  
Light gales inviting to the silvery deep,  
Borne on the bosom of the waves we fly,  
Till shore and city fail the straining eye. 80

To Neptune clear, bright, beautiful, and green  
Fair plains were drifting upon ocean seen,



Till a firm hold Apollo's favour gave,  
And fixed his Delian island on the wave.  
Hither we sail, and on its peaceful shore, 85  
Before his walls, the god of light adore.  
Anius, the king of Delos' royal line,  
Who wears the fillets of her holiest shrine,  
Receives Anchises with a comrade's care,  
And all the bounty of the sovereign share. 90  
In ancient grandeur there thine altars rise,  
Great Phœbus, there our prayers ascend the skies:  
"Our toils with rest, O god of Thymbra, crown,  
"And grant a country we may call our own.  
"Point out where yet may stand a second Troy, 95  
"Nor Greeks may reach, nor Peleus' son destroy.  
"Say where the gods our future home would place,  
"Where bless reviv'd the ancient Dardan race.  
"Father of light, some certain token lend,  
"And let thy voice into our hearts descend." 100  
Scarce ceas'd the prayer, when all things quake around,  
The deep recesses of the shrine resound,  
Vibrates the arch, the sacred laurels nod,  
The trembling mount proclaims the present god.  
Prostrate all hearts the deity revere, 105  
Who pours his counsel on the awe-struck ear:  
"That land which first the hardy Dardans bore  
"Recalls the wanderers to her fertile shore;  
"Renown'd shall there the great Æneas reign,  
"And children's children his vast fame sustain." 110  
As ceas'd the god, with mingled tumult rose  
The joyous hope which sees our wanderings close:



“ Say, to what land,” each martial chief exclaims,  
“ The voice directs, what shore Apollo names?”  
Anchises, musing on our earlier days, 115  
Speaks, and his counsel bolder youth obeys:  
“ Amid the waves a fertile island lies,  
“ Sacred to Jove, where Ida’s summits rise;  
“ The cradle of our race, whose hundred towers  
“ Rise in proud strength, and crown her verdant shores.  
“ And thence, her tale if memory rightly tell, 121  
“ The Teucrans came, and by the Xanthus dwell:  
“ No stately Ilium show’d her turrets then,  
“ But humble valleys were the home of men.  
“ Hence Ida’s grove receiv’d its Cretan name, 125  
“ When Cybele with silence awful came,  
“ Her brazen cymbals sounding from afar,  
“ And lions harness’d to her sacred car.  
“ Due worship paid; if Jove propitious smile,  
“ Three days shall bear us to the Gnossian isle.” 130  
To Neptune offer’d by his reverent hand,  
The lordly bull rolls lifeless on the sand;  
To thee again, bright god, the victim dies,  
Smokes on the shrine, and fragrant odours rise:  
While sable sheep the raging storms appease, 135  
And fairer fleeces softer zephyrs please.  
Through all that region round a rumour spread,  
That king Idomeneus from Crete had fled;  
That now no hostile army lin’d her shore,  
No hostile sentry watch’d her gates before. 140  
With prosperous gales Ortygia’s port we leave,  
Our vows fair Naxos’ sunny heights receive;



On ocean's breast there silver Paros lies,  
Here green Dony'sa's marble columns rise.  
Crew calls on crew to seek our fatherland, 145  
The wind blows fair, we make the Gnosian strand.  
With eager haste I urge their willing hands,  
Already Pergamus reviving stands;  
The well-known name the crowds rejoicing praise,  
Embrace their homes, and loftier bulwarks raise. 150  
Dry on the beach the useless ships remain,  
'Neath Trojan labour glows the Cretan plain;  
Then, as the harvest's golden hopes arise,  
The youthful breast expands to gentler ties;  
Their chieftain's laws for each a home prepare, 155  
When sudden pestilence pollutes the air;  
The whole expanse of heaven infected lies,  
The vineyard withers, and the master dies.  
Some their dead lords and cheerful hearths deplore,  
Some drag their languid limbs along the shore. 160  
Fierce scorching rays beat down from summer skies,  
And wholesome food the sickly crop denies.  
Anchises urges the ungrateful task,  
" Delos revisit, and fresh counsel ask,  
" Learn whence our wearied hearts may aid expect, 165  
" And where the gods our future course direct."  
Hush'd by the stillness, lull'd beneath the shade  
Of night, all earth in deep repose was laid,  
When lo! the tutelary gods I bore  
From burning Ilium to the Cretan shore, 170  
Seem'd, as I wak'd, to rise before my sight,  
Reveal'd distinctly by the streaming light,



Where the bright moonbeams, glancing from the wall  
Through the deep windows, on the vision fall.  
With aspect mild their sacred forms appear, 175  
Soothe anxious care, and hope desponding cheer.  
" By Phœbus sent, thy gods the truth declare,  
" Phœbus, who asks not the repeated prayer.  
" With thee we fled in Ilium's fated hour,  
" To crown thy children with eternal power. 180  
" Do thou vast walls for empire vast prepare,  
" And with unshaken faith all perils bear.  
" Not here your steps the Delian god directs,  
" Such high renown no Cretan shore expects.  
" A place there is, CEnotria was its name, 185  
" By Greeks Hesperia term'd, but still the same;  
" And now her tribes Italia call the land,  
" From Italus, who rul'd with sceptred hand:  
" An ancient land, where fertile plenty reigns,  
" Bold are her sons, and fruitful teem her plains. 190  
" There Dardanus was born, of martial fame,  
" Whence sprung our nation and our Dardan name;  
" And Dardans there, so fates prophetic tell,  
" Returned, shall in unclouded splendour dwell.  
" Seek Corytus, and fair Ausonia's strand, 195  
" For Jove to thee denies Dictæa's land."

No dream was that: perceptible and clear,  
With fillets crown'd, the gods of Troy appear:  
O'er all my limbs cold drops of moisture flow,  
The sacred forms, the heavenly voice, I know. 200  
Libations pour'd, my frequent prayers arise  
With reverent wonder, and ascend the skies.



And as my soul the solemn worship cheers,  
I tell the vision to Anchises' ears.  
He mused: he knew our double race before, 205  
And own'd that Phœbus show'd a different shore.  
"O son, on whom the Ilian fortunes hang,  
"Prophetic thus of old Cassandra sang:  
"Oft, I bethink me, would her accents run  
"Tow'rds bright Italia, and the Western sun. 210  
"But who would think that Dardans e'er should roam,  
"And in Hesperia found a Phrygian's home?  
"Yet, though Cassandra's prescient voice might fail  
"To warn, thy words, great god of light, prevail."  
Anchises ceas'd; exulting all obey'd, 215  
The prayer was offer'd, and the vow was paid:  
From Crete we launch, (some few behind remain,)  
And in our hollow vessels cross the main.  
Fast fades the beach before our straining eyes,  
The sea around us, and above, the skies, 220  
When lo! thick clouds and darkness in its train,  
The storm descending howls upon the main;  
And as the tempest all its fury pours,  
Bellow the winds, the boiling ocean roars;  
The blast rolls on the foam, the billows rise, 225  
Borne on their curling crests the sailor flies  
The whirlwind's wrath; thick gloom involves the day,  
And sable night takes heaven's fair face away.  
The sails are rent, the staggering vessel reels,  
The lightning flashes, and the thunder peals. 230  
Three days his course scarce Palinurus knows,  
Three nights the sky no star directing shows.



On the fourth morn dark wreaths of smoke arise  
From distant mountains, and obscure the skies.  
The sails are furl'd, the oars with lengthen'd sweep 235  
Toss the white foam, and cleave the sounding deep.  
The Strophades in wide Ionia's wave  
Rise from the ocean, and our prows receive:  
The Harpies' home, from Phineus' kingdom driven,  
Avenging ministers of angry heaven. 240  
Their heads a virgin's comely aspect show,  
But foulest odours from the monsters flow;  
Each loathsome hand in crooked talons ends,  
And pallid hunger on their jaw descends.  
Along the shore sleek herds of cattle pass, 245  
And goats, unguarded, crop the dewy grass.  
The gods invok'd, too soon the victims feel,  
How craving want impels the strangers' steel.  
On the full board we heap the slaughter'd kine,  
Raise the rude seat, and in the banquet join: 250  
When lo! the Harpies to our feast repair,  
Clap their dark wings, and beat the troubled air,  
With touch obscene contaminate the spoil,  
Foul odours pour, and loudly screech the while.  
Beneath the unhewn arches of a cave, 255  
Where trees around protecting branches wave,  
Again the banquet on the board is spread,  
Again with sacred fire the altar fed;  
Again from some obscure retreat they pour,  
Infest our tables, and our feast devour; 260  
With crooked talons plunder as we eat,  
And with their breath polluting taint the meat.



Our comrades watch them flapping from afar,  
And with th' accursed brood prepare for war;  
Beneath the waving grass their weapons hide, 265  
And place their bucklers by each warrior's side.  
Along the winding shore the monsters fly,  
Misemus sounds his trumpet from on high,  
On rush our crews, the strange assault to make,  
And 'gainst foul birds the gleaming faulchion take; 270  
But though torn flesh and tracks obscene they leave,  
No gash their wings, no wounds their backs receive.  
On lofty cliff apart Celæno plac'd,  
Our future toils in words ill-omen'd trac'd:  
"Dare ye our cattle, haughty Dardans, slay, 275  
"And from the peaceful Harpies drive the prey  
"Uninjur'd in their isle the sisters leave,  
"Respect their power, their warning voice receive.  
"What Jove to Phœbus, Phœbus told to me,  
"The Furies' queen, proud chieftain, tells to thee. 280  
"That land you seek across the Western main,  
"Your Phrygian bands shall, heaven consenting, gain;  
"But ere their height your new-built ramparts reach,  
"Gaunt famine's scourge the Harpies' power shall teach,  
"Till e'en their trenchers be the wand'ers' food." 285  
She ceas'd; then plung'd within the dusky wood.  
With sudden fear each warrior's blood was chill'd,  
Each breast with awe and sad forebodings fill'd;  
No more would arms a bloody vengeance win;  
But hasty vows and humble prayers begin, 290  
Whether the Furies are embodied seen,  
Or boding monsters in these birds obscene.



With hands extended good Anchises pray'd,  
And bade due honours to the gods be paid:  
"Ye gods propitious, to our prayers attend,                   295  
"And lead these curses to a holier end."  
Th' impatient crews obey their chief's command,  
Tear loose the cables, and forsake the strand.  
Before the southern breeze we breast the tide,  
E'en as the pilot and the winds may guide;                   300  
Zacynthus' woods reflected in the waves  
We pass, and cross the floods that Samos laves;  
Dulichium's isle its sloping summits rears,  
And, crown'd with woods, steep Neritos appears;  
Swift fly we Ithaca's detested shore,                   305  
And curse the land which stern Ulysses bore:  
At length we coast Leucate's heights along,  
Where gloomiest rites approach the god of song;  
The weary sailor plies once more his oar,  
Glides 'neath the city, and draws near the shore,                   310  
Forth from the prow run out the anchor chains,  
Fix'd on the sandy beach the fleet remains.  
To greatest Jove our youth an altar raise,  
Present the victim, and proclaim his praise;  
And high renown the rugged Actium claims,                   315  
As theatre of Ilium's martial games.  
Their limbs anointed, on the level strand,  
As Phrygia taught, the hardy Athletes stand:  
'Tis joy, our course uninjur'd to have run  
Past Græcian cities, and the haven won.                   320  
Meantime, the sun brings round the changing year,  
And Northern tempests in the sky appear.



The shield which once to war great Abas bore  
I fix in triumph to the temple's door,  
And mark the hand by which the deed was done: 325  
"These arms from conquering Greece Æneas won."  
Launch'd is the fleet, the oars, with rival sweep,  
Cut the dark waves, and lash the sounding deep.  
Our passing vows Epirus' cliffs receive,  
Swift strokes behind Phæacia's turrets leave, 330  
Smooth glides our navy to Chaonia's shores,  
Securely moored beneath Buthrotus' towers.  
Strange tidings here fame pours upon our ears,  
That Helenus a Græcian sceptre bears,  
Through Hector's wife twice-widowed empire gains, 335  
And in the citadel of Pyrrhus reigns.  
Amaz'd I hear, then leave the port, and burn  
To greet the hero, and his fortunes learn.  
It chanc'd that where the dark-leav'd cypress rose,  
There wept Andromache a matron's woes; 340  
And where the Simois' stream fictitious stray'd,  
Deck'd the green tomb to slaughter'd Hector's shade.  
That tomb was empty, but the once-lov'd wife  
Peopled the scene, and raised the dead to life.  
Two shrines her hand with pious purpose rears, 345  
Which nurse her sorrows, and receive her tears.  
Sad gifts of love she slowly bears along,  
And Hector's ghost invokes with mournful song.  
But lo! when now the sight of Trojan arms,  
Unlook'd-for prodigy, her soul alarms, 350  
She stands like chissel'd marble to behold,  
As fair, as fix'd, as lifeless, and as cold.



“ What form,” at length, in broken tones she cries,  
“ Is this? dost thou in shape substantial rise?  
“ Or, if a spectre of unreal life, 355  
“ O, where is Hector? tell his trembling wife.”  
She ceas’d: large drops her mental anguish own;  
The grove re-echoes to her hapless moan.  
Her strange unearthly tones my soul appal,  
Faltering, and slow, my troubled accents fall: 360  
“ In me, in truth, a child of earth is seen,  
“ I live, indeed, but sad my life has been.  
“ O say, does Hector’s wife remain the same,  
“ Or, captive, own a Græcian master’s claim?”  
Her voice, her eye, of shame, of sorrow spoke, 365  
As thus Troy’s alter’d dame the silence broke:  
“ Thrice blest was she her virgin couch who made  
“ ’Neath Ilium’s walls, to please Peleides’ shade;  
“ The fate who felt not which her soul abhorr’d,  
“ A captive mistress to a Græcian lord; 370  
“ Whilst I, who once had borne great Hector’s name,  
“ Slave to his lusts, with haughty Pyrrhus came.  
“ But when he sail’d to Sparta’s shores to bring  
“ Hermione, betroth’d by Sparta’s king,  
“ Me he transferr’d to Helenus, to share, 375  
“ Myself a captive, in a captive’s care.  
“ ’Twas then Orestes, raging with the smart  
“ Of love, and guilt still rankling in his heart,  
“ At Delphos’ shrine his vengeful faulchion drew,  
“ And in their country’s temple Pyrrhus slew. 380  
“ Then fell this coast to Helenus’ command,  
“ Who from his brother Chaon named the land.



“ There frowning Pergamos her foes defies,  
“ From yonder mountain Ilium’s turrets rise.  
“ But say what chances here your navy bore, 385  
“ What god impell’d you to Epirus’ shore.  
“ The young Ascanius, lives he still to share  
“ Thy lonely state, and cheat an exile’s care?  
“ Does still his heart to lost Creüsa turn,  
“ Her memory bless, his own bereavement mourn? 390  
“ Can Hector’s deeds a love of fame inspire,  
“ Or thine own name to acts heroic fire?”  
Deep were the sobs that from her bosom broke,  
Fast flow’d her tear-drops as the matron spoke;  
When Helenus, emerging from the walls, 395  
Sees Trojan arms, and leads us to his halls.  
A mimic Pergamos here meets my eyes,  
And there I see an infant Troy arise.  
A Xanthus here, scarce trickling through the plain,  
And there I clasp the Scaean gate again. 400  
The Trojan crews in ample chambers share  
The proffer’d banquet which their hosts prepare:  
Raise the full wine-cup to the thirsty lip,  
And the rich juice from golden goblets sip.  
But now with chiding voice the southern gales 405  
Breathe through our rigging, and invite our sails;  
When thus to Helenus ascends our prayer:  
“ Thou to whom birds forthcoming fates declare,  
“ Who hear’st mysterious words in crackling fires,  
“ Whose breast divine the Clarian god inspires; 410  
“ Know that each priest, each god propitious told,  
“ To western shores your prosperous voyage hold,



“ Till dire Celæno, with ill-omen’d voice,  
“ Bade us no longer in such hopes rejoice,  
“ Threaten’d gaunt famine through our hosts should spread,  
“ And heap the Furies’ vengeance on our head. 416  
“ Say, son of Troy, how Troy such ills may shun,  
“ And close these toils by fate’s decree begun.”

The royal priest round blazing altars pours  
The sanguine current, and the gods adores; 420  
Unbinds the fillets which his hair confine,  
Thy suppliant leading to thy sacred shrine,  
Great god of light, and to my awe-struck ears  
Tells the dark future of revolving years.

“ Hail, heaven-born chief! to western shores proceed, 425

“ So haste events, and so great Jove decreed.

“ To thee the gods with voice propitious show

“ Whate’er the fates permit mankind to know.

“ Fair Italy, whose shores before thee lie,

“ Seem won already, and invite the eye: 430

“ What toils, what troubles, from thy grasp divide!

“ Unfriendly regions, and a pathless tide;

“ Trinacria’s waves shall see thy tough oars bend,

“ Ausonia’s sea on thee its fury spend,

To certain death shall Circe’s isle invite, 435

“ And hell’s dark lake must meet thy living sight,

“ Ere in the region that the gods intend,

“ Thy city rises, and thy trials end.

“ One sign observe: when by a distant stream,

“ Where the dark ilex shades the noon-tide beam, 440

“ A large white sow before thy wondering eyes,

“ With thirty young ones, on the margin lies,



“ All silvery white; then know in that fair land,  
“ In strength eternal, shall thy empire stand.  
“ Celæno’s curse need cause no anxious fear, 445  
“ Phœbus shall aid, and heaven a way declare.  
“ But all these shores, Italia’s nearest side,  
“ Lav’d by the waters of Ionia’s tide,  
“ Trojan, avoid: nor trust the hostile coast,  
“ Beset with traces of the Græcian host. 450  
“ The Locri there a new position gain,  
“ Idomeneus has seiz’d Salentum’s plain,  
“ And Philoctetes, Melibœa’s lord,  
“ Waves o’er Petilia’s palaces his sword.  
“ But when, at length, upon Italia’s shore, 455  
“ Your altars flame, and crowds their gods adore,  
“ With purple veils restrain the wandering sight,  
“ Lest some ill-omen’d form disturb the rite.  
“ Soon as your ships Pelorus’ headland near,  
“ And now less close the adverse strands appear, 460  
“ Shape with wide circuit to the left your course;  
“ Fly the right shore, and dread the current’s force.  
“ There was a time, so chronicles relate,  
“ When the two countries form’d a single state,  
“ Till nature heaving shook the solid rock, 465  
“ And rent the earth asunder with the shock:  
“ With mighty force old Ocean rush’d between,  
“ (By length of time such wondrous change is seen,)  
“ And fields and towns that neighbours were before,  
“ Gaze on each other from a different shore. 470  
“ There troubled Scylla rules the stormy tide;  
“ Charybdis rages on Sicilia’s side,



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- “ With jaws insatiate thrice sucks in the main,  
“ Thrice belches out the struggling waves again,  
“ High in the air the seething billows rise, 475  
“ Roar, boil, and foam, and thunder to the skies.  
“ Scylla within a gloomy cave resides,  
“ Whose deep recess the virgin monster hides:  
“ Extended jaws the trembling sailor sees,  
“ And sinks engulf’d within the boiling seas. 480  
“ Fair is the show her upper parts assume,  
“ A maiden’s features, and a maiden’s bloom;  
“ From whence a fish its scaly length extends,  
“ Till in a dolphin’s tail the figure ends:  
“ Between the two, protruding from the loin, 485  
“ Wolves’ heads the dolphin and the virgin join.  
“ Better round far Pachynum’s cliffs to coast,  
“ And brook delay, than in those waves be lost;  
“ Or nearer see extended on the ground  
“ The shapeless Scylla, with her sea-green hound. 490  
“ But, O! if trust in Helenus remains,  
“ If skill prophetic in his bosom reigns,  
“ One thing, one thing, again, again I tell—  
“ Warnings repeated in the memory dwell:  
“ Great Juno’s deity with gifts adore, 495  
“ Her power propitiate, and her aid implore;  
“ So as behind Trinacria’s cliffs you leave,  
“ Shall fairer shores the Dardan chief receive.  
“ When wafted there, your wanderings Cumæ reach,  
“ Where lake Avernus laves the sounding beach, 500  
“ A priestess, burning with prophetic fire,  
“ Whose verse declares the truths which gods inspire,



“ ‘Neath a dark rock her worshipper receives,  
“ And writes his mystic fate on forest leaves.  
“ These leaves dispos’d in harmonizing row, 505  
“ Herself conceal’d, our future fortunes show,  
“ And long their first arrangement fix’d retain,  
“ Nor break the union of the sacred strain.  
“ But when the door upon its hinge revolves,  
“ If once a passing blast the link dissolves, 510  
“ If once the leaves around the cave are tost,  
“ The spell is broken, and the record lost;  
“ Without an answer worshippers depart,  
“ And chide the Sybil’s tantalizing art.  
“ Here, though your comrades blame the long delay, 515  
“ Though winds propitious call your fleet away,  
“ Heed not the breeze, let all persuasion fail,  
“ Till the god answers, and your vows prevail;  
“ Till in clear tones the Sybil’s strains relate  
“ Your destin’d wanderings, and declare your fate. 520  
“ She will the tribes of Italy unfold,  
“ Teach what to shun, and where your course to hold,  
“ Point where your arms shall fight, your children live,  
“ And, duly worshipp’d, prosperous fortunes give.  
“ Farewell: from thee shall Troy again arise, 525  
“ And in thy mighty deeds ascend the skies.”  
Gifts then he gave resplendent to behold,  
Of India’s ivory, and of burnish’d gold;  
Large silver bars our hollow vessels store,  
And brazen caldrons from Dodona’s shore; 530  
A shirt of mail the generous Trojan brings,  
With triple workmanship of golden rings;



Then adds a helmet with its plummy crest,  
Which once the brow of warlike Pyrrhus press'd.  
Rich were these shining gifts, and join'd to these 535  
Such as might well the old Anchises please:  
Horses he gives the martial youth to bear,  
Pilots to guide, and hands our toil to share.  
Meanwhile Anchises bids each sailor raise  
His tapering mast, and catch the whispering breeze, 540  
Whom he, that held within his sacred breast  
A prophet's fire, with reverent voice address'd:  
"O thou who once in envied bliss wast seen,  
"Of love's soft rites with fair Idalia's queen,  
"Whose life might heaven's peculiar care employ, 545  
"Twice snatched uninjur'd from declining Troy;  
"Yon western shore, which hence the eye may view,  
"Though call'd Ausonia, is denied to you,  
"Far, far from hence spreads out the destin'd strand,  
"On which Apollo bids the Dardans land. 550  
"Farewell: thy need a pious son supplies—  
"The waters ripple, and the breezes rise."  
And now Andromache, dissolv'd in tears,  
Rich woven vests of golden tissue bears  
To young Ascanius, and around him throws 555  
A scarf where Phrygia's brighter purple glows.  
The broider'd gifts she bore oppress'd with grief,  
And gave in words her throbbing heart relief:  
"Receive the pledge Andromache hath brought,  
"The slender web by Hector's widow wrought; 560  
"'Tis the last gift the Trojan dame shall give:  
"And may her sorrows in thy memory live!



“Thou in whose image, to my weeping eyes,  
“Again does young Astyanax arise:  
“Like were those lips which once my woes beguil’d, 565  
“’Twas thus he fondled, and ’twas thus he smil’d:  
“And O! had stern Ulysses mercy shown,  
“To noble manhood youth so fair had grown.”  
Thus ran my answer as our steps depart,  
The tears fast flowing from a bursting heart: 570  
“Here long successful may your race remain,  
“’Tis theirs to hold, ’twas yours the soil to gain.  
“Your toil is over, and your harbour won;  
“Obscure our fate, our labour scarce begun.  
“No shelter on Ausonia’s shore you need, 575  
“Those shores which still from longing eye recede.  
“For you a Xanthus irrigates the plain,  
“And ancient Ilium flourishes again.  
“O may the gods vouchsafe their guardian care,  
“The mild protect you, and the sterner spare! 580  
“If e’er our fleet the Tyber’s harbour gain,  
“In firmest friendship shall our sons remain;  
“And as from Dardanus their fathers came,  
“One shall their children be, their hopes the same.”  
Our course we hold; and at Ceraunia’s beach 585  
The shortest passage to Ausonia reach:  
There to our sailors stretched upon the shore,  
Each in his place, and ready for his oar,  
The rippling wave its soothing cadence brings,  
And slumber settles with his drowsy wings. 590  
But ere dull night, by swift-wing’d hours impell’d,  
Through half the heavens her sable course had held,



Old Palinurus cast his eyes around,  
Survey'd the sky, and caught each rising sound;  
Mark'd the stars gliding through the silent air, 595  
Arcturus, Hyades, and either Bear;  
But scann'd Orion most, that hunter bold,  
Deck'd with his baldrick and his sword of gold.  
Then when the tokens of a calm agree,  
The pilot's signal calls us to the sea; 600  
The eager crews their painted decks ascend,  
Unbind the tackling, and the sails extend.  
And now each star the azure vault had fled,  
Aurora, blushing, left Tithonus' bed,  
When, undefin'd, and of a misty blue, 605  
The hills of Italy arrest our view.  
Achates first proclaim'd the wish'd-for name,  
Till the glad cry from every vessel came.  
On the high stern behold Anchises stand,  
A foaming cup supporting in his hand; 610  
Rich was the wreath that round its circle show'd,  
And rich the juice that from the goblet flow'd.  
"Gods of the sea, gods of the earth," he cried,  
"And ye that o'er the tempest's power preside,  
"Breathe kindly on us, let a prosperous gale 615  
"With gentle blast inflate each swelling sail."  
The breeze blows fair, till clearer to our eyes  
Minerva's citadel and temple rise;  
Distinctly next the port its opening shows,  
Cheers on the sailor, and invites our prows. 620  
Two battlemented cliffs the harbour form,  
Shunning with crescent shape the eastern storm;



An unhewn pier compels the angry main  
Unmov'd, while dashing billows foam in vain;  
And fair to see receding from the shore 625  
Rises the shrine the colonists adore.  
Here, our first omen when we quit the main,  
Four snow-white coursers graze the nearest plain.  
"War, war these steeds," Anchises cries, "portend,  
"The wheeling charger is the warrior's friend: 630  
"Yet the same horse obeys the gilded rein,  
"When peace, returning, brings her smiling train."  
To Pallas then, in clashing arms array'd,  
Who first receiv'd us, is our worship paid.  
A Phrygian veil the wandering sight confines, 635  
And smokes rich incense on Saturnia's shrines.  
Our vows once paid, we leave the doubtful fields;  
The sail yards bend, the ocean's bosom yields.  
Tarentum's ramparts now the prospect crown,  
Which great Alcides honours as his own; 640  
Across the bay Lacinium's fort appears,  
Where Juno's fane its sacred turrets rears;  
In that green vale fair Caulon's city lies,  
Here Scyllacæum's iron cliffs arise.  
Then, long before Trinacrian Ætna's near, 645  
Loud falls the dash of waters on the ear;  
'Gainst the high rocks the troubled billows roar,  
With hollow murmur growling on the shore;  
The shallows boil, and, driven to the land,  
The waters blacken with the rising sand. 650  
" 'Tis fam'd Charybdis now assails the ear,"  
Anchises cries, "the rocks foretold appear:



“ Bend to your oars, your utmost vigour try : ”  
The men with vigour to their oars apply.  
First Palinurus turn’d his groaning prow 655  
Where to the left the waters smoother flow,  
Then every crew, with oars and canvas set,  
Strive a safe offing from the land to get.  
Rais’d on the billows’ curling crests we go,  
Or sink immers’d into the deeps below. 660  
Thrice a loud roar the hollow cavern gave,  
Thrice from the cliffs dash’d off the raging wave;  
High through the air the snow-white foam is borne,  
Back from the dripping skies the showers return.  
Meantime the sunbeams kiss the western shore, 665  
The failing breeze inflates the sails no more;  
Our crews worn out, unconscious of the way,  
We bring our vessels to the Cyclops’ bay.  
Wide in extent, and shelter’d from the breeze,  
A spacious harbour calms the swelling seas, 670  
But sad the waste by burning Ætna spread,  
When roars the thunder round its fiery head;  
Dark wreaths of smoke and sulphurous ashes rise,  
And tongues of flame ascending lick the skies.  
Within, the centre of the mountain glows 675  
With fiercest heat, and heaves with monstrous throes;  
Its entrails torn are scatter’d on the ground;  
Earth groans, and flings the fiery fragments round.  
Struck by Jove’s lightning, so the legend tells,  
Enceladus beneath the mountain dwells, 680  
The ponderous Ætna on his bosom lies;  
Bright flames from out its riven furnace rise,



Oft as the giant, by the weight oppress'd,  
Changes his side, and lifts his panting breast;  
Wide Sicily the gasp convulsive feels, 685  
Black smoke disgorged the face of heaven conceals.  
The forest howls, oppress'd with secret fear,  
Unearthly sounds the trembling sailors hear;  
Dense clouds roll on, no star with promise bright  
Pierces the gloom, and pours its silvery light, 690  
Mists veil the moon in the ethereal plain,  
And sable night asserts her darkest reign.

Now rose refresh'd the glorious orb of day  
Through clouds of gold, and chas'd the mists away;  
When lo! a form unknown arrests our eyes, 695  
With famine wasted, and in squalid guise.  
Emerging from the forest shade he stands,  
And to the beach extends his suppliant hands.  
All gaze in awe: his beard was long unshorn,  
Unwashed his flesh, his dress with brambles torn; 700  
And yet a Græcian warrior, who before  
Had fought with glory on the Phrygian shore.  
The Dardan habit, join'd with hostile arms,  
Seen from afar, the wretched Greek alarms:  
He stops, then onward towards the ocean flies, 705  
With headlong speed and supplicating cries.  
"By all the gods who heaven's bright mansions share,  
"By the clear stars, by this life-giving air,  
"O take me, Trojans, from this hateful strand,  
"O bear me hence: no more my prayers demand. 710  
"Once, I confess, by hostile fury fired,  
"My soul the ruin of your hearths desired;



“ And if to death such crime a Greek condemn,  
“ ’Twere bliss to perish by the hands of men.  
“ Plunge me beneath the billows’ foaming crest, 715  
“ To sink unnoticed to eternal rest.”

He ceas’d: then flung his arms our knees around,  
In suppliant posture bending to the ground.  
Anchises grasp’d his outstretch’d hand, and gave  
The generous pledge a foeman’s life to save; 720  
Whilst all surrounding urge him to proclaim  
To friendly ears his country and his name.

Assur’d at length, all terror cast aside,  
In words like these the hapless wretch replied:

“ My home the island where Ulysses reign’d, 725

“ Poor was my sire, would I had poor remain’d!

“ But when all Greece to arms indignant flew,

“ Troy Achemenides a warrior knew.

“ As late my comrades, half our number dead,

“ Hence from the cavern of the Cyclops fled, 730

“ Me they deserted prostrate on the floor,

“ Heap’d with fresh bones, and foul with human gore.

“ Of stature vast the monster towers on high,

“ Disturbs the stars, and strikes against the sky.

“ Sullen in manner, and of visage stern— 735

“ Heaven the dire pest from trembling mortals turn!—

“ The quivering carcass is his loathsome food,

“ And cups of nectar flow in human blood.

“ I saw his hand two quaking victims clasp,—

“ Gods, how they struggled in that ponderous grasp!— 740

“ Then dash them on a stone, where pour’d around

“ The crimson current floods the reeking ground;



“ And watch’d him all the throbbing flesh devour,  
“ Whence the bruise’d veins distill’d the purple gore.  
“ Mov’d by the sight, but unconfus’d by fear, 745  
“ Ulysses brought his wonted craft to bear,  
“ When, gorg’d with food, by fumes of wine oppress’d,  
“ Supine he lay, as sleep usurp’d his breast;  
“ And stretch’d at savage length upon the floor,  
“ Belch’d up foul morsels mix’d with trickling gore. 750  
“ Our prayers we raise, then on the wretch advance,  
“ Pierce his dark brow, and twirl the murderous lance,  
“ Where one huge orb the closing lid conceal’d,  
“ Bright as the sun, and vast as Argive shield.  
“ Subdu’d the Cyclops lies in hopeless night, 755  
“ Our vengeance glutted on his wounded sight.  
“ Then fly from hence, unhappy strangers, fly,  
“ Your cables loosen, nor remain to die.  
“ Like him who here his loathsome empire holds,  
“ And in yon cave his milky flocks enfolds, 760  
“ A hundred monsters o’er these mountains roam,  
“ Haunt the wild woods, and find a savage home.  
“ Now the third moon, through plains ethereal borne,  
“ Fills out with stronger light her crescent horn,  
“ Since when, or crouching in some wild beast’s den, 765  
“ I’ve pass’d a wretched life, remote from men,  
“ Or on some cliff have watch’d in breathless fear,  
“ Trembling their footstep or their voice to hear.  
“ Unwholesome roots my scanty meal have made,  
“ Or cornel berries from the sylvan shade. 770  
“ As rove’d my anxious gaze the ocean o’er,  
“ These ships I saw, and now your aid implore.



“To you I yield, and freely yield my breath :  
“Death from your hands to me were hardly death.”  
Striding along the mountain's shaggy height 775  
We see, and tremble at the monstrous sight,  
Huge Polyphemus; round their lord appear  
His bleating flocks, and to the shore draw near.  
In form gigantic, barbarous in mind,  
Misshapen, curs'd, inexorable, blind. 780  
An up-torn pine directs the monster's way,  
His tottering uncertainty to stay :  
His fleecy sheep alone his wanderings share,  
His only comfort, and his only care :  
A twisted collar from his neck depends, 785  
And in a pastoral pipe of shepherds' ends.  
He stopp'd when now his footsteps reach'd the flood,  
And from the darken'd socket washed the blood;  
Then gnash'd his teeth in mingled rage and grief,  
And in the cooling waters sought relief; 790  
Where, wading through the deepest of the tide,  
The curling waves scarce reach'd his giant side.  
The dangerous coast our crews impatient leave,  
And to their care the friendly Greek receive;  
In silence slip the cables from the shore, 795  
Then bend with rival vigour to the oar.  
He caught the sound, and turn'd his footsteps where  
The hum of voices met his restless ear :  
But when he stretch'd his eager hands in vain,  
And idly sought to struggle with the main, 800  
Loud was the shout that from the monster fell,  
All Italy was startled by the yell,



Old ocean trembling heav'd his thousand waves,  
And Ætna bellow'd through its winding caves.  
The Cyclops' race from woods, from mountains pour, 805  
Rush to the beach, and gather on the shore.  
With glaring eye we see the savage band  
Of giant monsters on the margin stand,  
Like rugged oaks that wave their tops on high,  
Or mournful cypress that ascends the sky, 810  
The lofty wood where Jove his presence shows,  
The grove to Dian sacred, and to woes.  
Though press'd by fear, her warning memory gave,  
'Twixt frowning rocks to shun the dangerous wave,  
Where rival Scylla and Charybdis seen, 815  
Twin forms of death, small passage leave between.  
And now descending from Pelorus' strait  
The northern gales decide the sailors' fate:  
We hear Pantagias thundering to the tide,  
Past Meg'rus' bay and Tapsus' valleys glide; 820  
For well the Greek along the winding shore  
Could tell each spot Ulysses pass'd before.

Where round Plemmyrium's point the surges rise,  
Fronting Sicania's gulf an island lies;  
This isle (if ought of trust belongs to fame) 825  
From Dian took Ortygia for its name.  
Thy stream, Alpheus, which in Elis springs,  
Here, 'neath the sea, its waves untainted brings,  
From Arethusa's crystal fountain flows,  
And into salt Sicania's water goes; 830  
With pious thoughts we pass the sacred shore,  
And great Diana's deity adore.



Next by the green and fertile meadows glide,  
Where deep Helorus spreads his sluggish tide;  
Then close beneath Pachynus' headland steer, 835  
Whose beetling rocks their cloud-capt summits rear;  
Past Camerina's lake and city speed,  
Where man fulfill'd not what the god decreed;  
And coast the plains the fierce Geloï claim,  
Whose city, Gela, takes the streamlet's name. 840  
The lofty walls of Agragas succeed,  
Fam'd as the country of the generous steed;  
Next thou, Selinus, in whose whispering groves  
Each passing breeze the graceful palm-branch moves;  
And Lilybæum's beach, whose shallow tide 845  
Roars o'er the rocks its foaming waters hide.  
Last, Drepana, upon thy gloomy shore  
Our falling tears Anchises' death deplore,  
From coast to coast on heaving billows tost,  
Safe borne through all, borne only to be lost; 850  
Who, the best comfort in my perils, left  
Me of a father and a friend bereft.  
Not Helenus himself this trial nam'd,  
Not dire Celæno had such ill proclaim'd.  
There, his long labours to completion brought, 855  
His rest, his home, the aged chieftain sought;  
And thence, great queen, some god propitious bore  
The wandering chief to royal Dido's shore.  
Thus did his toils the godlike hero tell,  
On listening ears his tale of perils fell. 860  
He ceas'd: the waning stars to slumber call,  
And silence settles on the regal hall.



## NOTES TO BOOK III.



Line 4. The reader will observe the change of tense :

“*ceciditque superbum*

*Ilium, et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troja.*”

22. Æneadas : called Ænos by Pliny.

42. Alluding to the Hamadryades, or rural spirits, whose destiny was connected with some particular trees.

44. This is one of the many passages which, in a translation, lose all the ease of the original language.

56. So Job :

“The hair of my flesh stood up.”

69. If the dead was a person of consequence, a branch of cypress was usually placed at Rome before the door of the house where the body lay. The “*vittæ*” used to decorate altars were in colour “*cœruleæ*,” a dark blue, less bright than purple, and deeper than azure. So Homer uses the corresponding word in Greek, “*κυανεος*,” when describing the anger of Juno (Iliad, Book xv. v. 102), and which Cowper renders “*sable* brows.”

73. Besides the cups of perfumed oil and of wine usually poured upon the flames and the ashes of the funeral pyre, further libations were offered to the dead, called “*inferiæ*,” from the word “*inferimus*,” here used by Virgil, because they were poured into or upon the grave.

76. The persons present at funeral ceremonies, after having received purification by being thrice sprinkled with pure water from an olive branch by the priest, took a solemn farewell of the deceased by pronouncing the word “*vale*.”

88. The “*infula*” was a flock of wool, white or crimson, slightly twisted into a wreath ; the “*vitta*,” a white band, by which the “*infula*” was bound to the head either of the priest or victim. The “*vitta*” was sometimes used without the “*infula*,” and was strictly a sacred ornament when used by men and made of wool. The “*infula*,” without the “*vitta*,” was not unfrequently used as a festive wreath.



92. It is the general opinion of the learned that victims were not slain on the altar at Delos: therefore Æneas simply says, "venerabar," I offer worship and prayers.

126. Alluding to the silence observed during the performance of her most solemn mysteries.

141. The ancient name of Delos, from *ορνυς*, quail, large flocks of which were found on the island.

144. Donyssa was celebrated for its green marble, Paros for its white.

178. He directs them without giving them the trouble of applying a second time at Delos, as Anchises had suggested.

199. The reader will call to mind the passage in Job (c. 4), where the passion of terror is introduced, and the sublimity of the vision increased by concealing the distinctness of the appearance: "It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof." But here the judgment of Virgil appears conspicuous: his object was not to produce alarm, but to inspire cheerfulness and hope: "curas his demere dictis."

280. The Harpies of earth were the same as the Furies of hell.

301. Zucynthus, now Zante.

303. Dulichum, now Dolicha.

304. A mountain in Ithaca. *Νηριτος εινοσιφυλλος*.—*Homer*.

308. The cliffs of Leucate, jutting out into the sea, were exceedingly dangerous to the navigators of those early days, who never ventured far from land. To propitiate Apollo, whose worship had been established here at a very remote date, a human sacrifice was yearly offered, directly at variance with the worship at Delos, which (as we have seen above) admitted the sacrifice of no animal life.

316. Virgil supposes Æneas to have instituted these games, in order to pay a compliment to Augustus, who celebrated games in honour of his victory over Antony at Actium.

323. He is supposed to have been one of those Greeks in company with Androgeos, whom Æneas and his comrades slew and stripped.

330. Phæacia, the modern Corfu.

330. "Swift strokes," "Abscondimus."

367. Polyxena, daughter of Priam, sacrificed by Pyrrhus at the tomb of Achilles.

374. Hermione, the daughter of Menelaus, and granddaughter of Leda, had been betrothed by her to Orestes, during her father's



absence at Troy, where he again had betrothed her to Pyrrhus. Orestes was haunted by the Furies for his guilt in slaying his mother, Clytemnestra, to avenge the share she had in the death of his father, Agamemnon.

380. Some explain "patris aras," not, as I think, most just, "the great altar of Greece," but as the altar dedicated to the same god, Apollo, before whose altar at Troy Achilles was shot by Paris.

390. There is something inexpressibly touching and appropriate in this inquiry in the mouth of Andromache, a widowed mother, who had lost her own son, asking whether the young hero, as he grew up, retained a child's veneration and affection for the memory of a departed parent.

409. When a branch of laurel was thrown upon the flame, a good or evil omen was drawn from the sharp or dull sound of the crackling leaves.

410. An epithet of Apollo, from his temple and oracle at Claros, in Ionia.

421. The "vitta" had been assumed by Helenus during the time of sacrifice, in his character of priest: as the frenzy of inspiration comes on, and he is about to pour forth the mystic lines of prophecy, he leaves his hair to stream loose in the wind, in accordance with the description given of the Sibyl, under similar circumstances, in the Sixth Book.

450. This custom of veiling the head, that the worshippers might not be distracted by any ill-omened appearance, was common in the sacred rites of Rome; and Virgil here compliments the antiquity of the religious ceremonies of his country, by referring the practice to Æneas.

471. Form σκύλλω, vexo, I trouble.

588. "Sortiti remos."

610. The "cratera" was a drinking vessel of a large size, from which the smaller cups, "pocula," were filled with the "cyathus" or ladle; though this latter term is often used also for a cup. The cratera was at a very early period the object of the artist's embellishment. Before the use of it in any sacred rite it was usual for the worshipper to surround the rim of the bowl, and also his own temples, with a wreath of flowers.

618. On the promontory of Tapygium.

643. Caulonia, called also Aulonia, from αὐλή, a valley.



650. "Blackens the waters with the rising sand,  
 "And drives vast billows to the distant land."

YOUNG's 'Last Day.' Book I. *The description of the Whale that carried Jonas.*

660. "Hangs on liquid mountains void of fear,  
 "Or falls immers'd into the deeps below,  
 "Where the dead silent waters never flow."

Dr. YOUNG, *ut supra.*

728. Supposed to be a name feigned by Virgil, from *αχος*, grief, and *μένω*, I remain.

729. Ulysses and twelve of his companions were captured by the Cyclops, of whom six were devoured before the others escaped.

737. "Viscera" may mean "the heart, liver," &c., which would form a dainty part of the horrid meal. "Viscera," speaking correctly, has a wider meaning than "exta," by which is more properly expressed that portion of the inside which first protrudes when the chest is cleft open. The "viscera" are the "exta," and something more.

754. Called by Homer, "*αμφι βροτος*," as quite encircling the man.

781. Quod illud corpus mente concipiam, cujus trunca manum pinus regit.—*Quintilian.*

782. I have chosen these terms as expressive of that want of firmness in the step which is consequent upon not being able to see where the foot is placed. Virgil did not mean that the savage strength of the Cyclops had in any degree yielded to the summary vengeance of Ulysses and his comrades.

784. It is curious to remark how the author of the Georgics gives a charm (if we so may speak) even to the mutilated and barbarous Cyclops, by presenting him in conjunction with the pleasant image of his peaceful flocks.

786. The text of these two lines is rejected by many critics as spurious.

826. Because it was sacred to Diana, who was born in Delos, called also Ortygia.

834. The Helorus, like the Nile, at certain seasons overflows, and fertilizes the adjacent country.

838. The lake Camerina becoming nearly dry, and consequently offensive from the deposit, the inhabitants of the city consulted



Apollo whether they should fill it up; his answer was in the negative. Yet they did so, and an enemy took the town by passing over the dry ground.

856. Many explain these two lines as expressing the conclusion of Æneas's own wanderings.



## BOOK IV.

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### THE PASSION AND DEATH OF DIDO.

OF the beauties of this Book it is impossible adequately to speak, and he must be very unworthy of rendering them into English who does not confess also, on a re-perusal of the original, that it is impossible adequately to translate them.







## BOOK IV.

THE tale is ended: but the wounded queen  
Throbs with the passion which consumes unseen.  
The ancient honours of the Dardan race,  
Their chieftain's virtues, and his godlike grace,  
Dwell in her thoughts: his deeds, his words, remain: 5  
Slumbering, she starts: she sees and hears again.

When bright Aurora, queen of rosy dawn,  
With purple spangles gemm'd the dewy lawn,  
Dido the tumult of her soul confess'd,  
Each thought confiding to a sister's breast. 10  
One were their souls, their every wish the same,  
But Dido only fed the treacherous flame.

"O tell me, Anna, what new forms are these  
Which haunt my dreams, with power mysterious please.  
Say who is this, by adverse fates opprest, 15  
That comes a welcome and illustrious guest.  
In his bold bearing and majestic brow  
We read the prince, and all the hero know;  
Nay, e'en 'tis said, and trust the saying gains,  
Ambrosial blood is flowing in his veins. 20  
Fear tells of an ignoble soul, but here  
Swells the proud spirit that can mock at fear.







## BOOK IV.

THE tale is ended: but the ~~warrior~~ ~~hero~~  
 Throbs with the passion ~~which~~ ~~burns~~ ~~in~~ ~~her~~ ~~heart~~  
 The ancient honours of the ~~Latin~~ ~~men~~  
 Their chieftain's virtues, and his ~~glorious~~ ~~deeds~~  
 Dwell in her thoughts: his deeds ~~in~~ ~~her~~ ~~mind~~  
 Slumbering, she starts: she sees ~~and~~ ~~sees~~ ~~again~~  
 When bright Aurora, queen of ~~rose~~ ~~days~~  
 With purple spangles gemm'd the dewy ~~air~~  
 Dido the tumult of her soul confess'd  
 Each thought confiding to a sister: ~~in~~  
 One were their souls, their every ~~thought~~ ~~and~~  
 But Dido only fed the treacherous ~~men~~  
 "O tell me, Anna, what new ~~news~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~sea~~



“ How ran his story many a peril o’er!  
“ What fights he headed, and what toils he bore!  
“ But that since death love’s earliest fetters burst      25  
“ That bound the heart, the brightest as the first,  
“ Unchanging still my stedfast thoughts remain,  
“ Through life no more to wear the nuptial chain;  
“ But that his bride another’s bed would spurn,  
“ And dim for her the torch rekindled burn;      30  
“ A second passion in these veins might glow,  
“ And this one weakness Dido’s spirit know.  
“ From that sad hour when blood, how foully spilt!  
“ Our household gods defil’d with kindred guilt,  
“ This Dardan prince alone soft thoughts could raise, 35  
“ The fond remembrancers of earlier days.  
“ But sooner be this earth asunder torn,  
“ And to the dread abyss be Dido borne;  
“ Sooner may Jove this form with lightning smite,  
“ And fling it blacken’d to the realms of night,      40  
“ Amid the pale and shivering shades to dwell,  
“ In the deep gloom of an eternal hell;  
“ Than she should break, his lov’d and wedded wife,  
“ The virgin’s vow, that binds the soul for life.  
“ He who first won me, on our bridal day,      45  
“ Lord of my charms, bore all my heart away;  
“ And may that love, his love alone could gain,  
“ Still his companion in the tomb remain.”  
She spoke, and speaking, lo! her bosom fill’d  
With the hot tears that from her eyes distill’d.      50  
“ Sister, whose smiles your Anna’s eyes delight,  
“ As morn now gladdens with its golden light,



“ Why should bright youth’s too transitory bloom  
“ In fond regrets and lonely state consume?  
“ Shall royal Dido always childless live, 55  
“ When love return’d can sweet endearments give?  
“ Think’st thou the dead can aught of pleasure find  
“ In this blank life, to dreariest thoughts consign’d?  
“ What, though at first in Libya, or in Tyre,  
“ No suitor might thy mournful bosom fire; 60  
“ From all her sons, when Afric bade thee choose,  
“ In triumphs rich, though thou didst all refuse;  
“ Repuls’d though great Iarbas may complain,  
“ And with barbaric splendour plead in vain;  
“ Shall one who woos in gentler tones depart, 65  
“ Whose warlike hand defends a grateful heart?  
“ Or does thy memory ne’er to mind recall,  
“ How hostile tribes surround thy infant wall;  
“ How with Gatulia’s fierce, unconquer’d line  
“ Numidia’s wild and swarthy children join; 70  
“ And Barca spreads her plundering hordes around,  
“ Sweeps off our fruits, and desolates the ground?  
“ Or need I here the Tyrian armies name,  
“ Whose mustering hosts Pygmalion’s hate proclaim?  
“ In this, methinks, consentient gods we see, 75  
“ Saturnia joining with the fates’ decree,  
“ Who to our shores with smiles propitious bring  
“ The Phrygian hero for the Tyrians’ king.  
“ With such alliance as this chance supplies,  
“ How vast shall Carthage in her glory rise! 80  
“ How wide shall Dido’s queenly power extend,  
“ Renown’d through earth, to earth’s extremest end!



“ Do thou the favour of the gods entreat,  
“ Slay the fat victim, and thy vows complete;  
“ Induce the prince, by princely shows, to stay, 85  
“ And fresh inducements frame for fresh delay;  
“ Whilst foaming waves forbid our guests to fly,  
“ Orion ruling in the adverse sky.”

With words like these she fann'd the kindled flame,  
Resolv'd her doubts, and loos'd the hold of shame. 90  
The sisters first their notes of solemn praise  
To Phœbus, Ceres, and Lyceus raise,  
With sacrificial odours lade the air,  
And nuptial Juno seek with frequent prayer.  
Dido in all her glorious beauty stands, 95  
And takes herself the chalice in her hands,  
On the white heifer's brow pours out the wine,  
And moves with measured step before the shrine,  
And as the priest explores the victim's chest,  
Waits with intense anxiety oppressed. 100  
Ah, vain the wish! for what can vows avail,  
Or how can priests with frenzied love prevail?  
The subtle fire her fading bloom devours,  
Through every vein the secret poison pours,  
Till, all her soul dissolving in the flame, 105  
Through the wide city roams the stricken dame.  
So when the timid hind incautious roves,  
A spotted beauty, through Dictæan groves,  
Pierc'd by a shaft, and bounding from the smart,  
She flies, but flies in vain the rankling dart, 110  
O'er the green meadows strains with trembling speed,  
And deep embedded bears the poison'd reed.



The queen with royal pomp Æneas leads,  
Points out her wealth, and how the state succeeds;  
In vain her parting lips their office try, 115  
The words, half syllabled, in utterance die.  
Then when again the shades of evening fall,  
Again rich banquets grace the regal hall;  
Again she would the hero's fortunes know,  
With words enraptured that seductive flow. 120  
Till, when the Trojan guests have pass'd away,  
And the pale moon withdraws her waning ray,  
Alone she wanders through the empty halls,  
And on the couch in fruitless passion falls;  
Or young Ascanius in her arms enfolds, 125  
And, in the boy's, the father's face beholds.  
Then tries, but, O! how vainly tries! to quell  
The power of love, which mocks the mightiest spell.  
Her soul is absent with her Trojan lord's;  
Her fancy sees him, and she hears his words. 130  
Unfinish'd now the rising towers remain,  
No martial games disturb the silent plain,  
The harbour finds no honour in her eyes,  
No more the battlemented ramparts rise,  
No more the vast machines their burdens raise, 135  
And, half complete, the crumbling pile decays.

But Juno now, not unperplex'd with care,  
Sees love triumphant in the yielding fair;  
The queen of heaven the Paphian goddess seeks,  
Her tones are scornful, though she smoothly speaks: 140  
"Great is the praise attends thine art, fair dame.  
"And great the glory to thy urchin's name;



“ Two gods descending shine upon the field,  
“ And mortals see one simple woman yield.  
“ I know her palaces excite your fears, 145  
“ As high her ramparts lofty Carthage rears:  
“ But can, in truth, no remedy be found,  
“ And shall our contest know no peaceful bound?  
“ Dido has love’s unequall’d power confess’d,  
“ Nay, clasp’d your boy victorious to her breast. 150  
“ Our joint regard let either people share,  
“ Themselves united ’neath our guardian care;  
“ Till Dido give, as dowry with her hand,  
“ Her Tyrian nobles to thy soft command.”

To whom the Paphian goddess thus replied: 155  
(For well she knew what Juno fain would hide,  
Her purpose to transfer to Libyan ground  
The empire Troy’s long-suffering chief should found:)  
“ With Juno’s power ’twere madness to contend,  
“ If peaceful thoughts might meet a prosperous end; 160  
“ But much I doubt if Jove consentient join  
“ The Tyrian nobles with the Dardan line.  
“ Thy words, perchance, the king of gods may bend,  
“ And I, dread queen, will on thy steps attend.”

To her imperial Juno straight replied: 165  
“ By me, bright goddess, be the labour tried.  
“ Now list: when next the sun, with golden light,  
“ From earth rolls back the sable pall of night,  
“ From its deep lair the royal huntress moves  
“ The sylvan game, and wakes the silent groves; 170  
“ There, while the Trojan prince attends her side,  
“ And round the lawns, dispers’d, the horsemen ride,



“ I in mid air a howling tempest raise,  
“ The winds’ wild uproar, and the lightning’s blaze.  
“ Then, while at speed, the scatter’d hunters fly,      175  
“ Darkness descends, and clouds involve the sky,  
“ To one o’erhanging cave shall each repair,  
“ The Dardan chieftain, and Sidonian fair ;  
“ I will be present, and the union bless,  
“ And thou shalt minister the bland caress,      180  
“ Till, as the hour young love attendant crowns,  
“ The Punic queen the soft enthrallment owns.”  
The Paphian goddess, with her blandest smile,  
Assents, not ign’rant of Saturnia’s guile.  
    Soon as Aurora rises from the main,      185  
A gallant band, all eager, scour the plain,  
On tapering poles the open meshes bear,  
Coil the strong cords, and poise the sylvan spear ;  
And not less swiftly than the keen-nosed hound,  
Massylian horsemen sweep the dewy ground.      190  
In bright array, before the brazen gate,  
Long for their queen the Tyrian leaders wait,  
While she each gem, each fold, seductive tries,  
Her charms to heighten in the stranger’s eyes.  
Attendant grooms her noble courser hold,      195  
In purple furniture, o’erlaid with gold,  
His ardent soul the bit’s restraint disdains,  
While flakes of foam emboss the polish’d reins.  
At length she comes, and crowds admiring gaze ;  
Her Tyrian robe its graceful folds displays ;      200  
Arm’d for the chase, her golden quiver shines ;  
A golden clasp her purple vest confines ;



And threads of gold, which nicest art had wound  
Round her fair brow, her silken ringlets bound.  
The Phrygian youth display their coursers' speed, 205  
And young Iulus reins his prancing steed.  
But far o'er all, in princely garb and mien,  
And manly grace, Æneas joins the queen.  
As when the freshness of returning spring  
To Delian shores has brought the Lycian king; 210  
Where in wild dance the Cretes, with bounding feet,  
Before the shrine the painted Scythians meet;  
Crown'd with soft wreaths, the god majestic moves,  
With sounding quiver, through the Cynthian groves;  
So Troy's great chief like comeliest vigour shows, 215  
And, like the god, with bloom immortal glows.  
From cliff to cliff, with light and fearless spring,  
Their agile forms the startled wild goats fling;  
Rous'd from his lair, the roebuck scours the plains,  
Starts at each sound, each nerve in terror strains. 220  
Down the deep vale Ascanius spurs his horse,  
With youthful ardour and impetuous course;  
Now longs to see the forest king descend,  
Now prays the gods a foaming boar to send.  
Meanwhile, black clouds the face of heaven deform, 225  
And hail-stones, rattling, mingle with the storm;  
Before the sweeping vengeance of the sky  
The Tyrian youth in wild confusion fly:  
Iulus follows, with his panting friends,  
Where, swell'd by rain, the mountain stream descends. 230  
Her train the queen, with Ilium's chieftain, leaves,  
And one o'erhanging cave the pair receives.



Earth, trembling, first proclaims their guilty love,  
Bright lightnings flash, and thunders peal above.  
Nymphs howl on every height, the rocks resound, 235  
And nuptial Juno pours the storm around.  
But now dark ills in lengthen'd train descend,  
Those ills which death and death alone can end.  
Henceforth her passion no concealment knows,  
Reason in vain the guilt, the scandal shows; 240  
She calls it marriage, by the purest name  
Of earthly bliss to sanctify the shame.

Then straight through Libya's peopled cities Fame  
On outstretched wings with evil pregnant came;  
Timid at first, now see the goddess rise, 245  
Her own swift course increasing strength supplies.  
Small at her birth, her limbs gigantic spread,  
She stalks through earth, the clouds enfold her head.  
Sprung, her last offspring, from the womb of earth,  
Vast, hideous, vengeful, the unshapely birth 250  
Sublime through air on wakeful pinions rides,  
A thousand eyes each wakeful pinion hides.  
Thousands of ears catch every passing sound,  
Thousands of tongues disperse the tales around.  
By night on fleecy clouds the goddess floats, 255  
And spreads the world throughout her trumpet notes.  
Then, all too restless for indulgent sleep,  
Unwearied watch through day her eye-balls keep  
On some high tower; and still of Fame the dread,  
Through ancient cities has confusion spread. 260  
The half told tale, the half suggested name,  
The seeming candour, serve the cause of Fame.



To discord still with shameless front inclin'd,  
Her whisper'd hints inflame the public mind;  
How a fair queen whom doubtful nuptials join 265  
With a bold wanderer of the Trojan line,  
All the dull winter's length in dalliance spends,  
Neglects her duties, and forgets her friends.  
To prince Iarbas next the monster turns,  
And fans his rage; his rage redoubled burns. 270  
Sprung from a nymph whose charms great Ammon fire,  
A hundred fanes attest Iarbas' sire;  
Where, on a hundred ornamented shrines,  
Unquenched the mystic flame eternal shines;  
Priests ever watch, wreaths deck the brazen doors, 275  
And victims, bleeding, stain the sacred floors.  
The youth once burning with a generous flame,  
Now stung to madness by the taunts of Fame,  
Kneeling before his laden altars pray'd,  
With hands uplifted, for the Thunderer's aid: 280  
"Almighty parent, whom our feasts proclaim  
"Unfailing guardian of the Moorish name;  
"Say, speaks thy thunder with an empty sound,  
"And glance thy lightnings idly from the ground?  
"E'en late to these our shores a wandering dame, 285  
"Suppliant of help, a houseless exile came,  
"Seeking in humble vassalage to hold  
"A spot Iarbas in compassion sold.  
"This scornful dame no more our suit will own,  
"Accepts a Phrygian, and divides her throne; 290  
"And he, this Paris, to whose train belong,  
"Weak and effeminate, a pamper'd throng,



“ Whose Lydian head-gear charms a woman’s eyes,  
“ With perfum’d tresses wins the beauteous prize ;  
“ Whilst we with gifts approach great Ammon’s fane, 295  
“ And his almighty name adore in vain.”

His awful sire the suppliant prince beholds,  
As thus he prays, and thus the altar holds ;  
Then on the Tyrian citadel looks down,  
Where Dido loves forgetful of her crown, 300  
And straight his will to Maia’s herald speaks,  
Who lists obedient, and the Dardan seeks :  
“ Thy wings expanded to the lucid air,  
“ To Troy’s inglorious chief our mandate bear,  
“ Who fondly lingers in the Tyrian state, 305  
“ Ignobly careless of a loftier fate.  
“ Not such the pledge his radiant mother gave,  
“ Whose arts divine twice life imperill’d save,  
“ That he o’er Italy’s extended plain,  
“ Pregnant with empire, should triumphant reign, 310  
“ And streams of social law through nations spread,  
“ From ancient Teucer as their fountain head.  
“ If for himself the chief no fame desires,  
“ And labour daunts him more than glory fires,  
“ Shall he, by Dido’s blandishments beguil’d, 315  
“ Of Rome’s vast glory rob Creüsa’s child ;  
“ Linger enslav’d upon a hostile shore,  
“ Forget Ausonia, and Lavinia’s dower ?  
“ Great Jove forbids : shall he then longer stay ?  
“ Great Jove commands : let trembling man obey.” 320  
Soon as Cyllenius hears the wish express’d,  
He turns obedient to the god’s behest ;



Fast to his feet his golden sandals ties,  
And floats sublime through all the ambient skies,  
With equal swiftness borne upon the breeze 325  
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless seas.  
Then takes his wand; that wand to realms of light  
Now summons spirits from the depths of night;  
And mortals now in upper air that dwell  
Consigns relentless to the shores of hell; 330  
Gives sleep to these, from others takes away;  
Or wakes the dead, and calls them back to day:  
With this the herald on the storm can ride,  
Compel the winds, and turn the clouds aside.  
Now in mid air the heights of Atlas rise, 335  
Whose shaggy brow supports the spangled skies;  
Round whom black clouds are for a girdle spread,  
And tempests lash, and mists involve his head,  
Like silvery beard the frozen waves depend,  
Snow wraps his breast, and stiffen'd streams descend. 340  
Pois'd on his wings here first Cyllenius stood,  
Then headlong plunging swept the Libyan flood;  
And as the sea-bird in the foaming main  
Watches its prey, and skims the watery plain,  
So when from hoary Atlas' rugged height 345  
The son of Maia wings his downward flight,  
Their airy path his outstretch'd pinions keep,  
Cleave the blue mists, and glide along the deep.  
Soon as his feet with feather'd steerage reach  
Where shepherds' huts once stood on Libya's beach, 350  
The chief he sees, who with attentive eyes  
Watches proud Carthage in her splendour rise;



A purple robe was o'er his shoulders worn,  
Whose texture threads of burnish'd gold adorn,  
And from his jasper-hilted falchion came 355  
Bright gleaming flashes like the sunbeam's flame.  
To him in gifts of Dido's love array'd,  
In words like these his speech Cyllenius made :  
" Dost thou, enamour'd of a Tyrian dame,  
" Now linger dead to glory's nobler claim ; 360  
" An haughty rival's walls securely trace,  
" And build a city for an hostile race ?  
" The king of gods, whom earth and heaven obey,  
" Bade me from bright Olympus wing my way,  
" And swiftly floating through the ambient air, 365  
" To thee, great prince, these words of chiding bear.  
" O why inactive on these shores delay,  
" When wider empire calls thine arms away ?  
" If for himself no fame the chief desires,  
" If labour daunt thee more than glory fires, 370  
" Wilt thou, by Dido's blandishments beguil'd,  
" Of Rome's vast glory rob Creüsa's child ;  
" Linger enslav'd upon an hostile shore,  
" Forget Ausonia, and Lavinia's dower ?  
" Think on Iulus, whom the fates assign 375  
" To live immortal in his Roman line."  
The god, no more conceal'd from mortal eyes,  
Resumes his glory, and ascends the skies.

The Dardan's hair erect from terror rose,  
His parting lips dark fear and horror close. 380  
Stern was the order Hermes' words convey'd,  
The Phrygian prince the awful god obey'd.



But though resolv'd to fly the dangerous land,  
And show his reverence for the dread command;  
Yet how so chang'd the injur'd queen approach,      385  
Support her tears, or bear her just reproach!  
Thoughts upon thoughts in quick succession rise,  
One still succeeding as another dies:  
Now love of glory all the hero fires,  
Now gentler passion softer thoughts inspires.      390  
Still torn with doubts, he summons to his side  
Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus tried,  
Bids them their crews collect, prepare to sail,  
And to the Tyrians feign some specious tale.  
He to the queen the sad command will tell,      395  
Who guess'd no evil, and who loved too well.  
    No further words the joyful sailors need,  
But urge their labour, their departure speed.  
    Their purpose soon the stricken fair perceives,  
No subtlest art love's jealous care deceives.      400  
Her restless mind his every movement fears,  
E'en open truth conceal'd deceit appears;  
While spiteful Fame still breathes into her ear,  
How the arm'd vessels for the sea prepare.  
Dim grows that lustre, once with rapture seen,      405  
And subjects sorrowing gaze upon their queen;  
Her alter'd form their mournful wonder moves,  
Where'er the dame in frenzied passion roves,  
As when the Bacchanalian choir advance  
In frantic measure with triennial dance,      410  
Then wildly wave their vine-wreath'd spears on high,  
And with nocturnal shouts disturb the sky.



Her tongue at last the lengthen'd silence breaks,  
And thus reproachful to Æneas speaks :

- " Say, canst thou mean so basely to deceive,                    415  
" These shores, these arms without farewell to leave ?  
" If plighted faith must fail, let Dido's love,  
" With fond endearments, thy compassion move.  
" Or is Elissa fated to expire,  
" Shall nuptial torch inflame the funeral pyre ?                    420  
" 'Tis cruel speed while wintry stars arise  
" To tempt the ocean, and the storms despise.  
" If Troy still stood, could Troy delay reproach,  
" When northern blasts forbid the fleet's approach ?  
" O fly'st thou me ? then here I thee implore,                    425  
" Since she must beg who might command before,  
" By thy right hand, by these hot tears that flow,  
" By our sad nuptials, fountain of my woe ;  
" If once my bounty did the shipwreck'd cheer,  
" If once to thee thy Dido's smile was dear,                    430  
" If prayer may still avail, to thee I pray,  
" From falling Carthage turn not thou away.  
" For thee at home I've rous'd my people's hate,  
" For thee abroad provok'd each lawless state,  
" For thee I've sacrific'd my fairest fame,                    435  
" My path to heaven, for thee, obscur'd with shame.  
" Why from a dying woman, stranger, fly,  
" If stranger now, forgot love's kindlier tie ?  
" Shall then a queen approaching death delay,  
" Till captive led by Libyan prince away ;                    440  
" Or, Tyre descending on our Punic walls,  
" Pygmalion triumphs, and his sister falls ?



“ If e’en a mother’s hopes foretold the day,  
“ When grief should smiling watch her infant’s play,  
“ And sorrow, gazing on the gentle face, 445  
“ By memory’s aid the fond resemblance trace,  
“ The promis’d joy some nobler thoughts might give,  
“ Nor quite deserted would Elissa live.”

She ceas’d: forewarn’d, the Trojan chief repress’d  
The love that labouring struggled in his breast; 450  
“ I own, O queen, I own without reserve,  
“ All that thy kindness and thy acts deserve;  
“ Ne’er shall my heart, while life and memory last,  
“ Or cease to love thee, or forget the past.  
“ Hear my defence: nor planned I secret flight: 455  
“ Nor is it now of Hymen’s torch the light  
“ Most sacred I obscure. Nay, had not fate  
“ Inexorable doomed the Phrygian state,  
“ Faithful to Trøy this arm had still remained,  
“ Where lived those loved ones, and where Priam reigned.  
“ But Delos points to our Italian seat, 461  
“ And Lycia’s oracles the name repeat.  
“ This love alone, O queen, my heart may know,  
“ This home alone united gods foreshow.  
“ If Carthage towers Phœnicia’s queen delight, 465  
“ And Libya’s citadels can charm her sight,  
“ O why forbid the Trojan name again  
“ Reviv’d to flourish on Ausonia’s plain?  
“ Oft as the stars renew their evening birth,  
“ When night with dewy mantle clothes the earth, 470  
“ My buried father’s angry spirit seems,  
“ With look severe, to haunt my troubled dreams;



“ This dull delay e’en young Ascanius blames,  
“ And wider empire in Hesperia claims.  
“ ’Twas even now, my lingering soul to move, 475  
“ Came down the winged messenger of Jove,  
“ (By their united deity I swear,)  
“ The mandate of the king of gods to bear :  
“ His form, advancing, fix’d my wondering sight,  
“ Reveal’d distinctly by his radiant light. 480  
“ Still rings his voice unearthly on my ear,  
“ Still deep his warning in my breast I bear.  
“ If Jove commands, our poor regrets must cease,  
“ The vain disturbers of our earthly peace,  
“ The fates to Italy direct our way; 485  
“ ’Tis fate’s to bid, ’tis mortals’ to obey.”

While thus he spoke, long time the Tyrian queen,  
Silent from scorn, and fury in her mien,  
With restless glance o’er all his person ran,  
Then with indignant eloquence began : 490  
“ For thee no goddess bore a mother’s pains, .  
“ No Dardan current fills thy sluggish veins.  
“ With the fell tiger’s whelps thy infant bed  
“ Remote on rocky Caucasus was spread.  
“ Why should I feign, or why the truth conceal? 495  
“ What heavier fate can after-days reveal?  
“ I sigh, no answering sigh his bosom heaves :  
“ I weep, no answering tear his breast relieves :  
“ Where once he lov’d no gentle glance he turns,  
“ With rosy light love’s torch no longer burns, 500  
“ O, who will now Elissa’s vows endure?  
“ Or where on earth is plighted faith secure?



“ Juno no longer listens, though I pray,  
“ Great Jove, offended, turns his eyes away.  
“ Exiled, cast forth upon a foreign strand, 505  
“ I rais’d the prostrate, and receiv’d the band,  
“ Summon’d the sailors to the festive board,  
“ And weakly shar’d my kingdom with their lord.  
“ And now (but madness fires my burning brain),  
“ The Lycian god applauds his proud disdain, 510  
“ Nay, Jove himself his winged herald sends,  
“ Approves the traitor, and the deed commends.  
“ What, labours such as these the gods employ,  
“ Cares such as these celestial peace destroy?  
“ Her arts no longer would Elissa try, 515  
“ Nor cares she now thy falsehoods to deny.  
“ Go, and for Italy the tempests brave;  
“ Go, seek new kingdoms o’er the stormy wave:  
“ Justice shall e’en through waves thy course pursue,  
“ And claim for broken faith the vengeance due. 520  
“ Then, ’mid the pointed rocks and stormy skies,  
“ The name of Dido to thy lips shall rise;  
“ And I, invok’d, will answer to my name,  
“ And on thy head descend in lurid flame.  
“ In death’s cold shadows when these eyes shall swim, 525  
“ And life’s elastic force desert the limb,  
“ My ghost around thee in the air shall float,  
“ And, perjur’d Trojan, on thy ruin gloat.  
“ At least, in hell’s dark gloom Elissa’s ear,  
“ Proud chief, the tidings of thy death shall hear.” 530  
Abrupt she ceas’d: then, turning sick at heart,  
Prepar’d, with face averted, to depart.



Much in reply the Dardan chief would say,  
But hesitating fears his words delay.

Her slaves with ready hands the pillows spread, 535  
Then place her swooning on the broider'd bed.

Whilst he, to Jove's directing will resign'd,  
Though groaning deeply, and distress'd in mind,  
Though anxious still her troubled breast to calm  
With gentler words, and soothe her soul's alarm; 540  
Yet bow'd obedient to divine command,

And sought his fleet upon the Libyan strand.

From every gate the busy sailors pour,  
Launch their black ships, and darken all the shore;  
Snatch unhewn branches from the neighb'ring wood, 545  
And with green oars oppose the sounding flood.

E'en as the ants, prophetic of the storm,  
A living line of toiling insects form,  
Where, on the lawn, through all its dusky length,  
Each tiny citizen exerts his strength. 550

Here, one contending with a pond'rous grain,  
Rolls the huge globe, and pants upon the plain;  
There, graver elders o'er the band preside,  
Direct the active, and the laggards chide:  
The pathway glows beneath their order'd toil, 555  
The inmost store-house safe receives the spoil.

What thoughts, O Dido, tear thy lonely breast,  
By sorrow blighted, and by cares opprest,  
When, gazing sadly from thy lofty tower,  
Thou see'st the Trojans throng the moving shore? 560  
O, how can reason mortal acts control,  
When unrelenting love usurps the soul?



Again the suppliant to her lord it bears,  
Again a royal dame compels to tears,  
And her to whom a martial nation bends, 565  
The slave of passion, to an exile sends,  
Each art, each soft allurements, fain to try,  
And, unsuccessful, all too rashly die.

“ See, Anna, sister, how the Trojan band,  
“ Intent to sail, with votive chaplets stand. 570  
“ O! had I e’er this last, worst evil guess’d,  
“ The ill foreseen had less my soul distress’d!  
“ Still will I bear: do thou one favour show,  
“ Grant one request, and mitigate the blow;  
“ For thou dost all the Dardan’s counsels share, 575  
“ Canst choose the moment, and the speech prepare:  
“ Go, sister, to the haughty chieftain say,  
“ I never swore the Trojan race to slay,  
“ On Aulis’ shore, nor sent a Tyrian band  
“ To fight beneath the Atrides’ stern command: 580  
“ With impious hands I strove not to invade,  
“ Anchises’ tomb, nor wrong’d his honour’d shade;  
“ Why should Æneas, then, with cruel scorn,  
“ From weeping Dido’s last entreaty turn?  
“ Or why love’s anxious, trembling prayer refuse, 585  
“ That he fair winds and prosperous omens choose.  
“ I ask him not in wedlock firm to stay,  
“ Nor seek to bind where honour can betray.  
“ I urge him not the glories to resign,  
“ Which wait on Latium’s plains the Trojan line. 590  
“ Let woman’s tears brief space the warrior move,  
“ And glory linger in the arms of love,



“ Till time this bursting bosom shall prepare,  
“ To brook desertion, and the anguish bear.  
“ Win me this boon, the last I shall demand, 595  
“ Elissa asks it at her sister's hand:  
“ Let him but now concede a moment's space,  
“ And Dido's death shall his departure grace.”

Her message Anna to the Dardan bears,  
The chieftain weeps, yet unpersuaded hears. 600  
As when its course the Alpine tempest takes,  
And the dark forest in its fury shakes;  
Though gust on gust with louder howlings rise,  
The stout old oak its utmost power defies;  
Just sheds its leafy honours to the blast, 605  
And stands itself unshaken to the last;  
For not more high its boughs through air extend,  
Than deep to Tartarus its roots descend;  
So passion shakes, but leaves unmoved his soul,  
And floods of sorrow unprevailing roll. 610

Unhappy Dido, tortur'd by her grief,  
Prays but for death, the wretched's last relief.  
Now omens strange religious terror raise,  
Where precious gums perfume the altar's blaze.  
O portent dire! the sacrificial wine 615  
Is turned to blood; and in a dusky line  
The milky current creeps. Dark horror seals  
Her lips; and all the prodigy conceals.  
Within the precincts of the palace stands  
A marble fane, the work of pious hands, 620  
To lost Sichæus: oft in sorrow there,  
With fond devotion, would the wife repair;  
And snowy fillets and fresh flowerets bear.



Here, when in darkness all the world is laid,  
She seems to catch the accents of his shade; 625  
While from the roof the solitary bird  
Of night, with long and funeral wail, is heard.  
And ever still her mind is wont to dwell  
On words of ill from other seers that fell.  
Æneas' spectre in her dreams appears, 630  
And fierce the aspect that the vision wears.  
Deserted, and alone, she seems to stand,  
Then wander forth upon a distant strand;  
And, while the Tyrian lords their queen forsake,  
Her long and solitary journey take. 635  
So frantic Pentheus, stricken in his mind,  
Imagines furies in the howling wind,  
Sees from the earth a double Thebes arise,  
And with two adverse suns disturbs the skies.  
So on the stage Orestes trembling stands, 640  
Watching the snake in Clytemnestra's hands,  
And fancies still avenging furies wait  
To bar his exit from the Delphic gate.

But when she yields at length, by grief opprest,  
Despair triumphant in her gloomy breast, 645  
No words, no signs, a woman's weakness show,  
Bright hope serene sits thron'd upon her brow;  
O, who in that calm aspect might descry  
The fix'd intention of the queen to die!  
Nay, thus she speaks: "Sweet sister, heal'd my pain, 650  
"Or free I live, or love's full power regain.  
"From where the ocean sweeps the Afric strand,  
"And setting sunbeams gild the barren sand,



“ Where heaven’s firm poles on brawny Atlas turn,  
“ And worlds of fire, unquench’d, revolving burn, 655  
“ Late came a priestess of those sacred shrines,  
“ Where golden fruit on guarded branches shines,  
“ Who with sweet paste the wakeful dragon feeds,  
“ Pellucid honey and the poppy’s seeds.  
“ Mysterious is the power her charms possess, 660  
“ The sad to rescue, and the proud depress;  
“ Her spell arrests the torrent’s headlong force,  
“ Turns wandering planets from their silent course,  
“ And summons, through the awful gloom of night,  
“ The disembodied soul to mortal sight: 665  
“ Earth groans, dire pangs her ancient bosom rend,  
“ The mountain quakes, the trembling groves descend.  
“ Believe, sweet sister, what my tongue declares,  
“ Dido reluctant in such magic shares,  
“ But, with the weakness of a woman’s heart, 670  
“ Summons the priestess, and enacts her part.  
“ Within the circle of our palace walls,  
“ Where on the open court the sunbeam falls,  
“ Raise a dark pyre, and on the summit spread  
“ The Dardan’s armour, and our nuptial bed; 675  
“ For know her mystic lore foresees relief,  
“ As burn these emblems of the faithless chief.”

She ceas’d; the blood its wonted channels fled,  
O’er her fair face a livid paleness spread;  
Yet Anna knew not that the fatal dart 680  
Quiver’d triumphant in the broken heart,  
But deem’d it some new mystic spell, nor guess’d  
The cold stern purpose that her soul possess’d;



Thinking, as when Sichæus fell, the grief,  
Soften'd by tears, would find in time relief. 685

Piled up within the palace court the pyre  
With unctuous brands invites the funeral fire :  
Dark cypress wreaths the mournful truth declare,  
The vest, the faulchion, of the chief are there ;  
And, not unconscious of her woes, the queen 690  
His waxen image lays his arms between.

From smoking shrines rich incense loads the air,  
Where stands the priestess, with dishevell'd hair ;  
Thunders her voice, on rolls the mighty spell,  
Shakes the dark groves, and wakes the powers of hell. 695

Soft downy plants, cut off with brazen blade  
When the dim moonbeam lights the lonely glade,  
Assist the rite ; black poisonous juice distils,  
The potent cup Avernus' fountain fills ;  
And last, the charm from new-born foal is there, 700  
Pledge of endearment to the doating mare.

One foot unsandall'd, with extended hands,  
And flowing robe, the wretched Dido stands,  
And with the grasp of death upon her breast  
Calls gods and conscious planets to attest, 705  
And all the deities whose mindful care  
The victims of ill-match'd espousals share.

'Tis night, bland sleep descends on healing wings,  
Soothes wakeful grief, and sweet refreshment brings,  
With soft enthrallment lulls the woodland plain, 710  
And binds old ocean with his drowsy chain.  
Bright stars that pale before the rising sun,  
Sparkling through half their radiant course have run,



No wandering foot o'er verdant meadows roves,  
No restless wing disturbs the silent groves, 715  
And all that through the crystal waters glide,  
Haunt the brown copse, or browse the mountain's side;  
All in the renovating stillness share,  
Cease from their labours, and forget their care.

But O! what passions shook the royal dame, 720  
No rest to her, no sweet oblivion came;  
Again her breast, as love resum'd his power,  
Heav'd like the ocean in its stormiest hour:  
Then thus each course revolving in her mind,  
She each rejects, although to each inclin'd. 725

“Where shall I turn? the Libyan lords implore?  
“Be mock'd by those whom I have scorn'd before?  
“Shall prayer some roving chief's compassion gain,  
“E'en now rejected with a proud disdain?  
“Or shall I strangers o'er the wave pursue, 730  
“Demand the payment which is mercy's due,  
“And trust the noble hearts these Dardans bear,  
“With Sidon's queen will fame and empire share?  
“What, ask upon that painted deck to ride,  
“Whose haughty prince may spurn me in his pride? 735  
“Little dost thou, O wretched Dido, know  
“What base return the perjur'd race would show.  
“How would it chafe me, while the sailors jeer,  
“And I their ribald scoffs dishonoured hear!  
“Shall I then, circled by a noble throng, 740  
“On gilded prow be proudly borne along,  
“And those who scarce would sail from Sidon's plain  
“Urge to pursuit, and lead through storms again?



“ Nay rather, Dido, seek the last relief,  
“ Unsheath the sword, and nobly conquer grief. 745  
“ Thy warm affection, Anna, which would shield  
“ My heart from pain, first taught that heart to yield,  
“ And with a fond credulity believe,  
“ Where vows are false, and promises deceive.  
“ Might not a queen her life unwedded lead, 750  
“ By ties unshackled, and from sorrows freed?  
“ But ill my heart has kept its promise made  
“ Of constant love to lost Sichæus’ shade.”

Whilst Dido thus in restless anguish wept,  
The Trojan chieftain in his galley slept: 755  
The crew on board, the ship prepar’d to sail,  
He rests secure, and waits the rising gale.  
Lo, as he slumbers on the lofty stern,  
Now seems the winged herald to return;  
Like is his voice, like flows his golden hair, 760  
Like youthful glow his radiant features wear.  
“ From Venus sprung, O sleep’st thou idly here,  
“ When round thee signs of Dido’s wrath appear?  
“ List, how the zephyrs through the hours of night  
“ Sigh through the cordage, and the sails invite. 765  
“ The queen, by some avenging god possest  
“ Passion’s full current surging in her breast,  
“ Shrinks from no guile, will every effort try,  
“ Or gain her end, or unrequited die.  
“ Great is the peril, pressing is the need, 770  
“ Speed your departure, while you yet may speed.  
“ If when Aurora from the waves shall rise,  
“ Still on this shore thy lingering navy lies,



“ The blazing torch shall flicker on the strand,  
“ And hostile oars obey the queen’s command : 775  
“ Not more inconstant veers the shifting wind,  
“ Than change the passions of the female mind.”

He ceas’d : then turn’d, and vanishing from sight,  
Dissolv’d amidst the misty shades of night.

Startled Æneas from his slumber sprang, 780  
Swift through the fleet their leader’s warning rang :

“ Wake from your sleep, and settle to your oars,  
“ Unbind your sails, and leave these fatal shores;  
“ E’en now again some deity descends,  
“ Our cables loosens, and our loitering ends. 785

“ Do thou, propitious power, with friendly ray  
“ Shine through the darkness, and direct our way.”  
He spoke : and straight his hands his voice obey’d,  
And cut the cable with his flaming blade.

The ropes are loos’d, the beach deserted lies; 790  
Swift through the foaming sea the galley flies,  
And brightly glistening in the morning ray,  
Falls from each dashing oar the silvery spray:  
For now Aurora left her golden bed,

And o’er the waves a blaze of glory spread, 795  
Roll’d back the mists that on the mountains lay,  
And with refulgent beams led on the day.

Then from her tower, impatient for the dawn,  
Gaz’d forth beneath the silver light of morn  
The Tyrian queen : the vacant port she sees, 800  
And marks the balanc’d sails invite the breeze :  
Her hands her bosom beat, her tresses tear,  
Her fairest bosom, and her golden hair.



“ Ye gods,” she cries, “ and shall a stranger spurn  
“ My proffer’d love, and make this base return? 805  
“ Ye Tyrian leaders, call each gallant crew,  
“ The vessels launch, the perjur’d foe pursue :  
“ Shake out the canvas, let the tough oar bend,  
“ And flaming torches ’mid their navy send—  
“ What do I say? I stand not now among 810  
“ My Tyrian leaders and their martial throng.  
“ Madness, unhappy Dido, shakes thy brain;  
“ And death’s cold hands upon thy heart remain.  
“ ’Twas then it best became thee to be bold,  
“ Ere love thy weakness to the stranger told. 815  
“ That chief who took an aged father’s weight,  
“ Stooping his shoulders to the pious freight,  
“ His country’s gods who bore across the deep,  
“ Well does he now his plighted promise keep.  
“ Why tore I not his body limb from limb, 820  
“ Flung quivering on the crimson’d waves to swim?  
“ Why bade I not my slaves Iulus slay,  
“ And to his sire the dainty feast purvey?  
“ Was it that Dido trembled at the strife?  
“ She only trembles who’s a slave to life. 825  
“ The burning camp, the vessels wrapp’d in flame,  
“ Had seal’d the ruin of the Dardan name:  
“ Then o’er the lifeless son and dying sire  
“ Had waved the blaze of Dido’s funeral pyre.  
“ Thou orient sun, to whose all-piercing rays 830  
“ Wide earth her beauties and her crimes displays;  
“ Great Juno, conscious of the nuptial care,  
“ Who know’st our pains, and canst our sorrow share;



“ Thou, whose procession through the public ways,  
“ In mystic hymns, proclaims nocturnal praise;      835  
“ Furies and spirits, whose avenging power  
“ Pities Elissa in her dying hour;  
“ Receive our prayers, your needful aid impart,  
“ With torturing lash invade the faithless heart.  
“ If fix’d it is by Jove’s too sure decree,      840  
“ He reach Ausonia, and escape the sea,  
“ Let war’s full tide o’erwhelm the infant state,  
“ The vengeance pouring of victorious hate;  
“ Torn from Iulus, driven from his home,  
“ To adverse nations let the suppliant roam;      845  
“ His failing sight let slaughter’d comrades meet,  
“ The coward evidence of base defeat;  
“ Peace let him purchase with the loss of fame,  
“ Nor live to reap the harvest of his shame,  
“ But die in battle by a foeman’s hand,      850  
“ And with unburied corse pollute the strand.  
“ This the last prayer that Dido’s soul shall pour,  
“ She dies contented, and desires no more.  
“ Be yours, O Tyrians, an eternal hate,  
“ Till Dardans hear your thunders at their gate.      855  
“ O may some leader from my ashes spring,  
“ And torch and sword to weeping matrons bring!  
“ Now, and hereafter, till this globe shall fall  
“ In crumbling ruin, be my curse on all.  
“ War unextinguish’d, discord unallay’d,      860  
“ Be these the offerings to Elissa’s shade.”

But, ’midst these thoughts that shook her heaving breast,  
Desire of death the chief her soul possess’d.



Then briefly thus she spake the ancient dame  
Who nurs'd Sichæus, Barce was her name, 865  
For she who watch'd o'er Dido's infant day,  
Beneath the silent tomb in Sidon lay :

" Summon, dear nurse, my sister to my side,  
" Her hands first sprinkled with the crystal tide ;  
" Bid her the victims and salt cakes prepare, 870  
" And with soft fillets bind thy silvery hair ;  
" Whilst I these rites to Stygian Jove complete,  
" And from all cares secure a safe retreat :  
" Then here upon this lofty funeral pyre  
" Commit the perjur'd Trojan to the fire." 875

With all the zeal to which long service leads,  
She on the errand of her mistress speeds.  
Dido meanwhile, her soul to frenzy wrought,  
Yet gentler nature shrinking from the thought,  
With blood-red eyeballs that of passion speak, 880  
The spot of anguish on her throbbing cheek,  
Death's livid paleness o'er her visage spread,  
Climbs the sad pyre, and mounts the funeral bed,  
Frantic with grief, and grasps the Dardan blade,  
Some hero's gift, for nobler purpose made. 885

Here on the conscious couch and Phrygian vest  
Her lingering looks for one brief moment rest ;  
And she, who once both hearts and empires sway'd,  
Stretch'd on that bed, her last sad musings made :  
" Receive, sweet signs of bliss too great to last, 890  
" My latest breath, life's idle pageant past ;  
" The course by fate assign'd in sadness ends,  
" Yet Dido's shade renown'd to hell descends.



“ Not unreveng’d the good Sichæus fell,  
“ Great Carthage walls of Tyrian glory tell: 895  
“ And O! too prosperous had life’s portion been,  
“ Had Libya’s shores no Dardan strangers seen.”  
Grief chok’d her utterance, as she kissed the bed,  
Then pass’d the struggle, and she proudly said:  
“ What though my death may unreveng’d remain? 900  
“ Thus, thus I die, and death to me is gain:  
“ My griefs ’twill close, while funeral flames arise,  
“ Of woe prophetic, to the Trojan’s eyes.”  
E’en as she speaks the royal Tyrian falls,  
The ghastly wound the menial band appals; 905  
With her hot blood the glittering blade is red,  
And o’er her hands dark spots of gore are spread.  
Loud is the moan that rends the palace halls,  
And wild the note that spreads along the walls;  
And shrieks, and groans, and women’s wailing cry, 910  
Disturb each house, and echo through the sky.  
So, should a hostile troop invade with fire  
Or lofty Carthage, or the ancient Tyre,  
Would rise the clamour, as the flames devour  
The long-lov’d dwelling or the sacred tower. 915  
The rush, the cry, her sister trembling hears,  
Her bosom beats, her shining tresses tears,  
Frantic with fear, breaks through the gazing crowd,  
And calls Elissa by her name aloud:  
“ Sister, long dear, and was it thus the while 920  
“ Thou sought’st the heart that lov’d thee to beguile?  
“ Was it for this you rais’d the funeral pyre,  
“ Prepar’d the altar, lit the sacred fire?



“ Well might I now of such cold love complain,  
“ In her who left me cheerless to remain. 925  
“ Deem’dst thou that Anna had not soul to bear  
“ Her sister’s load, her last sad journey share?  
“ One grief, one fate, had beckon’d each away,  
“ One hour remov’d us from the realms of day.  
“ Wrought I with thee this funeral pyre to rear, 930  
“ Call’d I with thee our country’s gods to hear,  
“ Then left thee, when the fated hour drew nigh,  
“ In unprotected loneliness to die?  
“ Sister, with thee thy Anna too expires,  
“ Our race, our city, our Sidonian sires. 935  
“ Give place, ye menials, that are thronging round,  
“ And let me wash that warm and gaping wound;  
“ And if one sigh still hangs around in death,  
“ That fleeting sigh shall blend with Anna’s breath.”

E’en while she speaks she kneels the corse before, 940  
Wipes the red stain, and strives to staunch the gore,  
On her own breast supports the pallid face,  
And clasps the dying in one long embrace.  
Thrice strives the queen to rise, thrice swoons: the wound  
Gapes, as she struggles, with a gurgling sound. 945  
Again she moves, then shudders as the light  
Strikes the eye misty with the films of night.

Juno, these painful struggles to prevent,  
From bright Olympus winged Iris sent,  
To loose the quivering limbs’ tenacious force, 950  
Unseen, and aid th’ immortal spirit’s course.  
For since she sank not by the will of fate,  
Fell not by heaven’s decree, or foeman’s hate,



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But died ere Jove had summoned her away,  
Vanquish'd by love, to dark despair a prey, 955  
Not yet had Proserpine remov'd the hair,  
Nor bade her to the Stygian shore repair.  
Pois'd on her golden pinions Iris flew,  
Bright with pure rays, and spangled with the dew,  
And as she traverses the sun-lit skies, 960  
His orb a thousand various tints supplies.  
O'er Dido's head she stood on liquid air,  
And, speaking thus, cut off the fatal hair:  
"To Pluto I this offering bear away,  
"And bid the flesh impose no dull delay." 965  
Congeal'd, no more the vital current flows,  
And into purest air the spirit goes.



## NOTES TO BOOK IV.



Line 34. Her husband, Sichæus, was slain by her brother, Pygmalion, when in the act of offering sacrifice.

48. It is not uncommon amongst the rural population of England, for a woman who has outlived two husbands to request to be buried at the side of the first; the earliest attachment of the heart remaining strong in death. This feeling the reader will find beautifully touched on by-and-bye, when he is introduced again to Dido, in the lower regions.

62. Virgil here displays the richness of his antiquarian lore. It has been shown, on the authority of Pliny, that triumphal shows were first exhibited by the Africans.

93. "Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus."

HORACE : *De Arte Poetica*, v. 232.

100. The smoothness of surface, and brightness of colour, in the intestines, were the points particularly looked to.

128. "He who stems a stream with sand,  
"Or binds a flame with flaxen band,  
"Has still a harder task to prove,  
"By firm resolve to conquer love."—SIR W. SCOTT.

140. There is a tone of playful sarcasm, equally remarkable for its elegance and spirit, running through this conversation, which it is almost impossible to preserve in another language.

204. This description of several lines has been unfavourably contrasted with Milton's brief sketch of Eve,

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
"In every gesture dignity's love."

But, observed Dr. Beattie, these forget the difference between a description of dress addressed by a poet to his reader, and that of personal beauty by a husband to an immortal spirit; and adds, few persons, I believe, would like to lose any particular which tends to bring before them the beautiful queen of Carthage.

236. "When Dido yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us the earth trembled, the heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain tops.



Milton in the same poetical spirit, has described all nature as disturbed upon Eve's eating the forbidden fruit. Upon Adam's falling into the same guilt, the whole creation appears a second time in convulsions.

'Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
'In pangs, and nature gave a second groan,  
'Sky loured, and muttering thunder, some sad drops  
'Wept.'

These symptoms of trouble and consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of nature sympathizing in the fall of man."—ADDISON. It must be admitted, I think, that the English poet here stands superior; but it may be fairly questioned whether he does not owe that superiority on this occasion, as on some others, to the awful sublimity of his subject.

243. Mr. Burke, in arguing that the uncertain images of poetry have a greater power on the fancy to form the grander passions than those of painting, which are more clear and determinate, observes of the former, "its apparitions, its chimeras, its harpies, its allegorical figures are grand and affecting; and though Virgil's Fame and Homer's Discord are obscure, they are magnificent figures."

271. Jupiter Ammon, according to Sir Isaac Newton, the father of Sesostris, and contemporary of Solomon; by others supposed to be the same as Ham.

294. Compare the character of the Phrygians for effeminate luxury as tauntingly given by Orestes and Pylades in the *Orestes* of Euripides, v. 1110.

"*Pylades*.—Phrygians, naught I dread.

*Orestes*.—Marshals of mirrors and cosmetic washes.

*Pylades*.—Brings she these Trojan gew-gaws back to Greece?"

POLTER'S translation.

350. "Quid tibi pastores Libyæ, quid pascua versu

"Prosequar, et raris habitata magalia tectis."

*Georgics*, III. 340.

410. The orgies of Bacchus were celebrated every third year in honour of his three years' expedition into India. The Thyrsus, borne by his followers, was a pole crowned with vine leaves, which, having a spear head concealed in them, was, according to the fable, used as a weapon against those who opposed them.



527. The reader will call to mind the lines of Ovid,—

“tumulum circumvolat umbra,  
“Orcus habet manes, spiritus astra petit.”

The ghost of man still flits about its earthly haunts, his manes abide in the lower regions, his spirit returns to heaven.

530. In Ebenezer Elliot's poem, 'They Met Again,' the spirit of the injured wife addresses her faithless husband in his dreams in a somewhat similar strain, but with this striking difference, the desire of vengeance which governs the strong-passioned queen of Carthage is softened by the meekness of Christianity into pity. Two of the lines approach very near to the same tone.

“Again I'll meet thee, perjur'd one,  
“When thou thy new love meetest.”

570. These wreaths were affixed by the sailors to the stern of the vessel, where was a small chapel and images of their patron gods.

579. It was in the harbour of Aulis the Græcian fleet mustered for the Trojan war, and bound themselves by an oath never to return to their country till Troy was taken.

598. The death of a faithful lover was considered in the light of an offering to the party who had been false, and therefore Virgil makes Dido say, “cumulatum morte remittam,” I will send him away with the additional and crowning gift of my death. In the Third Ecl., Damon, in a similar manner, lamenting the faithlessness of his mistress, concludes with the line,

“Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto.”

Life the last offering from her dying swain.

618. “Among other omens which preceded the death of Dido, Virgil relates that when she was making some oblations of wine, and milk, and incense on the altar, she observed the milk grow black, and found that the wine was changed into blood. This the poet improves into a circumstance of the utmost horror when he adds, that she never mentioned it to any person, not even to her sister; insinuating, that it filled her with so dreadful apprehension, that she had not even courage to attempt to speak it.”—DR. BEATTIE: *Illustrations of Sublimity*.

623. The simple interpretation of this is, that these fillets were the usual decoration of sacred buildings. Servius connects it with the Roman custom, by which the bride bound fillets of white wool to the door-posts of the bridegroom's house, as a charm against evil



spirits ; and he considers Dido as thus devoting herself anew to her first husband.

636. He is thus introduced in the Bacchanals of Euripides.

643. When Orestes had obtained from the oracle at Delphi directions by what means he might be healed of his disorder, the Furies, sitting on the threshold, endeavoured to prevent his coming out from the door of the temple.

647. "The halo of serenity  
"Still kept her marble forehead lighted."

*Poetry in 'The Old Church Clock.'*

659. There is a difficulty about this passage: whether Virgil meant to point out her great power, in that she could, with this medicated paste, even lull to sleep the watchful dragon ; or simply mentions the feeding of the dragon as part of the office of the chief priestess of the gardens, the cake of honey and poppy-seeds being an ancient luxury.

679. "So much of death her thoughts  
"Had entertain'd, as dyed her cheeks with pale."

*Paradise Lost*, X. 1008.

694. The peal of thunder which you almost seem to hear as it bursts out in "Erebumque Chaosque" can hardly be imitated.

701. A lump of flesh, believed by the ancients to grow on the forehead of a new-born foal, which unless the dam immediately devours, she loses all love for her offspring.

799. "Ut primum *albescere* lucem vidit."

801. "Equatis velis."

804. It is hardly possible, I think, for anything to have been more perfectly imagined than the rapid succession of strong feelings which are developed in this speech ; the high sentiments of queenly pride so suddenly arrested by the sense of what now she is ; the recollection that it was love which induced this sad change ; the sudden recurrence to those loftier traits of filial devotion and piety in Æneas which justified her in having trusted to the nobleness of his nature ; the bitterness with which she confesses herself to have over-estimated his affection ; and the glowing indignation of an injured woman struggling against the gentler weakness of her nature ; which in its turn shows itself so pathetically, and is again mastered by a lofty scorn and concentrated hate that becomes, in its excess of passion, almost awfully sublime. All these carry the



mind of the reader irresistibly along with them, and leave it suspended in wonder and admiration.

834. Hecate.

857.

“Illum ex mœnibus hosticis

“Materna bellantis tyranni

“Prospiciens, et adulta virgo

“Suspiret.”—*Horat. Carmin. lib. iii. carm. 2, v. 6.*

901. She stabs herself.

939. Amongst the Romans, the nearest relation present endeavoured to catch with his or her mouth the last breath of the dying, and closed the eyes of the deceased.



## BOOK V.

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THE Fifth Book is principally occupied with the funeral games at the tomb of Anchises; the description of which is given with characteristic elegance and spirit. The few opening lines, where the passion of love is again briefly touched upon, in all its intense-ness and misery, seem like the deep hues of light, vivid even as they set, which succeed a day of burning splendour. At the conclusion of the Book, the appearance of Neptune, and the calm which succeeds, are very beautifully described; the introduction of Sleep, also, and his intercourse with Palinurus, is imagined and conducted with much art.







1. 1. 1.

2. 2. 2.

3. 3. 3.

4. 4. 4.

5. 5. 5.

6. 6. 6.

7. 7. 7.

8. 8. 8.

9. 9. 9.

10. 10. 10.





“ But nearer slope Sicilia’s kindred plains,  
“ If memory right our former course retains.”  
To whom Æneas: “ Why in vain contend, 25  
“ When adverse winds refuse the wish’d-for end?  
“ What land to us more friendly than the plains,  
“ O’er which with righteous sway Acestes reigns;  
“ Where the dark cypress, with its soften’d gloom,  
“ With mournful branches shades Anchises’ tomb?” 30  
He ceas’d: their alter’d course the pilots keep,  
Swift bound the galleys o’er the rolling deep,  
Till with glad hearts the Trojans reach the shore,  
Where late his aid the generous monarch bore.  
Sprung from a god and nymph of Dardan race, 35  
Along the hills he urg’d the sylvan chase;  
Clasp’d round his neck a bear-skin’s shaggy folds  
Descend, his hand two bristling javelins holds.  
Soon as he sees the Trojans on the flood,  
Swift beats his pulse, and owns its kindred blood; 40  
Rich is the store of rustic wealth he bears,  
He feeds the hungry, and the drooping cheers.  
But when the morrow’s sun with orient ray  
Outshone the stars, and pour’d the golden day,  
Circling a gentle hillock’s verdant mound 45  
Expectant people throng their chief around.  
He spoke: “ Ye warriors, in whose noble veins  
“ The blood of gods untainted still remains,  
“ Now has for twelve revolving months the sun  
“ Through heavenly plains in shining circles run, 50  
“ Since good Anchises in the tomb was laid,  
“ Sad altars rising to his sacred shade:



“ A time, so heaven has will’d it, which demands  
“ Respectful sorrow at Æneas’ hands.  
“ Though in Gætulia’s deserts I should be, 55  
“ Or toss’d by tempests in th’ Argolic sea,  
“ Or ’neath Mycenæ, still would I renew  
“ The funeral honours to his spirit due.  
“ Here, where the ashes of my sire repose,  
“ To stand this day great Jove’s approval shows; 60  
“ Then here let all before his tomb unite,  
“ Fair winds demand, and share the solemn rite,  
“ Nor fail in prayer, that he through future days  
“ Will bless our altars, and accept our praise.  
“ And since the king, with welcome to his friends, 65  
“ To every ship two lordly oxen sends,  
“ His gods invite, with Ilium’s gods to share  
“ The festive board which kindred hands prepare.  
“ If the ninth morn in golden splendour rise,  
“ With ray unclouded, and unveil the skies, 70  
“ Let chosen vessels from our Phrygian fleet  
“ On the blue wave in friendly contest meet;  
“ Let swiftest runners in the stadium vie,  
“ And Phrygia’s champions all their prowess try;  
“ Here let his bow the skilful archer string, 75  
“ The athlete here his ponderous cæstus bring:  
“ Let all do honour to Anchises’ name,  
“ Inspir’d by love, and emulous of fame:  
“ Now round your temples sacred garlands wind,  
“ While solemn stillness shows a reverent mind.” 80

In words like these the chieftain spoke: then round  
His manly front the Paphian myrtle bound;



From old Acestes' brow the wreath hung down,  
Nor Helymas refus'd the leafy crown;  
Like garland, too, the boy Ascanius bore, 85  
And all the Trojan youth the symbol wore.  
The council closed, he sought the hallow'd mound,  
Where crowds of warriors press'd their prince around.  
Two bowls of wine he pour'd the tomb before,  
Two of fresh milk, and two of sacred gore, 90  
Of purple flowers a fragrant offering made,  
And thus in words address'd his father's shade:  
"Hail! holiest shade, I bid thee hail again;  
"Ghost of my sire, revisited in vain;  
"Since heaven forbids that I with thee explore, 95  
"Where'er it flow, Ausonian Tyber's shore."

While yet the crowd his invocation hears,  
A tortuous snake from 'neath the shrine appears;  
His length involv'd in seven huge spires is wound,  
And seven huge volumes float upon the ground; 100  
Blue stripes adorn'd his back, while every fold  
Shone with bright scales, and blaz'd with spots of gold  
As when, slant rays descending on the bow,  
Thousand gay colours in the sunbeams glow.  
Amazed Æneas sees the serpent pass 105  
'Midst polished cups and chalices of brass.  
Harmless the snake devours the sacred meats,  
And to the hollow of the mound retreats.  
With reverent awe the Trojan chief restores  
The sacrificial banquet, and adores 110  
The genius of the place to man displayed,  
Or spirit faithful to his father's shade.



Five ewes he slaughters, and five bristly swine,  
And, dark with sable backs, five brindled kine.  
Then, as full cups of foaming wine he pours, 115  
The good Anchises' guardian care implores,  
Whom gods exalting from Avernus raise,  
Man's vows to answer, and receive his praise.  
Each shows his love, as heaven the means supplies,  
From laden shrines rich steaming odours rise; 120  
These brazen cauldrons range in shining line,  
Increase the flame, and roast the juicy chine.

Now breathing light the panting steeds of dawn  
In cloudless glory brought th'expected morn.  
Rous'd by the news, and great Acestes' fame, 125  
Thy tribes, Trinacria, to the pageant came;  
Or idle wonder on his guests to spend,  
Or in the games with nobler aim contend.  
Straight to the centre of the crowded ring  
Attendant slaves the glittering prizes bring; 130  
Here tripods shine, and simpler palm-leaves raise  
The athlete's noblest thirst, the thirst for praise.  
There eager eyes on martial weapons rest,  
These praise the purple of the gorgeous vest,  
While bars of silver and refulgent gold 135  
The bold competitors in wonder hold.  
Each takes his place as from the rising mound  
The brazen trumpet pours its stirring sound.

Then, first, four vessels, swiftest of the fleet,  
In proud array, on ocean's bosom meet; 140  
Where Mnestheus, gliding to th'appointed place,  
Impels the Pristis, and provokes the race—



Mnestheus, hereafter to increase his fame,  
Living again in noble Memmius' name.  
The vast Chimæra's bulk stout Gyas steers, 145  
A floating tower the lofty ship appears;  
In triple rank the Trojan sailors rise,  
Urg'd by three banks of oars the vessel flies.  
Sergestus (hence the name the Sergii keep)  
Guides the huge Centaur, and alarms the deep. 150  
On sea-green Scylla see Cloanthus ride,  
Of Rome's Cluentii the ancestral pride.  
Far as the eye o'er ocean's plain can reach  
A dark rock rising fronts the sandy beach;  
Not seldom plung'd beneath the dashing spray, 155  
In wintry storms, conceal'd that islet lay;  
In tranquil seasons, lifted from the main,  
Above the tide it spreads a level plain,  
And there, beneath the warmer breath of spring,  
The sea-coot basking spreads his dusky wing. 160  
An ilex branch that bent above the wave  
To all the signal for returning gave;  
A leafy goal each mariner must gain,  
Then homeward bounding cross the deep again.  
The lot impartial marks each rival's place, 165  
Appoints the order, and directs the race.  
On the proud sterns the chiefs their station hold,  
In purple dight, magnificent in gold.  
The sailors' brows light poplar wreaths entwine,  
Supplied with oil their naked shoulders shine; 170  
Hope through their veins a swifter current sends,  
Each grasps his tough oar, and his arms extends:



Then as the trumpet thrills through every heart,  
All at the instant from their moorings start;  
Lash'd by the oars, white wreaths of foam arise, 175  
The shout of sailors thunders to the skies.  
Where the bright prows cut through the boiling deep,  
Their equal course the bounding vessels keep,  
Till the whole ocean, cleft with rival oars,  
Rent by the shock, displays its secret shores. 180  
Not with more speed the rushing coursers bound  
Forth from the barriers, and devour the ground;  
Not more impetuous o'er the open plain  
The anxious drivers shake the flowing rein,  
Hang o'er their steeds, and ply the twisted thong, 185  
Fly through the dust, and panting whirl along.  
Through all the shaggy groves that wave around,  
The frequent plaudits of the crowd resound;  
The bounded plain rolls on the swelling note,  
And the lash'd hills re-echo with the shout. 190  
First, 'midst the cheers ascending from the throng,  
Stout Gyas urg'd his flying ship along;  
With his Cloanthus' stronger crew had vied,  
But the dull Scylla linger'd on the tide.  
From these, divided by an equal space, 195  
The Pristis joins the Centaur in the race;  
And now the Pristis shoots ahead, and now  
Yields to the swiftness of the Centaur's prow:  
Now side by side the bounding rivals keep,  
With arrowy speed, and cleave the foaming deep. 200  
At length the goal each straining vessel nears,  
Where the green ilex on the ledge appears;



When Gyas first his pilot thus address'd,  
The hope of vict'ry swelling in his breast :  
" Whilst others sweep with wider range the tide,      205  
" Close to the rock let our Chimæra glide."  
He spoke: but, fearing on a ledge to run,  
Her prow Menætes turn'd, the risk to shun.  
Gyas again, in voice still louder cried,  
" Let the broad oar graze close the islet's side."      210  
But lo! Cloanthus now with bending oars  
And narrower circle sweeps the dangerous shores,  
Doubles the goal, and o'er the open seas  
Stretches in triumph, and enjoys the breeze.  
Stout Gyas scarce repress'd his scalding tears,      215  
Reproach he heeds not, and no danger fears :  
Headlong he plung'd Menætes in the flood,  
And by the helm of the Chimæra stood.  
Around the pilot clung his dripping vest,  
And age the vigour of his limbs opprest;      220  
Loud jeer'd the crowd, as, gasping from the tide,  
All cased in foam, he climb'd the shelving side.  
Fresh hope, till now by adverse fate depress'd,  
Rous'd Mnestheus' soul, and swell'd Sergestus' breast  
In gallant trim then first the Centaur went,      225  
On tow'rds the rock her ocean pathway bent ;  
Swift though she bounded o'er the foaming main,  
Scarce a full keel's length might her efforts gain ;  
With equal speed the Pristis cut the tide,  
And her prow glitter'd at her rival's side.      230  
Then as along the lofty deck he flew,  
With eager words bold Mnestheus cheer'd his crew.



“ O ye who once with godlike Hector fought;  
“ When Hector fell, from burning Ilium brought;  
“ O for that zeal with which ye swept before 235  
“ Gætulia’s shallows and Ionia’s shore!  
“ O for those arms all powerful to save  
“ From Malea’s headland and Laconia’s wave!  
“ Now, now’s the time to make the tough oar bend,  
“ Now through the hissing surge the Pristis send. 240  
“ ’Tis not for victory: would, ye gods, ’twere mine!  
“ That let great Neptune, as he will, assign.  
“ Strive, comrades, strive, nor let the foul disgrace  
“ Be ours, that waits the laggard in the race.”  
The crew responding to their leader’s cries, 245  
From ’neath their keel the watery pavement flies.  
Lab’ring the breath through its parch’d channels goes,  
In streams the sweat from every member flows.  
Then Fortune aids: Sergestus sweeps too near  
The jutting isle, and fails the rock to clear; 250  
The broad oars grate upon their pointed edge,  
Dashes the prow, and trembles on the ledge.  
The sailors, springing from their seats amain,  
Push off the ship, which, wounded, floats in vain.  
Elate with hope his course bold Mnestheus held, 255  
By the swift impulse of his oars impell’d,  
Invok’d the breeze, enjoy’d the open main,  
And flew triumphant o’er the glassy plain.  
As when the dove that ’neath some grotto’s shade  
Her nest has built, her home of fondness made, 260  
Is startled first, the clapping of her wings  
Strikes ’gainst the roof, and through the cavern rings;



But once emerg'd, no more her pinions play,  
With silent speed she cuts her liquid way :  
So glides the *Pristis*, nor requires the oar, 265  
Back through the waters she had cross'd before.  
No more the race the crippled Centaur tried,  
Nor long stout *Gyas* with the *Pristis* vied,  
Fails his *Chimæra*, of her pilot reft,  
The *Scylla* now alone unconquer'd left, 270  
'Twas then bold *Mnestheus* every effort strain'd,  
To reach *Cloanthus* ere the port was gain'd ;  
Loud shouts attend him from the crowd around,  
And far the air re-echoes with the sound.  
These scorn to yield the lead already won, 275  
Those urge the chase so gloriously begun ;  
These fain would barter life to gain the prize,  
Those feel the hope which conscious power supplies.  
And each, perchance, had rais'd an equal claim,  
But that the gods to aid *Cloanthus* came, 280  
The gods who dwell beneath the dark blue waves,  
And heard the chieftain in their glittering caves.  
" Ye gods whose empire is the ocean tide,  
" On whose dark breast we Trojan warriors ride,  
" Here will I slay upon *Sicania's* shore 285  
" A milk-white bull, here foaming wine-cups pour,  
" Here reeking entrails fling upon the main,  
" The mead of victory if my prayers obtain."  
He ceas'd: the *Nereids* in their coral caves,  
And *Phorcus* heard him 'neath the sounding waves, 290  
His arm still vigorous old *Portumnus* plied,  
While *Panopcea* all her aid supplied.



Like winged shaft, or still more winged wind,  
The flying Scylla leaves the fleet behind,  
And not unconscious of a secret hand, 295  
Cleaves the blue waters, and has gained the strand.  
Now loud to all the herald's voice proclaims  
Cloanthus victor in the naval games;  
His prince extols him, and surrounds his brow  
With the green chaplet of the laurel bough; 300  
Then from three fatted bullocks bids him bear  
The best away, his crew's triumphant share:  
For them in goblets foams the generous wine,  
For them the silver bars refulgent shine;  
A broider'd robe, distinct with lines of gold, 305  
The chief's own prize, admiring crowds behold,  
Where Melibœa's purple border waves,  
As winds the stream that fair Celænæ laves.  
On it the boy, whom in aerial flight  
Jove's eagle swooping bore from Ida's height, 310  
Instinct with life appear'd the deer to chase,  
And with a hunter's ardour urg'd the race.  
In terror there each guard his hand extends,  
And wildly points to where the bird ascends;  
While the fleet hounds, arrested on the plain, 315  
Lift up their heads, and chide the air in vain.  
The shirt of mail his generous prince bestows,  
With triple rings of gold for Mnestheus glows.  
This from Demoleus erst his sword had won,  
Where Simois' waves 'neath Ilium's turrets run, 320  
The shining trophy of a warrior's might,  
To fence the hero, and to lead the fight.



Phegeus and Sag'ris, though they share the toil,  
Scarce on their shoulders bear the glittering spoil.  
So close, though fine, the golden rings were wrought,  
To such perfection by the craftsman brought; 326  
And yet Demoleus in that mail array'd,  
Had frequent slaughter of the Trojans made.  
Two vessels, last, of polish'd brass he takes,  
And friendly offerings to stout Gyas makes; 330  
Then adds two bowls, in burnish'd silver bright,  
Whose shape attracts, whose gravings charm the sight.  
With stately step, with scarlet fillets bound,  
Proud of their wealth, the victors trod the ground;  
When, her oars lost or broken by the shock, 335  
Sav'd with much art, and lifted from the rock,  
The crippled Centaur slowly towers along  
Midst the loud laughter of the noisy throng.  
As when beneath some wain's revolving load  
The wounded serpent writhes upon the road, 340  
Or, mangled by a traveller's angry blows,  
Drags his slow coils, and labours as he goes;  
His hissing crest still swells erect in air,  
His tongue still threatens, and his eyeballs glare:  
E'en so the vessel of Sergestus tried 345  
In vain with shatter'd oars to cross the tide,  
But yet her sails rode proudly on the seas,  
And won the harbour with a favouring breeze.  
Not without joy the generous chieftain gave,  
Joy that his comrade liv'd, a Cretan slave, 350  
By Pallas taught to guide with skilful hand  
The loom, obedient to her lord's command,



Who in herself increas'd her master's store,  
And at her teeming breast twin infants bore.

This contest o'er, the good Æneas bent 355  
His steps to where surrounding hills present  
A Sylvan theatre of verdant meads,  
Where plain to plain of smoothest turf succeeds.  
Here, where his eyes the scene around command,  
He sits the centre of his martial band. 360

Then, as the prize the swift of foot invites,  
Inflames their ardour, and their zeal excites,  
Euryalus with Nisus speeds along,  
And leads the Trojan and Sicanian throng;  
For beauty one and blooming grace renown'd, 365  
In whose lov'd life all Nisus' life was bound.

To these Dioces held the nearest place,  
Dioces sprung from Priam's royal race:  
Epirus now her champion Salius brings,  
Next Patron comes, who from Tegea springs: 370  
Then Elymas and Panopes their home  
Left, who would oft with good Acestes roam,  
And through Trinacria's forests urge their sport,  
The bold attendants of his sylvan court:  
Last, mix'd with these a numerous band there came,  
Who've gain'd no record from forgetful fame. 376

Then thus the youth the Trojan chief address'd,  
The ardour rousing of each manly breast:  
" All who contend in rival speed to-day,  
" Victor or vanquish'd, bear some gift away. 380  
" Two Cretan javelins, bright with burnish'd steel,  
" Whose tapering points the workman's skill reveal,



“ An axe in silver wrought with curious art,  
“ Shall arm each hand, and gladden every heart.  
“ To those whose speed more swift across the plains 385  
“ The first three places in the contest gains,  
“ Justice, impartial, costlier gifts assigns,  
“ And round their brows the pale green olive twines.  
“ With housings rich, a noble steed shall bear  
“ The first; the next a Thracian quiver wear, 390  
“ With baldrick broad of finely beaten gold,  
“ Whose ends bright gems in burnish’d settings hold;  
“ With plume and helmet let the third depart,  
“ Nor bear unworthy envy in his heart.”

He ceased; each bold aspirant in his place 395  
Waits the loud signal, and expects the race.  
It sounds: on, on; they leave the bar behind,  
As cloud, careering, flies the eastern wind.  
Swift is their course, hope cheers the champion’s soul,  
Points to the prize, and urges to the goal. 400  
Then Nisus, first emerging from the throng,  
Plies his swift limbs, and shoots uncheck’d along;  
Less swift the storm descending sweeps the main,  
Or the wing’d lightning flashes on the plain.  
See Salius now, but far behind, succeed, 405  
And then Euryalus outstript in speed;  
Next Elymas, on whom Diores press’d,  
Heel close to heel, and even breast to breast,  
And had a greater space unpass’d remain’d,  
Him had he equall’d, or the victory gain’d. 410  
Through the last course their flying steps were bent,  
Their breath exhausted, and their vigour spent,



When on the surface where a bullock's blood  
Had wet the herbage with its purple flood,  
The fates unhappy Nisus doom'd to slip, 415  
The shout of triumph rising on his lip;  
Sliding he rolls upon the slippery plain,  
Dark soil and gore the blooming champion stain.  
He, not e'en then forgetful of his friend,  
Rose, his last effort in his cause to spend; 420  
For onward, as uncheck'd, swift Salius flew,  
His rising form the eager youth o'erthrew.  
Euryalus through crowds applauding flies,  
And, friendship aiding, gains the victor's prize.  
Quiver and baldrick Elymas obtains, 425  
The plume and helmet stout Dioreas gains.  
But Salius straight with loud complainings fills  
The sylvan theatre, and wakes the hills;  
The prize, by guile unfairly won, demands,  
And asks for justice at the elders' hands. 430  
Charm'd by his comely form and graceful tears,  
The host for young Euryalus declares,  
In whom the beauties of the beardless face  
Ennobled glow, with all a hero's grace;  
While, third in vain, Dioreas pleads aloud, 435  
And with his prayer supports the partial crowd.  
"Your own retain, but be it mine to show  
"Not empty hence shall noble Salius go,"  
Their chief replied, and, to reward his toil,  
Brought from his stores a rich and shaggy spoil, 440  
Won from Gætulia's forest-king, and gay  
With the rich gilding which the claws display.



“ If such compassion for his case you show,  
“ Such gifts, great prince, on vanquish’d speed bestow,  
“ What prize should I,” bold Nisus asks, “ obtain, 445  
“ Whose swiftness well the victor’s palm might gain,  
“ But that the chance which Salius here befel  
“ Affected me with sad reverse as well?”  
And as he spoke, his limbs, besmear’d with gore,  
Confirm’d the suit his lips had urg’d before. 450  
Æneas, smiling, bade a shield be brought,  
Which Didymaön’s wondrous skill had wrought;  
Once was this shield in Neptune’s temple plac’d,  
Whose splendour now the youthful Nisus grac’d.  
The foot-race o’er, the gifts to all supplied, 455  
“ Whose heart with valour swells,” Æneas cried,  
“ May proudly here the heavy cæstus raise,  
“ Which skill requires, gigantic strength displays.”  
He spoke, and then two princely prizes gave,  
To rouse the timid, and incite the brave : 460  
A sword for one with helm and flaming crest,  
For this a bull, with gold and fillets drest.  
Dares at once his giant form display’d,  
Loud were the shouts applauding numbers made.  
Dares, whose prowess might alone succeed 465  
From Paris e’er to win the athlete’s meed.  
He at the tomb where godlike Hector lay,  
Stood the stern champion of the mournful day,  
Against gigantic Butes rais’d his hand,  
And stretch’d him, quivering, on the yellow sand; 470  
Butes, who bore the elder Butes’ name,  
And from Bebricia’s ancient monarch came.



Such Dares is, who rears his head in air,  
Then boasting lays his brawny shoulders bare;  
Each lusty arm by turns extending shows, 475  
And cleaves the ambient air with empty blows.  
His bulk enormous all the host alarms,  
Each fears to gird the cæstus on his arms:  
The lordly prize he deem'd resign'd from dread,  
And boastful thus gigantic Dares said; 480  
While as the horn his sinewy fingers clasp,  
The bull stands powerless in his pond'rous grasp:  
"If none shall dare to raise a champion's hand,  
"Why force me here, O godlike prince, to stand?  
"Grant me the prize." Loud murmurs through the field  
Support his claim, and bid Æneas yield. 486  
Acestes listen'd as these murmurs ran  
Throughout the Trojan ranks, and thus began,  
Chiding Entellus for his dull delay,  
Who on the verdant turf extended lay: 490  
"False, O Entellus, is the name you hold,  
"In combat skilful, and in valour bold;  
"Thou, who wouldst yield before a veteran's eyes  
"To boastful words, O shame! the victor's prize.  
"Vain is thy boast, how godlike Eryx taught 495  
"Thy youth to combat as thy master fought;  
"Vain is thy fame, that through Trinacria rang,  
"Thy spoils in vain from brazen column hang."  
To whom Entellus: "'Tis not that my breast  
"Is cold to glory, or with fears opprest, 500  
"But that old blood runs sluggish through the veins,  
"No more the champion's wonted strength remains.



“ O, if that force of youth still nerv’d the blow,  
“ Trusting in which, he makes unseemly show,  
“ This arm would need no prizes to incite, 505  
“ No lordly bull to urge it to the fight.”  
He ceas’d: and flung indignant on the ground  
The heavy cæstus Eryx oft had bound  
His arm around, his giant strength to show,  
And add fresh danger to the pond’rous blow. 510  
Awe thrills through every heart, as each beholds  
The tough bull-hides, whose seven enormous folds  
Are each in turn with plates of metal spread,  
Weighted with iron and inlaid with lead.  
Dares himself involuntary starts, 515  
And, backward turning, from the front departs.  
The Trojan prince looks on with curious gaze,  
Measures its vastness, and its bulk surveys.  
When thus Entellus, ’mid the circling crowd,  
Old mem’ries rising in him, mused aloud: 520  
“ O had ye seen, if this excites alarm,  
“ The pond’rous cæstus round Alcides’ arm,  
“ And view’d on this, our calm and sylvan scene,  
“ The blood of Eryx stain the verdant green!  
“ These arms, which now upon the turf I fling, 525  
“ Your kinsman, Eryx, would to battle bring;  
“ E’en now, you see, we trace the gory stain,  
“ The clotted blood-drops, and the spatter’d brain.  
“ With these his foe he met in mortal strife—  
“ With these I’ve perill’d fame, more dear than life, 530  
“ Ere envious age had chill’d my blood, and spread  
“ The snows of winter on the veteran’s head.



“ But now, great chief, all vain dispute to end,  
“ Let each array’d in equal arms contend.”  
He ceas’d : the robe in ample folds that hung 535  
Around his brawny chest aside was flung :  
Huge limbs are bar’d before their wond’ring eyes,  
Large bones protrude, and joints enormous rise.  
Respect and awe his giant form commands,  
As ’mid the group the veteran warrior stands. 540  
Æneas then two equal gauntlets finds,  
And round the arms of either hero binds.  
Pois’d on his feet, erect each champion stands,  
Throws back his body and extends his hands :  
The head rais’d high, the eye the arm directs, 545  
Assails the other, and himself protects.  
Quicker in step the cæstus Dares plies,  
And on th’ activity of youth relies.  
A bulk more vast the veteran chief display’d,  
But his knees trembled when his blows were made ; 550  
And every deep-drawn breath the old man took,  
Convuls’d his limbs, his frame gigantic shook.  
Swift fly the strokes their ears and temples round,  
Ring through the air, and from their cheeks rebound.  
Firm in his strength, Entellus keeps the field, 555  
Press’d by his rival, but too stout to yield ;  
With steady eye observes his younger foe,  
And stops with skilful guard the threaten’d blow.  
As where some battlemented city frowns,  
Or rugged tower the mountain fastness crowns, 560  
Each gate, each side, the leaguring host surveys,  
If chance the wall some weaker point betrays ;



"O, if that force  
"Trusting in wh.  
"This arm would  
"No lordly bull t  
He ceas'd: and fl  
The heavy cæstu  
His arm around  
And add fresh d  
Awe thrills thro  
The tough bull-d  
Are each in turn  
Weighted with  
Dares himself u  
And, backward  
The Trojan pri  
Measures its va  
When thus En  
Old mem'ries  
"O had ye see  
"The pond'rou  
"And view'd



Then faithful friends convey'd him through the throng,  
Dragging with pain his injur'd limbs along;  
From side to side his head was wildly flung,                   595  
Now here it roll'd, now there half lifeless hung;  
Dripp'd from his jaws thick blood on either side,  
And teeth were mingled with the gory tide.

His friends the sword and shining helm receive,  
The bull and palm-leaf for Entellus leave.                   600

The veteran champion, glorying in his prize,  
Looks proudly round him, and triumphant cries:  
"Hence learn what vigour nerv'd my youthful blow,  
"And Dares' peril in the combat know."

He rais'd his arm, then back the cæstus drew,                   605  
The lordly beast the blow descending slew.

So vast the force, the skull is burst in twain,  
And through the gaping rent spirts forth the brain;  
The bull falls down, earth echoes with the sound,  
The carcase rolls enormous on the ground.                   610

While on the prostrate beast Entellus gaz'd,  
Thus to his master's shade his voice was rais'd:

"Eryx, to thee a better life is slain,  
"Than if the blood of Dares stain'd the plain.  
"Contented here I take my latest crown,                   615  
"Resign my art, and lay the cæstus down."

This done, Æneas summons to succeed  
In turn the champions of the arrow's speed;  
Places before their eyes each bright reward,  
For skill to win, and justice to award;                   620  
Then rears with mighty hand a solid mast,  
Suspends a dove, and binds the victim fast.



The eager bowmen hasten to the spot,  
Where a bright helm receives each archer's lot;  
And first thy name, while crowds approving shout, 625  
Hippocoon, son of Hyrtacus, leaps out;  
Bold Mnestheus crown'd with naval olive came;  
And good Eurytion, rich in kindred fame,  
Brother of Pandarus, who with boastful art  
Infring'd the truce when Pallas wing'd the dart. 630  
Acestes last, whose lot behind remain'd,  
Within the hollow of the helm retain'd,  
Whose aged hand with younger men would vie,  
And dar'd himself the archer's fortune try.

Forth from his quiver each his arrow drew, 635  
And bent with sturdy hands the polish'd yew.  
Like some swift bird, with strong and steady wing,  
Thy shaft, Hippocoon, left the twanging string,  
Its pathway held, nor waver'd in the blast,  
And struck the centre of the solid mast: 640  
The pine tree shakes, the dove extends her wings,  
With loud applause the gazing circle rings.  
Bold Mnestheus then advancing, takes his stand,  
The bow bent ready in the archer's hand,  
And when the string with practis'd skill he drew, 645  
His eye still follow'd where the arrow flew:  
The well-directed shaft ascends on high,  
True to its aim; then shoots across the sky:  
But fate not yet had doom'd the dove to feel,  
With faint and throbbing breast, the pointed steel; 650  
The cords are cut, the flutterer, unconfin'd,  
Strikes through the air, and sails upon the wind.



Instant Eurytion's arrow in mid air  
(His brother's shade invoked with pious prayer)  
Her breast transfixed; the dove of life bereft 655  
Among the stars her gentle spirit left.  
The feather'd death her heart still throbbing bore,  
Her wounded body quiver'd on the shore.  
The prize was won, yet glorying in his art,  
Proud of his bow, Acestes launched the dart; 660  
When lo, a line of flame the arrow glow'd,  
Though priests scarce read what heaven prophetic show'd :  
Bright is the track along the vault it leaves,  
Till the thin air the reed consum'd receives :  
As when some star deserts its sphere on high, 665  
Scatters clear sparkles, and illumines the sky.  
Trinacria's sons and Phrygia's race confess'd  
The signal sacred, and their gods address'd :  
Heaven's will reveal'd the pious chief declares,  
Invokes the gods, and noblest gifts prepares, 670  
Rifles unask'd his navy's wealthiest stores,  
And thus the musings of his bosom pours :  
" Known hath eternal Jove his counsels made,  
" To thee, great monarch, be great honour paid ;  
" Receive this cup once old Anchises rais'd, 675  
" For curious art and carv'd devices prais'd,  
" High value it with Thracian Cisseus bore,  
" To whom its polish'd orb belong'd before,  
" And when the gift the northern chief bestow'd,  
" So rich a pledge his strong affection show'd." 680  
His sacred brow with laurel chaplet bound,  
Chief o'er his rivals was Acestes crown'd ;



The good Eurytion straight the palm resign'd,  
Nor felt the envy of a meaner mind,  
Though his the hand that bent the fatal yew, 685  
Discharg'd the reed, the flutt'ring victim slew.  
Next he who cut the cords that bound the mast;  
Whose shaft the pine tree struck was placed the last.

Then, ere the lingering bands had pass'd away,  
Pleas'd with the pageant of the festal day, 690  
Their prince, call'd Periphas, whose honour'd name  
Train'd young Iulus in the paths of fame:  
" Now let Iulus, marshall'd, lead along  
" His youthful squadron, and delight the throng;  
" In full array draw out the brilliant line, 695  
" And in the presence of Trinacria shine:  
" Anchises' memory such display demands,  
" The grandsire asks it, and the sire commands."  
The chief then bade the eager crowd restrain  
Their forward steps, and quit the open plain. 700

With level front the noble youths proceed,  
With easy grace each guides his manag'd steed:  
Proud is the heart of every Trojan sire,  
Trinacria wonders, and her crowds admire.  
Light flowery garlands, wove with nicest care, 705  
Adorn their temples, and confine their hair:  
All corneil spears with burnish'd mountings bore,  
And some light quivers on their shoulders wore;  
Flung loosely round the collar of the vest,  
A chain of twisted gold adorned the breast. 710  
Three troops of horse a gallant front display,  
Three youthful nobles lead the bright array:



Twice six in number, rang'd in either band,  
Their ranks distinct, obey their chief's command.  
One troop young Priam led, who bore the name 715  
Of aged Priam, and sustain'd his fame:  
Thy son, Polites, destin'd, under fate,  
To found Politi in the Latian state;  
From the swift Hebrus and the plains of Thrace  
His spotted steed deriv'd his generous race; 720  
His front feet shine like burnish'd silver bright,  
His forehead glistens with a star of white:  
Fair Atys next, from whom in after-time  
The Attian race shone out in Latium's clime;  
Well did Iulus love the noble boy, 725  
And love as ardent in return enjoy.  
In grace unrivall'd, with a hero's mien,  
Is young Ascanius on his charger seen,  
A Tyrian horse, which beauteous Dido gave,  
Pledge of that love which bore her to her grave. 730  
The rest in line Sicilian coursers ride,  
Which old Acestes from his stalls supplied.  
Each youthful heart beats high for martial praise,  
Shouts of applause the Dardan warriors raise,  
And, mindful still of Ilium's days of old, 735  
The godlike fathers in the sons behold.

When all had paced the field in proud array,  
Their dress, their arms, their chargers to display,  
Epytides, removing from the throng,  
Rais'd a loud shout, and lash'd the sounding thong. 740  
Forth as they rush, obedient to command,  
The youthful leaders each extend their band;



Now halt their troop, and now at utmost speed  
Hurl the light spear, and wheel the foaming steed.  
Again from adverse sides the squadrons meet, 745  
Again engaging, and again retreat;  
Through circles within circles swiftly go,  
And all the changes of a battle show.  
Now turn their backs as in disorder'd flight,  
Now poise their javelins, and renew the fight: 750  
Then peaceful meet, their glittering squadrons join,  
And pace refulgent on in even line.  
As in the far-fam'd labyrinth of Crete  
A thousand various lines diverge and meet,  
Till vainly may the wandering stranger try 755  
To trace its windings with observant eye;  
E'en so the Trojans on the level ground  
With steps succeeding previous tracks confound;  
Now in the charge their leaders' voice obey,  
Now flying yield the glories of the day. 760  
Thus in some quiet bay, their old resort,  
Assembled dolphins in the waters sport,  
With uncouth gambols Libya's waves divide,  
Or frolic in Carpathia's sunny tide.  
When bold Ascanius, all their wanderings o'er, 765  
Built Alba Longa on the Latian shore,  
Like games he taught: these show'd their sons the same,  
Till to imperial Rome the custom came;  
So Roman shows preserve the name of Troy,  
And Trojan games the Roman youth employ. 770  
Thus with all reverence to the hero's shade,  
Were funeral honours to Anchises paid,



When fortune chang'd; for while Æneas claims  
Each chief's attention to the Phrygian games,  
Saturnian Juno winged Iris sent, 775  
And added fav'ring breezes as she went,  
To where within Trinacria's western bay,  
In idle state, the Phrygian galleys lay;  
And many a plan within her breast was turn'd,  
For still the flame of ancient discord burn'd. 780  
Along the bow the winged virgin flew,  
Bright with gay colours of each various hue;  
Swift she descends through plains of ambient light,  
Herself invisible to mortal sight.  
Far off she hears along the secret shore 785  
The Trojan dames Anchises lost deplore;  
And while before their feet dark waters roll,  
One voice, one anxious care pervades the whole:  
Heart sick, desirous not again to roam,  
They seek a city and demand a home. 790  
Well skill'd in harm no more the goddess wears  
Her form divine, but Beroë appears,  
Doryclus' wife, once not unknown to fame,  
Her sire was noble, and her sons the same;  
And as she draws to Troy's proud matrons near, 795  
Thus whispers mischief in each willing ear:  
" Unhappy ye, whom no Achaian hand  
" Consign'd to rest upon your country's strand;  
" O wretched dames, say what has fate in store,  
" What death, what exile on a distant shore! 800  
" Through seven long summers since the fall of Troy,  
" All rest, all peace, successive toils destroy;



“ Neath stormy signs, past frowning rocks we fly,  
“ Foam on the sea, and darkness in the sky:  
“ Still night to night, and day to day succeeds, 805  
“ The ship advances, but the land recedes.  
“ Here Eryx’ kindred realms their breadth extend,  
“ And good Acestes reigns, the stranger’s friend;  
“ Why may not here our prince his city found,  
“ And Ilium flourish on Sicilian ground? 810  
“ Alas, my country, and our gods in vain  
“ Borne from the Greek! must Troy ne’er rise again?  
“ Shall ne’er again great Hector’s streams delight  
“ With crystal flood the fainting exile’s sight?  
“ Then rise with all the nobler soul of Troy, 815  
“ And these ill-omen’d ships with fire destroy.  
“ Cassandra’s image in my dreams drew nigh,  
“ To prompt the action and the torch apply.  
“ ‘ Here seek your future home,’ the priestess cried,  
“ ‘ Let Ilium rise beside Trinacria’s tide.’ 820  
“ Then why delay? four altars sacred stand  
“ To Neptune blazing, and supply the brand.”  
She spoke, and speaking whirl’d a torch on high,  
Bright gleam’d the sparkles ’gainst the vaulted sky,  
Then hurl’d it forward: every Ilian dame 825  
With awful wonder view’d the glancing flame.  
Then Pyrgo spoke, for length of days rever’d,  
Whose care had Ilium’s numerous princes rear’d:  
“ No mortal face e’er shone with beams so bright,  
“ Nor stream’d from mortal eyes so pure a light; 830  
“ That fragrant breath of courts celestial told,  
“ That look majestic, and that bearing bold.



“ Now sick, her absence Beroë deplores,  
“ From this high concourse on Sicilia’s shores.”  
She speaks: in doubt, yet with malignant gaze, 835  
Each furious dame the Phrygian fleet surveys;  
Now present ease the failing heart enthrals,  
Now Jove to kingdoms and to glory calls:  
When lo! the bow, with arch of various light,  
Reveals the goddess in her upward flight. 840  
With frenzy seiz’d, the Trojan matrons shout,  
Seize on the brands, and cast the flames about,  
Their sacred wreaths from smoking altars bring,  
And blazing torches ’midst the galleys fling.  
On, on with speed unslacken’d Vulcan pours, 845  
Leaps o’er the benches, and the oars devours;  
Then with swift fury mounts the painted stern;  
Loud crackling, all the unctuous timbers burn.  
News of the deed Eumelus bears amain—  
The host assembled trembles on the plain. 850  
All turn to gaze: when lo! before their eyes,  
Dark wreaths of smoke, and clouds of ashes rise.  
Ascanius first, who, with exulting joy,  
Led his young warriors from the plains of Troy,  
Check’d in his mid career his Tyrian steed, 855  
And to the blazing vessels urg’d his speed:  
In vain, as swift he scour’d the dusty plain,  
Would cooler age his youthful zeal restrain.  
“ To what,” he cried, “ does this dire madness tend ?  
“ O where, unhappy matrons, where to end? 860  
“ Nor hostile camps, nor Greeks your rage employ,  
“ You blast your own, your children’s hopes destroy.



“ Lo your Iūlus :” and he flung before  
Their feet the helm which mimic combat wore.  
With speed Æneas gains the smoking strand, 865  
Chief follows chief, and band succeeds to band :  
The trembling dames in winding caverns cower,  
Or where the copse-wood clothes the broken shore ;  
Ill can the heart convinc’d of error bear  
The light to face, the voice reproachful hear ; 870  
Their lords due influence o’er their minds regain,  
And mighty Juno shakes their souls in vain.  
Not so the fire’s devouring flame subsides,  
But through the Trojan fleet insidious glides ;  
The tow, compress’d ’tween ribs of solid oak, 875  
Still smouldering, vomits forth reluctant smoke.  
Vain is the zeal the Dardan leaders show,  
Full stream of water unavailing flow ;  
Still on more fierce the blaze triumphant roars,  
Consumes the rigging, and the hull devours. 880  
’Twas then, with all the tokens of despair,  
The good Æneas rais’d the suppliant’s prayer :  
“ Almighty Jove, if still thou canst employ  
“ One thought of mercy on thy ancient Troy ;  
“ If gods may still the toils of men regard, 885  
“ And human virtue meet its just reward ;  
“ Great father, save ; or, on this fatal strand,  
“ Be death my portion, from thy fiery hand.”  
Scarce died the prayer upon his lips, before  
From bursting clouds unwonted waters pour ; 890  
The earth, the heavens, loud pealing thunders shake,  
The mountains tremble, and the valleys quake ;



The rain descends, black mists the sky deform,  
And the dark south wind drives the drenching storm.  
The half-burnt vessels drink the sluicy rain, 895  
Till the last smoke-wreath dies upon the plain:  
Four blacken'd hulls great Vulcan's power denote  
The rest uninjur'd on the waters float.

Long mus'd the Dardan chief, oppress'd with pain,  
Doubtful or now upon Sicilia's plain 900  
To rest, or seek, not uncontroll'd by fate,  
On western shores to found a nobler state.  
Then aged Nautes,—whose prophetic lore  
Was rich with wisdom from Minerva's store,  
And, skill'd the anger of the gods to read, 905  
Knew what the fates for future days decreed,—  
In comforting response his chief address'd,  
And sooth'd the anguish that his soul oppress'd:  
“As fate shall call, my chief, her voice obey,  
“Your course to hasten, or your steps delay; 910  
“Light falls the worst affliction man can know,  
“When resignation bows beneath the blow.  
“Acestes seek, of heavenly race divine,  
“And not unwilling to your counsels join.  
“Those leave who fain from glory would retire, 915  
“And feel no more ambition's nobler fire;  
“Old men who love this fair and sunny plain,  
“With timid matrons who distrust the main:  
“All these, indulging in desir'd repose,  
“May build a city, and their labours close. 920  
“Acestes, undisturb'd, shall view the wall,  
“And from himself the town Acesta call.”



Much doubts the chief within himself, while night  
With sable steeds obscures the paths of light;  
When lo! from heaven his father's soul appears, 925  
This counsel pouring in his anxious ears:  
" O thou, whose fortunes were to me more dear  
" Than the sweet breath of this life-giving air,  
" E'en while I breath'd it; whom from land to land  
" Troy's fates pursue, I come by Jove's command; 930  
" Jove, who e'en now invok'd propitious came  
" Your ships to rescue from devouring flame.  
" Nautes obey, enroll the stoutest hands,  
" To fight, to follow where their chief commands:  
" Fierce are the tribes that in Laurentum's state, 935  
" Arm'd to oppose the stranger's landing, wait.  
" But ere your bands on this last service go,  
" Attend my spirit in the world below,  
" Where the glad shades of pious heroes dwell  
" In bliss, unconscious of the woes of hell. 940  
" The Cuman sibyl shall declare the way,  
" If first thy hand the sable victims slay.  
" Then shalt thou learn thy children's children's race,  
" And with prophetic eye thy kingdoms trace,  
" Farewell: dark night through half her circuit speeds,  
" And dawn breathes on me with her panting steeds."  
He paus'd: and turning from the chieftain's prayer,  
Like the thin smoke-wreath melted into air.  
" O why," Æneas cried, " why fly the place?  
" O why, blest spirit, shun thy son's embrace?" 950  
He ceas'd: then rising nurs'd the smouldering flame,  
That from the half-extinguish'd embers came;



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To white rob'd Vesta and the Lares pray'd,  
And pious offerings on their altars laid,  
From whence sweet spicy clouds of incense rise, 955  
While grateful love the purest cakes supplies.

Before assembled chiefs their leader brought  
The words of wisdom which Anchises taught,  
And as his wish the godlike Dardan states,  
Acestes turns not from approving fates. 960  
To glory dead, all duller hearts remain,  
With timid dames who love Sicilia's plain.  
The bold fresh timbers shape, fresh cables bind,  
With unscorch'd cordage to resist the wind;  
Small is the band, if number make it small, 965  
But every heart responds to valour's call.

By lot their chief assigns to each a place,  
His hands the plough-share guide, the limits trace.  
With glad ovation this they Ilium call,  
Here memory revels in the Trojan wall; 970  
Acestes loves his Dardan name to boast,  
Acesta founding on Trinacria's coast;  
And calls the elders of the infant state,  
In solemn form to hold the high debate.  
Where Eryx' mount a lofty site supplies 975  
Idalian Venus sees her temple rise,  
And where the cypress clothes the sacred ground  
A priest attends Anchises' funeral mound.  
A nine days' feast employ'd the Trojan line,  
While victims smok'd on every holiest shrine. 980  
Then, when the waves with placid bosom sleep,  
And gentle breezes call them to the deep,



Loud wails along the winding shore resound,  
Swell through the vales, and from the rocks rebound;  
And day and night in each sequester'd place 985  
Desponding hearts prolong the last embrace.

Who late had trembled at the ocean's roar,  
As each white-crested billow wash'd the shore,  
Now court the toil; on these their leader spends  
Kind words, and to Acestes' care commends. 990

Then bleed three calves to Eryx on the shore,  
Where a ewe lamb appeas'd the tempest's power.  
This done, Æneas gives the last command,  
The ropes to loosen, and to leave the land.

The chief, an olive chaplet on his brow, 995  
Erect upon his vessel's lofty prow,

A goblet grasps, then pours the purple wine,  
And flings fat entrails on the foaming brine.  
Now rising on the stern a prosperous gale  
Impels the galley, and inflates the sail; 1000  
Each rival oar descends with measur'd sweep,  
And tuneful cadence on the dark blue deep.

Neptune, meanwhile, Idalia's queen address'd,  
And told the sorrows that o'ercharged her breast:  
"The passion raging in Saturnia's soul, 1005  
"Nor time can soothe, nor piety control,  
"Which spurns alike great Jove's imperial will,  
"And lives 'gainst fate's decree unbroken still,  
"Compels me here in suppliant guise to bend;  
"Do thou, O awful god, thy succour lend, 1010  
"Else shall her hate, undying, still destroy  
"The last sad relics of expiring Troy.



“Thou know’st how late the king of winds defied  
“Thy power supreme, and lash’d thine azure tide.  
“Nay, shame to tell, she drave the Trojan dames 1015  
“Themselves to wrap their country’s fleet in flames,  
“Till good Æneas is compell’d to leave  
“His friends behind for strangers to receive.  
“Why more of this! to thee I pour the prayer,  
“Safe o’er the waves my Dardan chieftain bear, 1020  
“If true the fates to Phrygia’s ancient line  
“Eternal rule on Latium’s shores assign.”

With awful brow great Saturn’s son replied:

“Well may their daughter in the waves confide,  
“Nor doubt the succour of that friendly power, 1025  
“Whose voice for her has calm’d the tempest’s roar.  
“When Trojans, breathless, from Achilles fled,  
“Crimson’d their plains, and chok’d their streams with  
“When war, unequal, great Æneas wag’d, [dead;  
“And Peleus’ son with adverse gods engag’d, 1030  
“Let Phrygia’s waves who spread the cloud declare,  
“What god descended, and whose hand was there.  
“My wrath ’gainst Troy thy power could then restrain,  
“And still thy counsels can control the main;  
“One only lost his chieftain must deplore, 1035  
“While safe the rest enjoy Ausonia’s shore.”

Thus Neptune speaks: and to his chariot leads,  
With gold refulgent, his immortal steeds,  
Hangs o’er their glossy backs with flowing rein,  
And, lightly flying, skims the azure plain. 1040  
The awful god the billowy ocean feels,  
And sinks subdu’d beneath the thundering wheels;



The clouds break off, and through the lucid air  
The mists dispers'd to other climes repair.  
Enormous whales, the giants of the tide, 1045  
Ocean's huge children, gambol at his side.  
Old Glaucus, with his sportive sea-nymphs there,  
And Melicerta, Ino's son, appear;  
Round Phorcus here their course the monsters urge,  
And Triton's trumpet sounds above the surge. 1050  
On his left hand the nymphs of Nereus' name,  
Thetis and youthful Panopea, came,  
Sweet Melite, Thalia, fam'd for glee,  
Cymodoce, the maiden of the sea,  
Spio, who loves 'mid coral grotts to roam, 1055  
And fair Nisæe from her island home.

Lo! the glad change at once Æneas feels,  
As the bland influence o'er his spirit steals;  
The lofty mast the skilful sailors rear,  
And stretch the sail-yards as the breeze draws near. 1060  
As if one purpose animated all,  
The sails obedient to their efforts fall;  
Now the light tapering spars aloft ascend,  
Now to this side, and now to that they bend:  
Each ship bears out the labours of its crew, 1065  
More swiftly flying as the winds pursue;  
The dense array old Palinurus leads,  
And every vessel in his track succeeds.  
But when dark shadows in their nightly race  
Round the wide earth had reach'd the middle space, 1070  
When stretch'd to rest each weary rower sought  
That soft refreshment which the stillness brought,



Lo! Sleep, now wandering through the dusky sky,  
Parts the dark air, descending from on high;  
To thee his wings, O Palinurus, turn, 1075  
Till the god settles on thy lofty stern.  
The form of Phorbas, Priam's son, he wears,  
And whispers softly in the pilot's ears:  
"Light blows the wind, and smoothly flows the tide,  
"Repose secure, whilst I the vessel guide." 1080  
To whom, though nodding now in drowsy guise,  
Old Palinurus, thoughtful still, replies:  
"What, bidd'st thou me in this smooth sea confide,  
"Lull'd by the aspect of the treacherous tide?  
"Leave good Æneas to the winds of night, 1085  
"And trust the sky because the stars are bright?"  
He ceas'd: the pilot still the heavens surveys,  
Still on the helm his hand directing lays.  
A branch in Lethe dipp'd the dæmon takes,  
And drowsy dew on either temple shakes; 1090  
Vain is the effort that would watchful keep,  
And vain the struggle with resistless sleep.  
Then as to forc'd forgetfulness inclin'd,  
The slumbering pilot on the deck reclin'd,  
The god impell'd him o'er the vessel's side, 1095  
And plung'd him headlong in the sounding tide.  
Firm in his grasp, and with him falling torn,  
Are plank and helm upon the waters borne:  
Still, as he falls, his voice for aid applies,  
Still, as he struggles, to his shipmates cries. 1100  
The god, his work perform'd, his wings extends,  
And through the paths of liquid air ascends:



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But still confirm'd does Neptune's word remain,  
The fleet securely ploughs the dark blue main,  
And now the Sirens' rock the vessels reach, 1105  
Where bones of shipwreck'd crews pollute the beach;  
When the hoarse waves along the shore that broke,  
The good Æneas from his slumbers woke;  
And as unhelm'd the Phrygian galley tost,  
He thus lamented Palinurus lost: 1110  
" O thou, to whom the smoothly flowing wave  
" Delusive hope and vain assurance gave,  
" Long lov'd, long tried, o'er thee no pious hand  
" On foreign shore shall spread the funeral sand."



## NOTES TO BOOK V.



Line 2. I interpret the "*fluctus atros Aquilone*," with Servius, to refer to the sea, still dark with the effects of the stormy north winds, which Dido had urged to Æneas as a reason to delay his sailing.

23. Eryx was the son of Butes and Venus, and, therefore, half-brother to Æneas. He was slain by Hercules in a combat with the *cæstus*, and buried at the foot of a mountain in Sicily, which bore his name. On the top of this mountain was a celebrated temple of Venus, said to have been founded by Æneas.

35. Crimisus, a Sicilian river god.

86. The sacred chaplet, or "*corona sacerdotalis*," was worn by all the bystanders as well as the priests, and those more immediately engaged in the services of the day; and the tree, or plant, from which it was made varied according to the deity to whom the worship was paid. Here we find the myrtle used, in honour of Venus; in the Eighth Book, Evander and his own people, together with their Trojan guests, wore chaplets of the poplar in honour of Hercules.

93. I have not thought it necessary to enter into the various learned opinions as to "*cineres animæque umbræque*," nor to preserve the difference of their meanings, if indeed Virgil intended to make any, as Servius conjectures, following Pluto's fourfold division of the human soul into the intellectual, the sensual, the vital, which gives the power of self-motion, and the vegetable or merely existent principle.

131. The palm is said by Plutarch to have been chosen as the reward of the conquerors from its hardy nature and upright growth.

138. The "*tuba*" was a long, straight instrument of brass, emitting a shrill and martial tone, used for giving the signals both



in battle and in public games. Like the "cornu," which differed from it in being curved in its form, it appears, from the representations remaining of them, to have had no holes or stops for varying the notes, these being all formed by the lips and breath of the performer. The shape of the tuba and cornu was indicated by the name: one from "tibia," the straight bone of the leg, the other from the bent horn of an animal.

182. A late writer upon America, describing the matches in trotting, which are often performed there by the horse in a very light car on four wheels, observes that the animal, when urged to his speed, leaning forward upon the rein, with his head down, and his mouth open from the action of the bit, seems, as he rushes along, to devour the ground.

189. I take the "vocem inclusa volutant littora" to mean precisely the idea which Sir W. Scott expresses at the end of his chase:

"The dingle's hollow throat

"Prolongs the swelling bugle-note."

264. Nowhere (I translate from Professor Keble) is Virgil more happy or more elegant, than when the dove is the theme of his verse. How disturbed is he that his favourite bird should be startled in her tranquil grotto! with what pleasure does he follow her with his eyes as she enjoys her free course through the softly encircling air!

266. Ultima æquora.

296. Dr. Beattie, in his 'Theory of Language,' quotes this passage as an example of the increased force given to a passage by an accurate observance of the time in each tense. "Swifter than the wind or an arrow she flies to land," this is present; and now, before I can speak the word, "she *has run* into the harbour."

307. Melibœa, a city of Thessaly, famous for the fish from which is extracted the brightest purple dye: to this Milton alludes, *Paradise Lost*, XI. 241:

"A military vest of purple flow'd,

"Livelier than Melibœan."

308. The Mæander, which rises near Celænæ.

332. Like a boat.

340. "Viæ in aggere," a highway rounded in the middle to throw off the wet.

341. Gravis ictu.



358. A wreath of olive was bestowed on the victor in the Olympic games.

434. "We love the beauty more on account of the greatness and goodness; and admire the greatness and approve the goodness more on account of the beauty."—Dr. BEATTIE: *On Imagination*.

453. According to the conjecture of Servius, this shield had been taken from the temple of Neptune by Pyrrhus, at the sacking of Troy, by him left to Helenus, and by Helenus given to Æneas, when he touched at Epirus.

466. Paris is said to have excelled Hector in this and other manly contests.

514. Dr. Smith in his learned work states the *cæstus* of the heroic ages to have been merely thongs of leather by which the fist was bound together. Homer, in his parallel passage to this, mentions only these leather thongs; but Cowper adds a note, to explain that they were used to bind on the *cæstus*; and Pope introduces the expression, "iron hand."

538. "His giant form, like ruin'd tower,  
"Though fall'n its muscles' brawny vaunt,  
"Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,  
"Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to lower."

SIR W. SCOTT'S *description of the Douglas*.

605. There could hardly be a finer subject for the canvas than Entellus in the attitude to strike, with the bull before and the assembled chiefs around him. It always brings to my mind the one suggested by Sir W. Scott, and, I believe, embodied by the artist—the "Death of the Laird's Jock."

621. Although the chief is said to do that himself which he orders his inferiors to perform, I think it is more agreeable to the simplicity of those ancient times, as well as more close to the conduct of Achilles in that passage of Homer which Virgil is throughout copying, to suppose this work of rearing the mast with a strong arm as his own act. Servius makes it the work of numerous attendants: but numbers were hardly necessary to raise the mast of a Phrygian galley.

691. Thus characterised in the 17th Book of the Iliad:

"A herald in Anchises' love grown old,  
"Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence bold."

POPE, v. 376.

705. "Tonsâ coronâ."



739. Periphas, son of Epytus.

770. To these games Horace alludes, when he reproaches Lydia with enslaving by her charms the young Sybaris (lib. i. ode 8).

“Why does he hate the sunny plain,

“While he can dust or sun sustain?

“Why no more, with martial pride,

“Amidst the youthful battle ride,

“And the Gallic steed command,

“With bitted curb and forming hand!”—FRANCIS.

785. “Procul in solâ secretæ Troades actâ.” Virgil is here following the Roman feeling, which held it inconsistent with female delicacy to be present at public shows.

834. It would seem from this, that, though the matrons did not join with the men in the public shows, yet they did celebrate some solemn rites among themselves.

912. “Levius fit patientiâ

“Quicquid corrigere est refus.”—HOR. lib. i. ode 24, v. 19.

So also Milton :

“I to the hand of heaven submit,

“However chastening, to the evil turn

“My obvious breast, arming to overcome

“By suffering, and earn rest from labour.”

*Paradise Lost*, XI. 372.

961. The scholar may call to mind the lines of Horace, Epod. xvi. v. 37 et sqq.

968. In marking out the extent of a new city, the chief himself held the plough, lifting it up at each spot where there was to be a gate, hence called “porta,” from “porto,” I carry.

972. Probably the name of Ælium was originally destined for the new city, but changed to Acesta at the request of Acestes.

992. So Horace, Epod. x. 23 :

“Immolabitur

“Aгна tempestatibus.”

1056. So described from the etymology of their names.

1073. Sleep had his proper abode in the infernal regions, but at night wandered through the air, sending dreams to men.



## BOOK VI.

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THE description of the Sibyl's temple; her interview with Æneas; their descent into hell; the account of the infernal regions, and the various classes that inhabit them; the meeting of Anchises and Æneas; the introduction of some of the great characters of Roman History.

Of this Book of the Æneid I hope I am not speaking with the prejudice of a translator when I say, that I have never read a like number of lines in any language containing so many passages deserving of attention. And I have again to beg (if such a request need be made) that the vigour and beauty of the text may not be judged of from the weakness and harshness of the translation. He who is launched upon the Latian stream finds himself floating upon crystal and buoyant waters, through a country in which richness is blended with grandeur and softness with sublimity.







## BOOK VI.

HE spoke: each sailor bending to his oar,  
Swift glides the fleet to Cumæ's ancient shore;  
Their prows the pilots to the blue waves turn,  
And heave forth anchors from the lofty stern.  
Eager the first on Italy to land, 5  
Forth springs with hope elate a youthful band;  
These from rough flints, which germs of flame conceal,  
Strike forth their fiery seeds with clashing steel;  
Those to the copse, to feed the blaze, repair,  
The wild beast rousing in his sylvan lair; 10  
Whilst some, returning to their comrades, show  
Where silvery streams from bubbling fountains flow.  
Meanwhile Æneas seeks, renown'd of fame,  
The temple awful with the sibyl's name:  
Dark is the cave, and no intruding light 15  
Dispels the gloom, or aids the curious sight.  
The Delian god himself her soul inspires,  
Fills all her breast, and breathes prophetic fires.  
Through Trivia's grove advance the Trojan band,  
And 'neath thy gilded roof, chaste goddess, stand. 20  
When Dædalus his self-form'd pinions spread  
Through air pellucid, and his country fled,



Then towards the north his unaccustom'd way  
Held to the coast where Chalcis' city lay,  
On feather'd steerage borne above the wave, 25  
Here first he touch'd the solid earth, and gave  
His plumes to Phoebus, and this wondrous fane  
Hew'd, through eternal ages to remain.  
Carv'd on the doors, Androgeus' death is told,  
Sad tale of woe, that wasted Greece of old; 30  
Ah, wretched sires, by fate foredoomed to give  
Seven yearly victims, that your sons may live!  
Here stands the urn where reverent age presides,  
And fathers tremble as the lot decides;  
There Crete's fair isle across the watery plain 35  
Tells her dark story, and o'ertops the main;  
Here shameless lust its foulest aspect shows,  
And there to life the two-form'd monster rose.  
In mazes dark the far-fam'd labyrinth ran.  
It ended nowhere, nowhere it began; 40  
But Dædalus, as Ariadne pines,  
With subtle clue explains the waving lines.  
And there, O Icarus, as the workman wrought,  
He traced thy fall embodied in his thought;  
And twice the artist's hands the graver hold, 45  
But twice the father's tears obscure the gold.  
Still gaz'd the Trojans, and recall'd each name,  
When back Achates with the priestess came,  
Deïphobe of Glaucus' princely line,  
By Dian lov'd and Phoebus the divine; 50  
"No empty gaze," she cried, "the time demands,  
"But reverent worship at the hero's hands.



“ Seven sheep, seven bullocks yet unbroken take,  
“ The god propitiate, and your offerings make.”

Wrapt in the rites attendant priests remain, 55  
The priestess calls the Trojans to the fane.  
One hundred channels to the cavern guide,  
Wind through the rock, and pierce the mountain's side;  
And from the hundred mouths to these that lead  
A hundred mystic prophecies proceed. 60

The Phrygian warriors on the threshold wait  
In trembling wonder, and demand their fate.  
“ The god, the god!” the priestess breathless cries,  
“ The god, the god!” the vocal cave replies.  
Her hair stream'd wildly, and a hectic red 65  
With fitful flush o'er changing features spread;  
Her form dilates to more than earthly size,  
Her tones to more than earthly loudness rise;  
And frenzy fiercely heaves her lab'ring breast  
With the near advent of the god possess'd. 70

“ Delay'st thou now, great Dardan chief, to pray,  
“ Thy suit to press, thy vows obedient pay?  
“ Then not for thee shall future fates be told,  
“ Through these dread jaws in voice of thunder roll'd.”  
She spake: cold fear through all the Trojans ran, 75  
Bold though they were, and thus their prince began:  
“ O thou, bright god, who never turn'st away,  
“ When Trojans kneeling at thine altar pray,  
“ With thee we've passed through seas unknown, and stand  
“ In grateful worship on Italia's strand; 80  
“ Though Ilium's fates have chequer'd every scene,  
“ So far, bland power, hast thou propitious been.



“ Ye sterner gods, who adverse once look’d down  
“ With angry eyes on Ilium’s vast renown,  
“ Vouchsafe ye now relenting to embrace 85  
“ The shatter’d remnants of the Dardan race.  
“ Thou, holiest priestess, who with sacred skill  
“ Reveal’st to man great Jove’s eternal will,  
“ O grant our gods, no longer forc’d to roam,  
“ To found in Italy their western home. 90  
“ I ask not what reluctant fates deny,  
“ The fates themselves proclaim our empire nigh.  
“ Here to chaste Dian, on the Latian plain,  
“ These grateful hands shall raise a marble fane,  
“ With hers Ápollo’s sacred name unite, 95  
“ Glad feasts proclaim, the golden god invite.  
“ To thee, dread virgin, shall a shrine be rear’d,  
“ And stand throughout eternal ages fear’d,  
“ Where noblest names shall guard the holy place,  
“ Which holds the fortunes of the Dardan race. 100  
“ Write not thy lines that winds, in idle play,  
“ May bear the record on the leaves away,  
“ But with thy voice reveal in accents clear  
“ The heavenly counsels to thy servant’s ear.”

When first, not yet submissive to control, 105  
The sibyl feels his power invade her soul,  
With heaving chest she pants beneath the load,  
Foams in the cave, and struggles with the god ;  
Whilst he her force with mightier force oppress’d,  
Constrains her fury, and usurps her breast. 110  
Then, as the Trojan prince expectant waits,  
Wide open fly, untouch’d, the hundred gates,



And on the air, in wild and varying notes,  
The mystic answer of the priestess floats:  
" O thou, escap'd the dangers of the main, 115  
" For thee by land severer cares remain;  
" Dardans shall stand upon Lavinium's shore,  
" And yet, their wish obtain'd, success deplore.  
" Wars, horrid wars, my trembling vision meet,  
" Blood-stain'd the Tyber rolls beneath my feet; 120  
" I see the Simois with purple dy'd,  
" The Græcian camp, and Xanthus' crimson tide;  
" With martial fury dreadful on the plain,  
" Sprung from a nymph, Achilles lives again.  
" Saturnia, erst the enemy of Troy, 125  
" Clings to your race, impatient to destroy.  
" How shall thy way from state to state be made,  
" A wanderer begging for a stranger's aid!  
" A foreign bride again a fleet receives,  
" Again a wife the web of discord weaves. 130  
" But yield not thou: if fortune's ills descend,  
" More boldly struggle till those evils end.  
" When hope shall sink, far distant aid appear,  
" A Græcian people shall assistance bear."  
Dark were the words which Cumæ's sibyl pour'd, 135  
The voice re-echo'd, and the caverns roar'd;  
As, wrought to frenzy, on her heaving breast  
The agony of inspiration pressed.  
The fit has passed, and through the swollen vein  
With even stroke the life-pulse beats again. 140  
To whom the chief: " The soul forewarned can bear  
" Those ills of fortune which the cowards fear



“ Hence tends the path, so ancient legends tell,  
“ Through these dark waters to the shores of hell.  
“ There would I seek my father’s shade, who shared 145  
“ With me each labour, and each danger dared.  
“ Old though he was, he shrank not from the task,  
“ Nor sought the rest which age and weakness ask. [flew,  
“ Through flames, through streets where clouds of arrows  
“ Where hosts are shouting, and where foes pursue, 150  
“ These shoulders bore him, and he bade me here  
“ To thee, dread priestess, raise the suppliant’s prayer.  
“ Hell’s awful queen confirms thy right to show  
“ From hence the pathway to her realms below.  
“ The Thracian Orpheus, to recall his bride 155  
“ From gloomy Orcus, on his harp relied :  
“ Pollux, indulgent to his brother’s fate,  
“ Alternate dies, nor dreads the Stygian gate.  
“ Shall I, who trace from Jove direct descent,  
“ Not go where Theseus and Alcides went ?” 160  
As thus he grasp’d the altar’s side and pray’d,  
Her dark response the Cuman sibyl made :  
“ Sprung from the blood of gods, Anchises’ son,  
“ To hell the downward path is swiftly run ;  
“ Throughout all times, in darkness and by day, 165  
“ The jaws of Dis stand gaping for their prey.  
“ But when the mortal back his way would win,  
“ Steep is the pathway, and his toils begin.  
“ Few, and those few from race immortal sprung,  
“ By gods acknowledg’d, and by poets sung, 170  
“ Whose nobler virtues Jove’s regard obtain’d,  
“ Have e’er stern Pluto to their purpose gain’d.



“ Thick woods perplex the intervening ground,  
“ And dark Cocytus winds his waters round.  
“ But wouldst thou twice on hell’s dull river float, 175  
“ A living passenger in Charon’s boat,  
“ Learn from the sibyl, for the lore may guide  
“ That fails to turn the fix’d resolve aside.  
“ Where a deep grove the rising trunk conceals,  
“ Its glittering leaf a golden twig reveals: 180  
“ None pass below, so Proserpine commands,  
“ Save the bright leaflet sparkle in their hands.  
“ If from the tree the spangled bough be torn,  
“ Rich with like gold another branch is borne.  
“ Survey with care the tangled copse around, 185  
“ And reverent pluck it when the prize is found:  
“ If fate for thee the golden leaves design,  
“ The sprig will sever, and the charm be thine;  
“ If not, all efforts will in vain be tried,  
“ The bough will e’en thy falchion’s edge deride. 190  
“ But know, a comrade, while you linger, lies  
“ A corpse unburied, and pollutes the skies.  
“ Him rescue, cast upon the sounding shore,  
“ And to his rest with funeral pomp restore.  
“ Black sheep in sacrifice to Pluto lead, 195  
“ Whose rites completed, on thy way proceed;  
“ The Stygian shades with gods propitious greet,  
“ And tread the realms untrod by living feet.”  
She ceas’d: what else was passing in her mind  
The Cuman sibyl in her breast confin’d. 200  
Æneas turn’d: his anxious look declares  
His soul now lab’ring with unwonted cares.



Musing he wander'd by the silent flood,  
And with Achates on its margin stood :  
There lay Misenus : fate too sad for one 205  
For skill renown'd, of Æolus the son.  
How martial ardour through the army flew,  
When its loud blast his brazen trumpet blew !  
With godlike Hector he the battle brav'd,  
Sounded the charge, the shining falchion wav'd ; 210  
But when that prince's warlike course was run,  
Follow'd the fortunes of Anchises' son ;  
Of fallen Troy no bolder heart remain'd,  
And his a less illustrious chief disdain'd.  
It chanc'd e'en now along the winding coast 215  
The sea gods heard his challenge and his boast,  
And Triton envious of his trumpet's sound,  
If envy in the breast of gods be found,  
Lash'd the dark rock, and rose with angry wave ;  
Nor might the minstrel's art the minstrel save. 220  
All wept around him by the treacherous flood,  
But chief in sorrow great Æneas stood.  
In reverent spirit and with pious care  
His comrades to the forest depths repair ;  
The axe descends, sharp rings the iron wedge, 225  
Totters the ash upon the mountain ledge,  
The ilex bows, the frequent strokes resound,  
The pine tree toppling thunders to the ground.  
Like arms Æneas with his comrades bears,  
The most he labours, yet the rest he cheers. 230  
When through the woodland, as his vision strays,  
He muses thus, and musing thus he prays :



“ O, if that branch, whose golden leaflets glow,  
“ In this vast forest would its spangles show!  
“ True have the sibyl’s words prophetic stood, 235  
“ Misenus lies beside the sounding flood.”  
E’en as he spoke, along the liquid sky  
Two doves, soft emblems of his mother, fly,  
Descending swiftly to the chief draw near,  
Drop on the turf, and stand devoid of fear. 240  
And as with joy he hails the Paphian bird,  
In cheerful tones is his petition heard:  
“ Your downy pinions, sacred doves, display,  
“ And be the winged heralds of the way,  
“ Till on the wish’d-for spot your suppliant stand, 245  
“ Where the rich branch waves o’er the fertile land.  
“ And now that doubtful fates our fortunes hide,  
“ Be thou, Idalian queen, thy Dardan’s guide.”  
He spoke, then paus’d, as careful still to read  
The signs, and where the sacred doves would lead. 250  
Feeding, they onward move with easy flight,  
Just skim the ground, nor leave the chieftain’s sight,  
Till, at the spot whence deadly vapours rise  
From the dark lake, the birds ascend the skies,  
And perch among the wish’d-for branches, where 255  
The leaves of verdant gold their spangles rear.  
As, when supported by a foreign root,  
The mistletoe puts forth its saffron shoot,  
Round the rough trunk its yellow tendrils twine,  
Cheer the deep grove, and through the winter shine; 260  
So the gold leaflet flutters in the wind,  
Round the dark surface of the ilex twin’d.



The bough is pluck'd; and yet there seem'd delay,  
E'en while he tore the golden branch away.

Meanwhile, the Dardans on the sea-shore paid 265  
Due rites of sorrow to Misenus' shade.

A lofty pyre is rais'd with pious hands,  
Of cloven pine-trees, and of unctuous brands;  
Dark leaves are woven in its rising sides,  
The cypress bough the funeral structure hides; 270  
And, high above, resplendent in the sun,  
The warrior's armour shows the labour done.

Some from bright vessels bring the bubbling wave,  
And the cold corpse with warm ablutions lave,  
Anoint the limbs, though vain the service prove, 275  
And pay meet honours to the form they love.

Loud o'er the corpse the funeral wail is made,  
As on the couch the rigid limbs are laid;  
Embroider'd vests some cast with pious hand,  
And purple coverings that the dead demand; 280

Others, sad task! uplift the cumbrous bier  
With decent reverence, and the funeral rear;  
Whilst these, so custom bids, the torches guide,  
And, as they place them, turn their heads aside,  
A spicy cloud the burning unguents raise, 285  
And cups of oil increase the perfum'd blaze.

Then, when the rising flames no longer play,  
The pyre has sunk, the smoke-wreath died away,  
Full bowls of wine attendant comrades pour,  
The sad remains and hissing embers o'er, 290  
Till Chorinæus, as the rite directs,  
The crumbling bones in brazen urn collects;



Then holy dew, while all unmov'd remain,  
From olive branch, removes the funeral stain,  
As words of last farewell the crowd release, 295  
And bid each warlike chief depart in peace.

A spacious tomb the good Æneas rears  
Beneath the hill which still the title bears  
Misenum, from the Trojan warrior's name,  
And through eternal years shall bear the same; 300  
In carv'd device the sculptur'd marble bore  
The chief's insignia, trumpet, spear, and oar.

This done, and every decent honour paid,  
The sibyl's precepts straight the chief obey'd.  
A cave there was, with yawning mouth profound, 305  
Dark waves and woods had fenc'd the rock around;  
From that dread lake such foul effluvia spring,  
Droops in the poison'd air the failing wing;  
And hence the Greeks the pool Avernus call,  
Since here the birds by shaft unwounded fall. 310

The priestess first, where stand four brindled kine,  
On their dark foreheads pours the frothing wine;  
With hairs primitia feeds the sacred flame,  
And suppliant calls on Hecate's awful name;  
The victims fall, their knives attendants bring, 315  
Pierce the large veins, and catch the purple spring.

A sable lamb completes the solemn rite  
To ancient Earth, and Earth's great sister, Night;  
And, slain with this, a barren heifer fell,  
The chieftain's offering to the queen of hell. 320  
Slaughter'd when evening's darker shades return,  
Whole holocausts of bulls to Pluto burn;



The prince fat entrails flings upon the fire,  
Pours the rich oil, nor lets the flames expire.  
Lo! when the rising sun at purple dawn 325  
Gives to the world the signal of the morn, [quakes,  
Earth heaves with monstrous throes, and bellowing  
The forest trembles, and the mountain shakes,  
Dogs howl around, and with unearthly bark  
The near approach of awful Hecate mark. 330  
“Far, far,” the priestess cries, “ye crowd profane!  
“Without the grove, in reverent fear, remain.  
“Do thou, O prince, enact the hero’s part,  
“Strong be thy courage, and unmov’d thy heart.”  
No more she said, her soul to frenzy wrought, 335  
But the wide opening of the cavern sought;  
And he, with bold, and not unequal stride,  
Follow’d the footsteps of his awful guide.  
Ye gods, whose empire voiceless ghosts obey,  
Where night’s deep darkness overshades the day, 340  
Dread powers, forgive, if mortal verse drag forth  
Hell’s awful secrets to the gaze of earth.

Through realms more dreadful by the stillness made  
They pass unchallenged, and obscured in shade;  
As when, beneath the crescent’s fitful light, 345  
The traveller journeys, half involved in night,  
When fleecy vapours flit across the skies,  
And all in misty indistinctness lies.

Before the courts conducting to the dead  
Grief moans, Care pines on her uneasy bed. 350  
Here pale Disease, and sad Old Age appear,  
Misguiding Greed, and squalid Want, and Fear,



And Toil, and Death, and Death's twin brother, Sleep,  
And evil lusts that foul dominion keep  
Within the mind; and waves across the porch 355  
War's bloody sword and desolating torch;  
Strife twines her hissing locks with gory threads,  
And scream the Furies on their iron beds.  
High above all uprears its fruitless head  
An elm, and wide its aged arms are spread, 360  
Beneath whose rustling leaves that call to sleep,  
Their misty home fantastic visions keep.  
In hideous concourse at the iron gate  
Huge Centaurs foam, distorted Scyllas wait,  
Their wonder Briareus' hundred arms engage, 365  
Hisses the Hydra, dreadful in its rage;  
The fierce Chimæra vomited its flame,  
Misshapen Harpies with the Gorgons came:  
And Geryon last, a triple-bodied shade,  
With spectral horrors hell more hideous made: 370  
Scar'd by the advent of the ghastly crew  
Æneas now his glittering falchion drew,  
And on had rush'd to strike with idle steel  
Hosts that no force of earthly weapon feel,  
But that the truth his gifted comrade shows, 375  
How hollow forms mere shadowy souls enclose.

Hence leads the path to where sad Acheron pours  
His yellow waves on Pluto's gloomy shores;  
The eddies foam, the troubled waters boil,  
And into loud Cocytus belch the soil. 380  
Here Charon stands, whose oars across the tide  
In dusky boat the wandering spirits guide:



A grisly beard swept his vast chest, and flame  
In frequent flashes from his eyeballs came.  
A squalid robe, across his shoulders flung, 385  
Down his lean side in tatter'd fragments hung;  
As shifts the wind, his hand directs the sail,  
And plies the broad oar when the breezes fail;  
Old he might be, but age with gods is seen  
Uncheck'd in vigour, and of vernal green. 390  
Unnumber'd shades upon the margin stand,  
And feebly cry, and point the spectral hand:  
Mothers and husbands, disembodied shades  
Of mighty heroes, boys, unwedded maids,  
And youths whom fates inexorable place 395  
On funeral pyres before their parents' face:  
Countless as leaves that strew our woodland walk,  
When Autumn's cold has pinch'd the slender stalk;  
Countless as flocks that circle on the wing,  
When storms the signal for departure bring. 400  
Whom instinct guides across the distant deep,  
To where the birds continuous summer keep.  
By the dull stream the shivering spirits stood,  
Each anxious first to cross the Stygian flood;  
Now these, now those, the surly god receives, 405  
Rejects the rest, and on the margin leaves.  
Much mov'd the chief began: "Dread virgin, say,  
" Why downcast flit that spectral throng away;  
" While the dark boat receives yon shadowy rank  
" With happier fortune that approach the bank?" 410  
To whom his guide in wisdom's secrets old:  
" Son of Anchises, sprung from gods, behold



“ The stream of hell, by whose dark waves to swear,  
“ And break the oath, not gods themselves might dare.  
“ That wandering crowd, whom there your eyes descry,  
“ Are they who outcast and unburied lie; 416  
“ Whilst those whom Charon bears across the wave,  
“ From pious hands obtain’d a decent grave;  
“ For none these sad and gloomy banks may leave,  
“ Till the dark tomb their mortal dust receive. 420  
“ A hundred years they flit along the shore,  
“ Ere Charon yields, and bears their spirits o’er.”  
With pity mov’d, the good Æneas stood  
In mute amazement by the winding flood.  
Whelm’d ’neath the waves his Lycian friends invite 425  
Their chief’s regard, and ask the funeral rite,  
With Palinurus, who, oppress’d with sleep,  
Fell from the stern, and struggled with the deep.  
“ Say, Palinurus, say,” Æneas cried,  
“ Which ’god it was that plunged thee in the tide. 430  
“ Phœbus, who erst would true responses pour,  
“ Promised thee life upon Ausonia’s shore.”  
Then he: “ No false reply the Delian gave;  
“ No god o’erwhelm’d me in the foaming wave;  
“ By chance I fell, and bore into the tide 435  
“ Firm clasp’d the rudder it was mine to guide:  
“ And by that salt and adverse sea I swear  
“ Thy safety only then engag’d my care;  
“ Care lest the ship, its helm and pilot lost,  
“ Should yield on those white foaming waters tost. 440  
“ Three days I sought with straining eye to reach  
“ The distant outline of Ausonia’s beach,



" Three nights the wave my drifting body bore,  
" Then cast me dripping on the Velian shore.  
" I grasped a rock, but heavy from the spray 445  
" 'Mid rude and greedy tribes defenceless lay,  
" Who from the body of the stranger slain  
" Thought that the plunderers would some booty gain.  
" To winds, to waves exposed, to thee I pray,  
" By the sweet breath, and by the light of day, 450  
" By young Iulus, by Anchises hear,  
" And timely succour, to the unburied bear.  
" O, for thou canst, or seek the Velian strand,  
" And on my body cast the funeral sand;  
" Or grasp this hand, and guarded by the charm 455  
" Which hell can visit unassailed by harm,  
" Conduct to where, this loathsome river passed,  
" In happier scenes the good repose at last."

So the complaint of Palinurus ran,  
When in reply the sibyl thus began: 460  
" Say, wouldst thou dare against the stern command  
" Of hell's grim gods to tread th' Elysian strand?  
" Hope not to bend those gods by mortal prayer,  
" But with the sibyl's words console thy care.  
" The neighbouring tribes the wrath of heaven shall  
" And all due honours to thy memory show; [know, 465  
" Altars shall smoke with incense to thy praise,  
" And solemn festivals thy glory raise;  
" While Palinurus, with unchanging name,  
" Throughout all ages shall the dead proclaim." 470  
She ceas'd: the promise that the land should bear  
His name through future times consol'd his care.



Soon as, advancing through the silent trees,  
The Trojan chief the surly boatman sees,  
Chiding he cries, "Who here in arms appear! 475  
"Who iron war through shadowy regions bear!  
"Here sable night outspreads her gloomy wings,  
"And drowsy sleep, her dull companion, brings.  
"That Charon's boat with earthly freight should swim,  
"Great Dis forbids: and who contends with him? 480  
"Much I repent me, that, beguil'd of yore,  
"I ferried great Alcides from the shore:  
"Theseus, Pirithous, unwelcome came,  
"Though sprung from gods, and of unconquer'd fame.  
"With impious hand Alcides dragg'd away 485  
"The guard of hell, at Pluto's feet that lay:  
"Whilst these again, with greater daring, tried  
"From the dread king to tear his trembling bride."  
"Be calm," th' Amphrysian prophetess replies,  
"No plots are ours, no arms terrific rise. 490  
"For us hell's guardian through eternal years  
"May bark alarm to bloodless shadows' ears:  
"For us secure chaste Proserpine may sleep,  
"And, uninvaded, Pluto's threshold keep.  
"Trojan Æneas, whose unblemish'd fame 495  
"Gives worth to valour, and enshrines his name,  
"To these dark realms of Erebus has made  
"This deep descent, to greet his father's shade.  
"If filial love and pious duty fail,  
"Nor may with thee, uncourteous god, prevail; 500  
"Behold this branch, to which thy soul must yield:"  
She rais'd her robe, and show'd the gold conceal'd.



Lull'd by the charm, his passion sank to rest,  
No more with fury heav'd stern Charon's breast;  
Long had he wish'd to see that branch, and now 505  
He gaz'd with wonder on the sacred bough.  
The oars revers'd with rapid motion turn  
Back to the edge his vessel's dusky stern;  
Then straight the god ejects the shadowy throng,  
Rang'd the dark hatches' gloomy seats along, 510  
The benches clears, and, ere the bank he leaves,  
The great Æneas in the boat receives.  
Slow on its way the fragile vessel goes,  
Through opening chinks the oozy water flows,  
The timbers groan, till on the further strand, 515  
'Mid the green weeds, the chief and sibyl stand.  
His triple jaws extended, Cerberus lay,  
Rous'd the still realms, and held the shades at bay.  
Soon as the dog advancing forms descries,  
On his rough neck the hissing serpents rise; 520  
The Cuman priestess, with redoubled haste,  
Casts at his feet the medicated paste;  
The shaggy guard the fragrant odour pleas'd,  
Three gaping jaws the proferr'd morsel seized;  
His reeling limbs the potent drugs enslave, 525  
He falls, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.  
The guard asleep, Æneas pass'd the gate,  
And held his way through Pluto's awful state.  
Bold was his heart, which view'd without concern  
"That bourne from whence no travellers return." 530  
Soon as their steps the gate of ghosts draw near,  
Low wailing cries are murmur'd on the ear,



Of babes, that smil'd upon their mother's breast,  
But, pining, wasted as her lips caress'd.  
Next, they who guiltless life's sweet pleasures left, 535  
By unjust sentence of that life bereft.  
Minos, impartial, o'er the urn presides,  
Reviews their sentence, and their fate decides;  
And, as the lot each shadowy name selects,  
The trembling spirit to its seat directs. 540  
Here, round the judge, a gloomy concourse stand,  
Rash victims of their own impatient hand;  
Dull lower'd to them the cheerful light of day,  
And life was thrown in sullen hour away.  
How long they now or in that light to bear 545  
Grim pinching want, or hardest labour share!  
But fate forbids, and Styx, whose hateful tide  
Nine times circumfluent turns bright hope aside.  
Not far from hence, upon a mournful plain,  
Souls of the sad, such name they bear, remain; 550  
In life, neglected love had bruise'd the heart,  
And now they roam through myrtle groves apart.  
Here Phædra o'er her murder'd stepson griev'd,  
With Procris slain by Cephalus deceiv'd;  
Here Eriphyle to the view display'd 555  
The wounds Alcmaeon in his anger made;  
Laodamia, in the cold embrace  
Of her lov'd lord expiring, sought the place;  
Her strong affection fond Evadne show'd;  
And still Pasiphaë with passion low'd; 560  
While Cænis to her former shape returns,  
And with a hero's fire no longer burns.



Here, too, still smarting from the wound of love,  
Does Dido wander through the spacious grove;  
Her form half hid, as when the traveller sees 565  
The rising crescent through o'ershading trees.  
Æneas knows, and calls the mournful queen,  
Love in his tones, and sorrow in his mien:  
" True were the tidings then, by rumour spread,  
" That thou, O too confiding queen, wert dead. 570  
" And I that death have caused: but here I swear,  
" By the bright stars that hang in liquid air,  
" By the just gods, in heavenly courts that reign,  
" And by these realms, if faith in hell remain,  
" Not without grief I left the Libyan strand, 575  
" When Jove compell'd me by his stern command;  
" As now his will impels my feet to go  
" Through Night's dark kingdoms, and the realms of woe;  
" Nor could I think, when I Italia sought,  
" Such grief to thee those parting hours had brought. 580  
" Stay, queen, by me still fondly lov'd, for why  
" Should Dido's spirit from Æneas fly?  
" Stay, Dido, stay!—henceforth we meet no more,  
" In mortal shape, or on this shadowy shore."  
'Twas thus her soul to soothe Æneas tried, 585  
While she with stern regard the Trojan eyed.  
Loathing his sight, unmov'd behold her stand,  
Like the deaf rock upon a sea-lash'd strand.  
At length she turn'd, but still with hostile thought,  
And the deep shadow of the woodland sought, 590  
Where he who first her virgin love had gain'd  
Sigh'd with like care, and equal love retain'd.



Keen was the grief that on Æneas prey'd,  
And sad his tears to injur'd Dido's shade.

And now, their way resum'd, they reached the plain,  
Where earth's great chiefs in gloomy state remain. 596  
With Tydeus, at Parthenopæus' side,

Adrastus stood, as when the siege they tried;  
Pale was the Argive's noble shade, and told  
The stout resistance of the Thebans bold. 600

Here stood the Trojans whom their friends had wept,  
And still the memory of their valour kept.

Deep groans Æneas, as the shadowy throng  
Flits voiceless and impalpable along,  
Great Medon, and Thersilochus the brave, 605

With Glaucus, whom the old Antenor gave,  
And vainly hoped one arm might Ilium save.

In fancy still the car Idæus guides,

And Polybætēs at the shrine presides.

And while around the chief the shadows stand, 610  
Still gaze unsatisfied the spectral band.

But when the leaders of the Græcian host,  
Atrides' glory and Mycenæ's boast,

Beheld the Dardan hero's waving plume  
And polished armour flashing in the gloom, 615

Fear smote their hearts: part fled as when before  
They sought their vessels on the Phrygian shore;

Part in a feeble voice of wonder cried,  
But in their throats the empty murmur died.

Here stood Deïphobus, thy injur'd shade, 620

A mangled corse by Menelaus made,

Lopp'd of each hand; whilst shorn of both its ears,

A hideous mass the shapeless face appears



Trembling he gaz'd, and as he strove to hide  
His wretched form, the good Æneas cried: 625  
" Say, brave Deiphobus, what cruel foe  
" Mangled the fallen with a coward's blow?  
" On that last night, when Ilium sank in flame,  
" To me the tidings of thy valour came,  
" That thou, where lay of Greeks a slaughter'd heap,  
" Hadst, like a warrior, sought a warrior's sleep. 631  
" To thee a tomb on Rhætium's shore I made,  
" And thrice in accents loud invok'd thy shade.  
" Long shall the place, heroic chieftain, serve  
" Thy name to publish, and thine arms preserve. 635  
" And had thy body above earth been found,  
" These hands had laid thee in thy country's ground."  
" Well has thy love all pious service paid,"  
In voice scarce audible sighed forth the shade.  
" 'Twas Troy's fair pest, conjoin'd with adverse fate, 640  
" Left these dire monuments of Græcian hate.  
" How our last night in revelry was spent,  
" 'Twere vain to tell, and vainer to lament;  
" How with the sounds of mirth our dwellings rang,  
" When o'er our walls the fatal courser sprang, 645  
" Pregnant with arms: then Helen wav'd the flame,  
" And Trojan matrons in wild orgies came.  
" Drowsy within the bridal walls I lay,  
" Worn with the cares and struggles of the day;  
" Sweet was the quiet; and my slumber deep, 650  
" As when death's image is portray'd in sleep.  
" Corslet and sword, meanwhile, my famous bride  
" Conceal'd, or hurried from the slumberer's side,



“ While Menelaus, through the open gate  
“ By her admitted, seal’d the doom of fate. 655  
“ So might, she thought, the treachery regain  
“ His fond approval, and remove her stain.  
“ In rush’d the band, and, shouting all the time,  
“ The stern Ulysses cheer’d them to the crime.  
“ Ye gods, like miseries to the Greeks repay, 660  
“ If pious lips may now for vengeance pray!  
“ But say what chance may living warrior bring  
“ To these sad realms of Hades’ awful king.”

Now had Aurora, since the purple dawn,  
Climb’d heaven’s high arch, by roseate coursers borne,  
When thus the sibyl: “ Night with dusky plume’ 666  
“ Descends, while we the day in vain consume.  
“ Behold the spot, from whence on either side  
“ Before our feet two different paths divide:  
“ This to the right, ’neath Pluto’s brazen gate, 670  
“ Leads to the happy in their blissful state;  
“ By that the steps to Tartarus’ depths descend,  
“ Where earth-born crimes in penal tortures end.”  
“ Thy wrath, dread priestess,” sighed the shade, “restrain,  
“ I turn to tread those silent plains again. 675  
“ Do thou, the glory of our race, proceed,  
“ Where the just gods have nobler fame decreed.”

He ceas’d, to fate resign’d, and as he ends,  
His mournful steps to sunless regions bends.

Awe-struck, Æneas sees with wond’ring eyes 680  
Huge walls in triple strength defiant rise;  
Round which fierce Phlegethon, with torrent flame,  
Roll’d rocks along, and thunder’d as it came.



Vast is the gate, and mortal strength defies,  
Of solid adamant the pillars rise; 685  
Of steel the tower that frowns upon the plain,  
Which heaven's artillery assaults in vain.  
In bloody robe th'avenging Fury kept  
That gate by day, nor in the darkness slept.  
Groans of the damn'd burst forth from 'neath the ground,  
Where scorpion lashes through the gloom resound; 691  
Whilst grating 'mid the horrors of the place,  
Loud clink the chains that captive limbs encase.  
Aghast the Dardan stood, and trembling said,  
"Why rise such wailings from the tortur'd dead?" 695  
To whom his guide: "No pious foot may dare,  
"O chief renown'd, that gate of woe draw near;  
"But when stern Hecate gave th'unwish'd for power,  
"To guard the forest on Avernus' shore,  
"To me each crime was in succession shown, 700  
"And all the punishments of hell made known;  
"How Cretan Rhadamanthus holds his seat,  
"And hearing punishes earth's foul deceit.  
"Whate'er through life the crafty may suppress,  
"In hell their baseness guilty souls confess; 705  
"Vain is the hope that earth-born crimes would hide,  
"When death has drawn the flimsy veil aside.  
"Tisiphone whirls round her vengeful thong,  
"With serpents girded, and affrights the throng;  
"And as her hand the hissing scorpion shakes, 710  
"Conscious of ill, each guilty spirit quakes.  
"Loud o'er their moans the Fury's voice you hear  
"Her blood-stain'd sisters to the torture cheer."



Lo! with harsh thunder as the gates unfold,  
Hoarse grating; "Now may mortal eyes behold      715  
"What monstrous form before the threshold lies,  
"Hell's hideous guard," the breathless sibyl cries.  
"There, where the pillars the dark porch enclose,  
"Its fifty heads a fiercer Hydra shows;  
"Thence twice as deep the dread abyss sinks down,      720  
"As hence the path to high Olympus' crown.  
"There groan within the lowest depths of hell  
"The giant brood from upper air that fell,  
"His fiery bolts when Jove all dreadful hurl'd,  
"And to its poise restor'd th'unbalanc'd world.      725  
"There the twin brothers of gigantic size,  
"The Aloïdæ, met my wondering eyes,  
"Who strove the pure empyrean to attain,  
"And hurl the Father from his ancient reign.  
"Salmoneus there bewails in cruel guise      730  
"His pride, which feign'd the thunder of the skies:  
"In godlike splendour borne upon his car,  
"Bright gleam'd his waving torch and blaz'd afar;  
"O'er arch of brass he lash'd the trampling steed,  
"To match, vain thought! the lightning's matchless speed.  
"His harness'd steeds with lordly prancings trod,      736  
"And wondering crowds ador'd the royal god.  
"While Elis' cities with the echo ring,  
"Great Jove confounds the madness of the king;  
"On high the Sire his flaming symbol whirl'd,      740  
"(No smoky torch like that Salmoneus hurl'd,)  
"Rent the thick cloud, the fiery vengeance sped,  
"Scorch'd up his bolt, and struck the thunderer dead.



“ There too I saw gigantic Tityon lie,  
“ From Terra sprung, who vainly sought to die;      745  
“ O’er nine wide acres was his body spread,  
“ Here stretch’d his feet, and languish’d there his head.  
“ Perch’d on his giant breast is seen to dwell,  
“ Whetting its crooked beak, the bird of hell;  
“ Throughout all time with fierce and greedy joy      750  
“ The vulture feasts, nor does the banquet cloy;  
“ Fruitful of pains his liver never dies,  
“ And still the feast the growing flesh supplies.  
“ Who of the lawless Lapithæ shall tell,  
“ Or on Pirithous and Ixion dwell?      755  
“ A rock above them vibrates in the air,  
“ And hangs, now falling, by a single hair.  
“ Gilded supports invite the weary head,  
“ Heap’d with rich viands is the banquet spread:  
“ Checking the hand the hungry wretch extends,      760  
“ O’er the full board the eldest Fury bends,  
“ High above all her fiery scorpions rears,  
“ And thunders words of chiding in their ears.  
“ Brothers who brothers in their earthly state  
“ Defied with fierceness, or pursued with hate;      765  
“ Who little reverence for their parents knew;  
“ Who round a friend the web of cunning threw;  
“ Who what for all the God of all affords  
“ Or wastes on self, or still more selfish hoards;  
“ Who by a husband’s jealous hand had bled;      770  
“ Who plundering hosts to unjust conquest led;  
“ Who gave the pledge of faith, then broke the vow,  
“ All these guilt’s fit return are waiting now.



“ Nor further seek their punishment to know,  
“ Nor what their miseries in the realms below. 775  
“ Some bound upon the ever-whirling wheel,  
“ Lash’d to the spokes eternal torture feel;  
“ Some panting heave the rugged rock amain,  
“ The rugged rock rolls thundering back again;  
“ The wretched Theseus pours his ceaseless moan, 780  
“ And thousand ages still shall hear the groan;  
“ While Phlegyas there ’mid fiercest torments cries,  
“ No temple violate, no god despise.  
“ That soul perverted justice stain’d with guilt,  
“ And blood of citizens unfairly spilt, 785  
“ Bribes from some tyrant’s loathsome hand receiv’d,  
“ His country sold, her confidence deceiv’d;  
“ And this, in violence to nature’s law,  
“ With lustful eyes a daughter’s beauty saw;  
“ All these, to crimes of darkest dye inclin’d, 790  
“ Work’d out the base corruptions of their mind.  
“ But though I own’d a hundred iron tongues,  
“ A hundred mouths, and adamantine lungs,  
“ Vain were the effort to assign a place  
“ To every crime, and every torture trace.” 795

Thus ran the awful virgin’s speech, and then  
She urg’d Æneas on to speed again.

“ Lo! there the iron walls of Pluto stand,  
“ Forg’d in their furnace by the Cyclops’ hand;  
“ With gates that swing beneath the lofty arch, 800  
“ Which fronts our footsteps on their onward march;  
“ This gate, so runs the fates’ decree, receives  
“ The bough that glitters with the golden leaves.”



Onward they speed, and with approving fate  
The leaflet glitters on the iron gate. 805

This done, their offering to the goddess made,  
They reach the groves that wave with blissful shade;  
Where happy souls, releas'd from earthly care,  
To verdant lawns, and bless'd retreats repair.  
In lucid arch the ambient air outspread 810

Glow with rich light, and gilds the hero's head;  
Bright is the sun that rules their cloudless day,  
Bright shines their evening star with silver ray.  
Some the glad day in friendly contests pass,  
Free from all envy, on the velvet grass; 815

Some sing glad strains of choral praise, and meet  
In tuneful measure with harmonious feet.  
The Thracian minstrel stands amidst the throng—  
He strikes—the strings sweet warbling notes prolong;  
With ivory bow commands the vocal lyre, 820  
And sweeps the chords with all a master's fire.

Warriors, high soul'd, in better ages born,  
Great Teucer's noble race, these plains adorn,  
Which Ilus and Assaracus enjoy,  
With Dardanus, first king of wealthy Troy. 825

Far off Æneas sees their arms, and there  
The empty chariots of the chiefs appear;  
Their spears stand fix'd though these no more they need,  
And through the lawns the steeds unharness'd feed.  
As when alive the chariots pleas'd their sight, 830  
The glossy coursers, and the armour bright,  
So now upon Elysium's happy plain,  
Like tastes they follow, like pursuits remain.



Glad pæans singing, rest on either hand,  
'Mid fragrant laurels an illustrious band; 835  
Where springs Eridanus, and through the grove  
Rolls with full stream, and seeks the realms above:  
Patriots who nobly for their country bled;  
Priests who a life of pure devotion led;  
Poets who Phœbus' sacred precincts trod, 840  
Tuneful in numbers, worthy of the god;  
Who useful arts for social life design'd;  
Who, earning, gain'd the love of all mankind:  
These in Elysium's brightest spot are found,  
Their brows with white and glistening fillets bound. 845  
With all she talk'd, but with Musæus most,  
Round whom in numbers crowd the phantom host:  
High o'er the rest the tuneful shade is seen,  
With aspect gentle, but with noble mien;  
Sweet was his song, though fram'd in early days, 850  
And all the spirits breath'd their airy praise.

“ Do ye, bright shades, and thou, sweet minstrel, tell,  
“ Where dwells Anchises 'midst the bless'd in hell.”  
To whom the bard: “ O'er verdant lawns we roam,  
“ And every grove affords a peaceful home; 855  
“ A spacious hall the flowery mead supplies,  
“ And mossy banks for softest couches rise.”  
Then shows how they the happy vale may gain,  
And from a height points out the shining plain.

E'en then within that valley's cool retreat 860  
The good Anchises held his wonted seat,  
Scanning with curious eye the souls that wait  
Again their summons to the earthly state.



With the first names the musing shade began,  
Then through a list of noble warriors ran : 865  
To his prophetic mind their line succeeds,  
Their race, fate, fortunes, manners, conduct, deeds.  
Dissolv'd in tears of joy the father stands,  
And tow'rd his son extends his shadowy hands:  
" At last I see thee: sweet it is to know 870  
" The strong affection that thy labours show.  
" 'Tis sweet those well-known features to behold,  
" And hear thy accents heard and lov'd of old.  
" The days I counted, and supposed thee near:  
" Thy footsteps answering to my thoughts appear. 875  
" Say, through what regions borne, what dangers past,  
" Thou com'st to meet thy father's shade at last.  
" How much I fear'd seductive Libya's joy  
" Might mar thy prospects, and all hope destroy."  
" 'Twas thy sad image, which would oft appear 880  
" In loneliest hours, that drew my footsteps here,"  
Æneas said; " e'en now our vessels ride  
" On the still bosom of the Tuscan tide.  
" O let these arms thy form encircling clasp,  
" Nor turn, blest shade, from fond affection's grasp." 885  
Thrice the vain effort to embrace was made,  
And thrice dissolv'd the visionary shade;  
Like some light breeze impalpable that sighs,  
Or winged dream that in conception dies.  
Meanwhile, Æneas in a valley sees, 890  
Where gentle whispers murmur through the trees,  
And Lethe's stream winds round their peaceful home,  
Light shades of countless tribes and numbers roam;



As when the bees on some bright summer's day  
Through verdant meads and flowery odours stray, 895  
Or deep within the snow-white lilies dive,  
Till the plain echoes with the buzzing hive.  
Much was the chieftain at the sight amaz'd,  
The cause demanding as he wondering gaz'd:  
"What stream is this so silent glides along,— 900  
"Why on its margin flits yon shadowy throng?"  
To whom his sire: "These are great souls that wait  
"Again their summons to the earthly state;  
"And here deep draughts they drink from Lethe's stream,  
"Whence all that's past may but a vision seem. 905  
"E'en now I wish'd before your eyes to place  
"These future heroes of the Dardan race;  
"So shall Ausonia's harbour reach'd at last  
"Seem full reward for toils and dangers past."  
"Shall hence great spirits seek the light of day, 910  
"Again to dwell in tenements of clay?"  
Æneas ask'd; "can these in truth, O sire,  
"The dull constraint of mortal life desire?"  
Anchises then: "Such doubts no longer raise,  
"But mark the secrets that the shade displays. 915  
"Through all the mighty scene that meets the eye,  
"Earth's wondrous frame, the still more wondrous sky,  
"The liquid plains of the cærulean deep,  
"The moon and stars that nightly vigil keep,  
"Through all pervades one universal soul, 920  
"The great First Cause that animates the whole.  
"Thence birds that tuneful through the still air glide,  
"Thence the mute fish that parts the silver tide,



“ Thence beasts that graze the plain, derive their birth,  
“ And man that walks and reasons on the earth. 925  
“ The principle of life in all the same,  
“ The subtle influence of th’ ethereal flame;  
“ But the dull body which that life contains,  
“ Weighs down the spirit with its grosser chains.  
“ The marks of various passions hence appear; 930  
“ Men grieve, rejoice, now covet, and now fear;  
“ And bound in that dark tenement of clay  
“ Look not to regions of more glorious day.  
“ Nay, when the earth they quit, e’en then the stain  
“ Of earthly guilt will in the soul remain, 935  
“ And the foul taint of some defiling sin  
“ Retains its painful gloomy hold within.  
“ And hence the gods fit penalties prepare  
“ For crimes engender’d in the upper air:  
“ Some in the blast their expiation find, 940  
“ Cleans’d by the free and purifying wind;  
“ Some in the wave that constant o’er them flows;  
“ Whilst the hot flame burns out the stain of those.  
“ Each bears his torment, till revolving years  
“ Wipe out all guilt, all weakness disappears, 945  
“ And the free soul, unclogg’d by brute desire,  
“ Shines the pure symbol of ethereal fire:  
“ And bless’d are they, by gods receiv’d, who gain  
“ These blissful mansions on Elysium’s plain.  
“ Then when a thousand years have pass’d below, 950  
“ Fate calls the rest where Lethe’s waters flow;  
“ That draught blots out of former ills the trace,  
“ And each stands ready for his earthly race.”



Straight to the centre of the shadowy throng  
He led the sibyl and the chief along, 955  
And from the summit of a rising ground  
Describ'd each spirit as it murmur'd round.  
" Behold the chiefs renown'd of deathless fame,  
" The mighty heroes of our Dardan name:  
" All these bright crowns of civic glory wait, 960  
" Or martial splendour, and enshrine thy fate.  
" That youth who leans upon his burnish'd spear,  
" To light restor'd must first on earth appear;  
" Italia's blood flows mingled in his veins,  
" And in the son the father's soul remains. 965  
" To thee, now old, this child Lavinia bears,  
" (Sylvius, his name, his sylvan birth declares,)  
" Himself a king, and father of a line  
" Who long with royal grace in Alba shine.  
" Procus the fam'd, and Numitor, are near, 970  
" Capys, and Sylvius, who thy name shall bear,  
" Like thee in piety and arms renown'd,  
" Though late the king of Alba Longa crown'd.  
" What noble front those youthful heroes show,  
" To aid the weak, to crush the haughty foe! 975  
" Their brows fresh wreaths of civic oak confine,  
" And they the founders of great cities shine.  
" Nomentum, Gabii, and Fidenæ bright,  
" Collatium frowning from its mountain height,  
" Pometia's walls 'midst marshy vapours damp, 980  
" Bola, and Coræ, and the Inuan camp;  
" Though now but wild neglected spots of earth,  
" Shall date from these, and own their Dardan birth.



“ Nay more, shall Mars’ true son adorn the line,  
“ Whose blood unites, Assaracus, with thine; 985  
“ Ilia shall bear him to avenge her sire,  
“ And Romulus shall burn with noblest ire. .  
“ See the twin crest upon his helmet nod,  
“ And Jove himself receive him as a god.  
“ From him shall Rome, advanc’d to high renown, 990  
“ Seven lofty hills with bristling turrets crown;  
“ And while the sons that from her bosom spring,  
“ Increasing glory to their country bring,  
“ By earth alone shall be her empire bound,  
“ In heaven the image of her greatness found. 995  
“ Majestic, as when Berecynthia takes  
“ Her crown of towers, and joyful progress makes  
“ Through Phrygia’s towns, and folds in her embrace  
“ A hundred sons, and all of heavenly race.  
“ Now turn thy gaze, and fix intent thine eyes, 1000  
“ Where thine own Romans in the distance rise.  
“ Here to the light the godlike Cæsar springs,  
“ The great first founder of a race of kings.  
“ Behold the prince in yonder shade appears,  
“ Foretold so often to thy wondering ears, 1005  
“ Cæsar Augustus, in his sire divine,  
“ In whom again the golden age shall shine;  
“ His righteous sway exalts fair Latium’s plain,  
“ The blissful seat of ancient Saturn’s reign.  
“ Further than Indus shall his rule extend, 1010  
“ Nor with the distant Garamantæ end;  
“ Beyond the pathway where the glorious sun  
“ From age to age his annual course has run;



“ Where, upon Atlas’ giant shoulder turns,  
“ The pole that bright with flaming planets burns. 1015  
“ Already Caspia’s kings foresee their fall,  
“ And ancient legends to their memory call;  
“ Amidst her snows Mæotia hears his fame,  
“ And Nile’s seven channels tremble at his name.  
“ Not through more countries did Alcides go, 1020  
“ When the dire Lerna trembled at his bow;  
“ Through Erymanthus’ woods when fled the boar,  
“ And brazen-footed stag on Elis’ shore.  
“ Nor he who harness’d tigers to his car,  
“ And wreath’d a vine-branch round the reins of war; 1025  
“ Who over Nysa’s heights triumphant rov’d,  
“ And men the planter of the vineyard lov’d.  
“ And ask we still how valour lifts her head,  
“ How virtue’s name by virtue’s deeds is spread?  
“ Or, by the chains of craven terror bound, 1030  
“ Doubt we our triumphs on Ausonian ground?  
“ What prince is that the sacred vessels bears,  
“ And peaceful wreaths on brow majestic wears?  
“ The hoary locks, the silvery beard I see,  
“ By mild restraint shall set the people free; 1035  
“ He Cures’ humble state unmov’d shall leave,  
“ The sovereign power at Roman hands receive,  
“ From founts of heavenly teaching wisdom draw,  
“ And fence his citizens with social law.  
“ Tullus Hostilius to the throne succeeds, 1040  
“ Who to the field his country’s cohorts leads,  
“ Dissolves the slumbers on her lids that lie,  
“ Bids the sword glitter, and the eagle fly.



“ Next him in order, Ancus Martius reigns,  
“ Too prone to court the favour which he gains. 1045  
“ Or would you see, where Tarquin’s haughty soul  
“ Yields to the storm, e’en kings may not control,  
“ Pursued by Brutus, whose avenging ire  
“ Impels the patriot, but forgets the sire.  
“ The axe his courage to the people brought, 1050  
“ First in his son its erring victim sought:  
“ So vast the sacrifice for freedom made,  
“ Such costly price the early Roman paid!  
“ Ill-fated father! whom, in after-time,  
“ Some laud for virtue, some accuse of crime, 1055  
“ Well did thy spirit then the anguish bear,  
“ To free thy country, and her glories share.  
“ Behold the Decii, with their triple fame;  
“ And Drusi glorying in their foreign name.  
“ Torquatus there his Gallic collar wears, 1060  
“ His stern right hand the fatal fasces bears:  
“ And there Camillus, in triumphant car,  
“ Brings back Rome’s standards, and restores the war.  
“ Behold those shades that in like armour shine,  
“ Their country one, and one their kindred line. 1065  
“ Let these to earth from Night’s dark womb return,  
“ And mark their souls with rival fury burn.  
“ From Alps’ rude mountains, and Monacus’ height  
“ Descends the sire, and challenges the fight,  
“ Whose marshall’d legions on the plain display 1070  
“ Their gorgeous arms in disciplin’d array.  
“ O, let not rage to deeds so dire proceed,  
“ Nor on thy country’s life-blood, Roman, feed!



- “ Do thou, my son, more heavenly virtues show,  
“ And, nobly yielding, civil strife forego. 1075  
“ Triumphant this the capitol ascends,  
“ When haughty Corinth to the victor bends;  
“ This Argos vanquishes, which Troy o’erthrew,  
“ And slays the sons whose sires the Dardans slew.  
“ Subdu’d a new Æacides shall lie, 1080  
“ And fierce Achilles in his children die;  
“ Pallas confess her deity appeas’d,  
“ And with the offering Hector’s shade be pleas’d.  
“ Who would not Cato’s godlike virtue sing,  
“ And him who triumph’d over Veii’s king? 1085  
“ What tongue that would not of the Scipios boast,  
“ Twin thunderbolts to fall on Libya’s coast?  
“ Or shall the Gracchi’s name remain untold,  
“ With good Fabricius, unsubdu’d by gold?  
“ Or great Serranus, who, from humbler toil, 1090  
“ Replumes Rome’s eagle, and divides the spoil?  
“ Why on my vision do the Fabii throng,  
“ Forcing my voice, already weak, along?  
“ And thou, the greatest, who, by wise delays,  
“ Shalt check proud Carthage, and thy country raise?  
“ Others, perchance, with more creative art, 1096  
“ May make the marble into being start,  
“ Or warmer life to molten brass impart;  
“ With eloquence defend or mar the laws,  
“ Amid the thunders of a crowd’s applause; 1100  
“ On the wide sphere the heavenly bodies trace,  
“ And watch the planets through unbounded space.  
“ Be thine the art, O Rome, the nobler skill,  
“ Mankind to bend to thy majestic will;



“ With gentler sway disperse the gifts of peace, 1105  
“ To the mild captive bid the conqueror cease :  
“ Oppos’d, awake with valour’s sterner soul,  
“ War to the proud, and to the world control.”

He paus’d, then added to their wondering ears,  
“ Behold, who, cloth’d with warlike fame, appears; 1110  
“ Proud is the step with which the conqueror goes,  
“ High rais’d o’er all his martial figure shows :  
“ His fiery steed tumultuous ranks withstands,  
“ And quail before him Afric’s humbled bands;  
“ Beneath him Gaul’s redoubted leader falls, 1115  
“ And the rich spoil adorns the temple’s walls.”

To whom Æneas :—for his eye was bent  
On one who with the great Marcellus went;  
A boy, whose lustrous beauty charmed the sight,  
His carriage graceful, and his armour bright; 1120  
Yet youth and grief had there familiar grown,  
“ And melancholy mark’d him for her own : ”—  
“ What youth is that the hero’s steps attends?  
“ His son, or one who from that son descends?  
“ How strong his likeness to the elder shows! 1125  
“ How crowd the young around him as he goes!  
“ Yet o’er his form a gloomy pall is spread,  
“ And night’s dark shadow settles on his head.”

To whom his sire, while tears his anguish show :  
“ Seek not your people’s deeper griefs to know; 1130  
“ His youth to man shall envious fate display,  
“ To shine, and pass like meteor light away.  
“ Too vast the height imperial Rome might gain,  
“ Should such pure virtue as her own remain :



“ And ye, O gods, who gave the gift to man, 1135  
“ Perchance with envy would her greatness scan.  
“ What wails of sorrow from the Campus rise,  
“ Where cries of multitudes invade the skies!  
“ What funeral pomp deforms the Tyber’s side,  
“ Past the fresh tomb where mournful waters glide!  
“ No youth again of Dardan blood shall raise 1141  
“ In Roman hearts such hopes of godlike praise,  
“ The land of Romulus no more aspire  
“ Such son to hail, or sprung from such a sire.  
“ O for that piety, that faith so bright, 1145  
“ That arm that ne’er had yielded in the fight,  
“ Whether on foot he led his country’s ranks,  
“ Or dash’d the metal in his charger’s flanks!  
“ Ah, hapless youth! canst thou but fate’s decree  
“ Prevail to turn, thou shalt Marcellus be. 1150  
“ White lilies here, funereal offerings, bring,  
“ And purple roses of the breathing spring:  
“ The fading flower may fond affection prove,  
“ Though frail memorial of undying love.”  
    ’Tis thus, Anchises leading, they survey 1155  
Those airy realms of unsubstantial day;  
Then, when his lips had told each shadow’s name  
And roused Æneas with the hopes of fame,  
Before his eyes his words prophetic bring  
The Latin people, and Laurentum’s king; 1160  
What wars the settlers on their coasts must wage,  
What toils endure, and with what tribes engage,  
    Two gates there are: transparent one with horn,  
The next the ivory’s polish’d bars adorn;



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Through that true visions wander forth to earth, 1165  
False dreams fantastic hence derive their birth;  
And through the last Anchises sent the pair,  
His words complete, to seek the upper air.  
Æneas turns, his anxious friends to meet,  
Then to Caieta's harbour steers his fleet: 1170  
The anchor from the prow the sailor heaves,  
The sandy shore the lofty stern receives.



## NOTES TO BOOK VI.

Line 20. The grove was sacred to Diana only, the guardian of woods; the temple to her in conjunction with Apollo.

24. Cumæ was called "Chalcidica arx," because founded by a colony from Chalcis, in Eubœa. "Cumani ab Chalcide Euboica originem trahunt."—LIVY, viii. 32.

28. The temple was rather formed out of natural caverns in the rock than built upon it, and the sibyl's cave ran farther back from the interior of the temple. The temple itself was a vast cavern, or succession of caverns, the inmost of which formed the sibyl's chamber.

30. Androgeus, son of Minos, king of Crete, having been assassinated by command of Egeus, king of Athens, Minos made successful war upon the Athenians, and granted them peace only on condition of their sending annually seven youths and as many virgins to be devoured by the Minotaur.

43. Icarus, the son of Dædalus, accompanied his father in his flight from Crete, but, his wings giving way, fell into that part of the Ægean sea which afterwards bore his name.

75. The expression in Virgil is a very powerful one:

"Gelidus Teucris per dura cucurrit

"Ossa tremor."

"Their hard bones shivered."

And so Job:

"Fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake."

97. Alluding to the sanctuary in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, where the sibylline books were deposited, under the charge of fifteen persons of patrician birth.

105. This passage throughout uses terms applied to the breaking of an unruly horse to the will of his rider.

119. To increase the renown of his hero in finally overcoming all opposition, Virgil makes the sibyl enlarge the horrors of the Latin, by taking images from the Trojan war;—the Simois and the Xanthus



represent the Tyber and Numicus, and the Græcian settlement of Diomed is represented as retaining its ancient hostility to the Trojans.

186. "Reverent," "rite."

206. So called from his celebrity on wind instruments.

207. When Virgil was reciting his poem to Augustus, he is said to have come suddenly upon the unfinished line, "*Ære ciere viros*," and to have finished it thus, "*Martemqua accendere cantu*," in the inspiration of the moment.

210. "His was the hero's soul of fire."

"And his the bard's immortal name."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S *description of Fitzraver*.

246. The epithet, "*pinguis*," "fat," seems very happily chosen by Virgil to express the deep rich soil which often prevails in a woodland.

256. I have borrowed this expression of "*verdant gold*," by which Milton indicates the changing hues of green and gold in the scales of the serpent's neck, as best conveying the meaning of "*discolour*," the variegated colour produced by the lustre of the gold mingling with the green leaves of the tree.

263. "*Avidusque refringit cunctantem*." So eager was Æneas to obtain it, that, though it yielded to his hand, it seemed to sever from the trunk all too slowly for his impatient desire.

278. The corpse was usually laid out upon a couch, and covered with the richest robes the friends of the deceased possessed. On this couch it was also carried forth, and hence it received the name of "*feretrum*."

284. This part of the funeral ceremony was commonly performed by the nearest relative of the deceased, and always with the face averted.

289. A distinction was made between the libations to the celestial, and those to the infernal, gods. To the former were offered libations strictly so called, a few first drops from the cup; to the latter whole bowls were poured out.

295. These words were "*vale*," "*farewell*," thrice pronounced over the ashes of the dead; and "*ilicet*," i. e. "*ire licet*," "you may depart," addressed to the assembled crowd.

307. I think it is Burke who observes, "In this very sublime description the poisonous exhalation of Acheron is not forgotten, nor



does it all disagree with the other images among which it is introduced."

309. From *α*, not; and *opvis*, a bird.

312. Virgil here uses the word "invergit," instead of "fundit," because the sacrifice was to the infernal gods; and therefore the rim of the cup was turned perpendicularly down. If on this sudden splashing of the liquid on its brow the animal remained dull and motionless, without shaking the head and ears, it was considered a bad omen.

313. Before slaying the victim, the priest used to throw upon the fire of the altar a few hairs, plucked from the forehead of the animal, as a first-fruits to the gods.

314. This is said to have been done not by words, but by mystic sounds.

315. The bullock fell from a small axe being driven into the neck; this was done by the priest, or, as in this case, priestess herself; other attendants then cut the throat, and caught the blood in bowls. In later periods of Roman history, the first blow was given by an officer appointed for the purpose, called "papa."

318. Night being the shadow of the Earth, is called her sister. Virgil also terms her the Mother of the Furies, as giving birth to the hideous conceptions of troubled dreams.

323. "Viscera" means frequently the whole carcase when the skin is stripped off; hence Livy uses the word "visceratio" for a largess of uncooked meat given to the people.

360. The elm is selected as encouraging sleep by its murmuring shade; and its bearing no fruit is taken as indicative of the empty nature of dreams.

435. Some, by altering the stops, make this passage stand thus: "Apollo deceived neither you nor me: a god pushed me over the side, and so I fell." Others, retaining the stops, according to the text I have used, read, "No god plunged me in the sea, it was Phorbus." I prefer the interpretation I have suggested, that Palinurus in his drowsy dreaming state thought he fell by accident.

466. A promontory so called.

489. Apollo was called the Amphrysian shepherd, because, when banished from heaven by Jupiter, he kept the flocks of Admetus, king of Thessaly, by the river Amphrysus.

522. Of honey and poppy-seeds.



531. According to the doctrine of the Platonic philosophy, we are here first introduced to the spirits in purgatory, which are afterwards explained by Anchises to be suffering each his own expiatory punishment before admission into the Elysian fields. The wailing of the infants must be considered rather as the natural expression of infant weariness at being separated from their mothers' breasts, than as a cry arising from actual suffering. Next to them, in the mildest state of purgatorial discipline, are very properly placed those whose lives have been unjustly forfeited.

538. I think this is the true interpretation of v. 431,

“Nec vero hæ sine sorte datæ, sine iudice, sedes.”

Not even these positions in purgatory are assigned without a strict and impartial review of their earthly accusation and sentence.

542. As Virgil, under the name of Iöpas, at the conclusion of the First Book, is supposed to intend Lucretius, so here he is thought to have in his mind the untimely death of that poet by his own hand at Athens.—KEBLE, in his *Prelections*.

553. The daughter of Minos, and wife of Theseus, who accused her stepson, Hippolytus, to his father, of attempts upon her person, and so caused him to be slain; subsequently she hung herself in remorse.

554. One day, as from motives of jealousy she approached her husband, Cephalus, asleep in the shade, he, supposing it was some wild animal, cast a javelin, and slew her.

555. Through her treachery, her husband, Amphiaraus, was discovered by Polynices, and forced to accompany him to the Theban war, where he perished; for which she was put to death by their son, Alcmaeon.

557. Wife of Protesilaus, one of the first Græcian princes who fell before Troy. She obtained permission from the gods once to see her husband's spirit, and expired in its embrace.

559. She burnt herself upon her husband's funeral pyre.

560. Had been in life enamoured of a bull.

561. Obtained from Neptune the power of changing herself into a man, and fought against the Centaurs, but after death resumed her former sex. She is placed here as having been the victim of Neptune's forceful love.

583. After death, the spirit of Æneas, as a warrior, would be placed in another part.



594. For some excellent remarks on the character of Æneas, as shown in his intercourse with Dido, the reader is referred to Professor Keble's 36th Prelection, vol. ii., pp. 724, 725. I do not imagine it will be easy to produce anything so finely imagined as this concluding scene in the character of Dido, the sublimity of her silence, the soft and womanly passion of her first attachment.

598. The siege of Thebes.

608, 609. One, the charioteer of Priam; the other, priest of Ceres.

646. Helen formed a procession as if in honour of Bacchus, and, waving the torch carried in those mysteries, gave a signal to the Greeks.

652. After the death of Paris Helen married Deïphobus.

682. So Milton characterizes the Phlegethon in enumerating the rivers of hell:

“Fierce Phlegethon,  
“Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.”  
*Paradise Lost*, II. 578.

714. “On a sudden open fly,  
“With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,  
“Th’ infernal doors; and on their hinges grate  
“Harsh thunder.”—*Paradise Lost*, II. 879.

719. “Sævior Hydra,” *i. e.* more fierce than the snake of Lerna, mentioned before, at the first entrance to the infernal regions.

720. It is the remark of Mr. Burke that “height is less grand than depth, that we are more struck by looking down from a precipice, than by looking up at an object of great height.” This, because in the one case terror is added, which is absent in the other: we do not feel any apprehension that the mountain will fall upon us, but we do feel alarm lest we fall from the precipice.

726. Otus and Ephialtes, sons of Neptune by Iphimedia, the wife of Aloeus, the son of Titan and Terra.

764. Having disposed of those who for blasphemy and rebellion against heaven are suffering the most terrible and signal punishments, the scene now changes to others in the same hopeless regions of the lowest hell, who having been guilty on earth of the worst and basest crimes against their fellow-men, were now to suffer the severity of pœnal, but, perhaps, (from the expression, “Inclusi



pœnam expectant,") not yet, in all cases, finally adjudicated retribution.

767. Strictly speaking, a friend in an inferior station of life, called by the Latins a Client, who trusted to his Patron for support, and whose connection was considered sacred by the Roman law: Patronus, si clienti fraudem fecerit, sacer esto.

769. In the text, "who gives no portion to his own;" and so in Scripture, "If any provide not for his own, he is worse than an infidel."

782. He had attempted to set fire to the temple of Apollo. It will be observed that his crime, as well as that of Theseus, was not an act of direct rebellion against the authority of the king of heaven, as was the conduct of those who were particularized before.

795. "Does Virgil assign cripples and idiots as well as tyrants to Tartarus? Does he say that a great genius and handsome face, as well as a pure heart, are the passports to Elysium? No: Virgil was too good a man to injure the cause of virtue, and too wise to shock common sense by so preposterous a distribution of rewards and punishments. The impious, the unnatural, the fraudulent, the avaricious, adulterous, incestuous persons, traitors, corrupt judges, venal statesmen, tyrants, and the minions of tyrants are those whom he dooms to eternal punishments. And he peoples Elysium with the shades of the pure and the pious, of heroes who have died in defence of their country, of ingenious men who have employed their talents in recommending piety and virtue, and of all who by acts of beneficence have merited the love and gratitude of their fellow-creatures."—Dr. BEATTIE'S *Essay on Truth*, Sec. 3, c. 2.

820. "Obloquitur;" the notes expressing tones almost as distinctly as the human voice.

828. The shaft of the spear was shod at the lower end with an iron or bronze spike, by which the spear was fixed erect in the ground.

838. As I am writing principally for the English reader, it is unnecessary to bring forward the reasons why, in the interpretation of this passage and the word "supernè," I have adopted the rendering of Servius. Professor Keble, who in his *Prelections* has enlarged upon the additional beauty which Virgil has given to his pictures by the judicious introduction of proper names, reminds us that the



Eridanus is here particularized, because on its banks the poet had often wandered, and there his fancy loved to dwell.

844. No mean lesson for the happier guidance of life might be learned from comparing these characters with those whom we have before seen consigned to the place of torture, because they *failed* in their *duties* to their *fellow-creatures*.

926.

“ His omnipresence fills

“ Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,

“ Fomented by his virtual power and warm’d.”

*Paradise Lost*, XI. 334.

The English reader will also call to mind the forcible and beautiful lines in Pope’s first Essay on Man (v. 259), in which the same thought is enlarged.

944. More properly “ tormentor,” some avenging dæmon, or his own guilty conscience. Through this milder state of purgatorial discipline even the good passed; the most eminent of whom remained permanently in Elysium, as Anchises himself; the rest returned to earth again.

Dr. Beattie, in his note on the 3rd Part, c. 2, of his Essay on Truth, observes: “ The souls of good men are re-united either with the Deity himself or with that universal spirit which He created in the beginning, and which animates the world; and their shades or ghosts enjoy for ever the pleasures and repose of Elysium. These shades might be seen though not touched: they resembled the bodies which they had formerly inhabited, and retained a consciousness of their identity, and a remembrance of their past life, with almost the same affections and character that had distinguished them on earth.” I am not clear whether he assigns to them any purgatorial discipline or not; it rather appears that he supposes them to attain their state of bliss at once. But from the text, where especially Anchises uses the first person, I am inclined to adhere to the interpretation I have given.

953.

“ A slow and silent stream,

“ Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls

“ Her wat’ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,

“ Forthwith his former state and being forgets,

“ Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.”

*Paradise Lost*, II. 573.



971. Æneas Sylvius, unjustly deprived of the throne till late in life.

976. Servius tells us that wreaths of the oak were chosen for those who saved the life of a Roman citizen, because by the fruit of the oak the life of man was in the earliest times supported.

986. Numitor, who had been driven from his throne by his brother Amulius.

1006. Alluding to the deification of Julius Cæsar, the adoptive father of Augustus, who hence bears in ancient inscriptions the title of Divi Filius.

1026. In allusion to the triumphant expedition of Bacchus through India. There are several towns of the name of Nysa sacred to this god. The one in India, where he was brought up, is here probably intended; from it he received the surname of Dionysius; the son of Jove, Διός, educated at Nysa.

1033. Numa Pompilius, who died upwards of fourscore years old, having reigned more than half that period.

1058. Three of this family, at different periods, devoted themselves to their country.

1059. Taken from Drusus, leader of the Gauls, slain by one of the family.

1060. He received his surname from "torquis," the collar which he stripped from a gigantic Gaul, slain in single combat. He also commanded his own son to be put to death for engaging the enemy, though successfully, contrary to orders.

1062. He had been banished, but, when the Romans had suffered a severe defeat from the Gauls, they recalled him; and, appointed dictator, he restored victory to the Roman arms.

1064. Cæsar, and Pompey, his son-in-law.

1071. Pompey's troops were collected chiefly from the East.

1074. In these two lines Anchises addresses the shade that is to be Julius Cæsar.

1076. L. Mummius, who triumphed over Achaia, and razed the city of Corinth.

1080. Argos is placed for Greece generally. Perseus, king of Macedonia, was led in triumph by Paulus Æmilius, who thus broke finally the power of Greece. Perseus is called the son of Æacus, in Propertius:

"Et Persen proavi simulantem vectus Achillis."



1085. Cornelius Cossus, the second who won the Spolia Opima since the founding of Rome.

1090. Quinctius Cincinnatus, surnamed Serranus.

1094. Quinctius Fabius Maximus, who broke the power of Annibal by his wise conduct of the war, in refusing to give him battle.

1110. Claudius Marcellus, who slew with his own hand Viridomarus, general of the Gauls.

1116. The Spolia Opima were placed in the temple of Jupiter Feretrius.

1150. At the pronouncing of this name, which Virgil, with delicate art, had never introduced through the whole of this, one of the finest passages of the whole Æneid, Octavia, the sister of Augustus, and mother of the young Marcellus, swooned away. The Emperor presented to the poet ten Sestertia (each Sestertium was equivalent to a thousand Sesterces, about 8*l.*) for every line.







## BOOK VII.

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THE arrival of Æneas in Italy; the reception of the Trojan ambassadors at the court of Latinus; the awakened wrath of Juno, and the introduction of Alecto; the death of the stag, and the rousing of the passions of the people; the declaration of war, and the muster of the various bands. It would seem, observes Professor Keble of this Book, as if the poet, conscious that he was about to rush into arms and bloodshed, lingered with regret amidst softer scenes.







## BOOK VII.

NURSE of Æneas, whose undying fame  
Lives on our shores, and gives those shores their  
Long shall the tribes who by Caiëta dwell [name,  
Point to thy tomb, and of thy virtues tell.

Soon as the mound its hallow'd dust receives, 5  
The Trojan fleet the mournful harbour leaves;  
The moon shines out, light gales lead in the night,  
And dance the waters 'neath the silvery light.

Slowly they coast Ææa's strand along,  
Where Circe trills her too persuasive song 10  
'Mid trackless groves, and in the gorgeous porch  
Burns the rich cedar for her midnight torch:  
Through the slight threads the rattling shuttle flies,  
Soft airs are breath'd, and notes seductive rise.

But now deep groans attest that fatal shore, 15  
The gaunt wolf howls, imprison'd lions roar,  
And, as dull night increasing empire gains,  
Chafe in their fury, and refuse their chains;

In sulky guise grim bears extended lie,  
And rears the boar his bristles in the sty. 20  
Guileless himself, the cup each warrior drank,  
Then rav'd in madness, or in stupor sank.



Cærulean Neptune watch'd the dangerous wave,  
And a strong impulse to the navy gave;  
On their full sails propitious pours the breeze, 25  
And drives each vessel through the boiling seas.

'Tis morn, beneath Aurora's saffron ray  
Glow's the wide ocean with the fires of day,  
Along the sky her flaming axle shines,  
And marks the firmament with golden lines; 30  
Lull'd is the breeze, the crested waves subside,  
The oar alone disturbs the sluggish tide.

Now, from the deck the Trojan prince descries  
Dark groves spread out, and lofty forests rise,  
Where, 'neath the bosom of the hanging wood, 35  
Majestic Tyber rolls his grateful flood:

Swift flow his waves, and mix'd with yellow sand  
Disgorge their burden on the Latian strand.  
Around the ancient stream a feather'd throng  
Through tuneful groves repeat their warbling song; 40  
Then, as through air their mounting pinions rise,  
Mellifluous music charms the listening skies.

Do thou, O Erato, the bard inspire,  
And breathe through all his soul celestial fire:  
Of Latium's earlier days the poet sings, 45  
The loves of heroes, and the strife of kings.  
Great deeds of war demand a loftier strain,  
And all Hesperia thunders on the plain.  
For age rever'd, in peaceful glory great,  
Then good Latinus rul'd the Latian state: 50  
From Faunus sprung, to whom Laurentum's maid  
In secret bower her virgin charms display'd;



The ancient Picus Faunus next precedes,  
And through dim ages to Saturnus leads.  
The son he hop'd life's eventide might cheer, 55  
To death had bow'd in manhood's earliest year;  
One only daughter liv'd, his home to grace,  
To wield his sceptre, and preserve his race.  
Her ripen'd charms had many a suitor brought,  
And wide Ausonia young Lavinia sought. 60  
Excelling all was noble Turnus seen,  
His suit supported by the partial queen;  
Turnus, who wore Rutulia's regal crown,  
Rich in ancestral and his own renown:  
But fate forbidding pour'd dire portents round, 65  
Howl'd in the blast, and shook the solid ground.  
Cloth'd with the awe religious fear commands,  
Within the court an aged laurel stands,  
By Phoebus lov'd, and hence the town receives  
Its name, Laurentum, from the sacred leaves. 70  
Here, strange to tell, a swarm of bees repair,  
Whose frequent buzzing fills the liquid air;  
Feet within feet the little insects twine,  
And hang as falls the cluster from the vine.  
Struck with the sight thus spake Laurentum's seer: 75  
"A foreign army draw to Latium near;  
"Their order'd files, as spread the bees, extend,  
"And like the bees our topmost towers ascend."  
Nay, while the altars burnt with fragrant wood,  
As by her sire the young Lavinia stood, 80  
It seem'd as if, ill-omen'd sight, there came,  
And play'd her form around, the lambent flame:



Through her bright tresses wreaths of fire entwine,  
And in the heat her gems refulgent shine;  
Involv'd in ruddy light her robe appears, 85  
And the red blaze around the palace bears.

"Strange is the sign," so priests prophetic sing,  
"And strange the tidings which these portents bring:  
"Renowned the maid shall live with prosperous fate,  
"While flames of discord wrap the Latian state." 90

Through the dark grove that 'neath Albana grows  
Exhaling foulest stench a river flows;  
And there the king approach'd the holiest shrine  
Of Faunus, chief of Latium's princely line.  
When signs of ill to trembling men appear 95  
Ænokia's people seek for counsel there;  
The victims bleed, the steaming odours rise,  
And on the outspread skins the prophet lies:  
This done, in visions of the silent night  
Strange sounds his ears, strange forms disturb his sight;  
His thoughts far off with heavenly spirits go, 101  
Or hold communion with the shades below.

In person here Laurentum's king repairs,  
Presents his vows, the wonted offerings bears;  
His knife one hundred fleecy victims slays, 105  
Whose reeking skins the couch of visions raise.  
Then while he sleeps this voice his ear assails:  
"Woe to my son if Latium's suit prevails!  
"No home-born prince shall in thy halls preside,  
"Nor fair Lavinia live Rutulia's bride. 110  
"A suitor comes, whose nobler race shall raise  
"Our Latian people to immortal praise;



“ Vanquish’d, the world shall crouch beneath their feet,  
“ And adverse poles in one wide empire meet.”

Not long the king his sire’s response conceal’d, 115  
And fluttering round the tidings fame reveal’d;  
What time the Trojan youth their wanderings end,  
Where the green banks to Tyber’s stream descend.

Stretched on the ground beneath the sylvan shade  
The Phrygian chiefs a warrior’s banquet made,— 120  
The faithful comrades of the prince of Troy,  
His veteran heroes, and his blooming boy.

Flat cakes of meal (’twas Jove the order taught)  
They heap with berries from the woodland brought:  
The fruits devour’d, yet still by nature press’d, 125  
The band the want of further food confess’d;  
Each forward hand the round flat biscuit takes,  
And daring jaws devour the wheaten cakes.

When lo! in sport the young Iulus cries,  
“ The meats devour’d, the trencher food supplies.” 130  
Not without awe the great Æneas heard,  
Charg’d with the fate of worlds, the careless word:  
“ All hail,” he cried, “ ye guardian gods of Troy,  
“ Rest shall ye here, and empire here enjoy.

“ Thus spake my sire: ‘ When on a foreign shore 135  
“ ‘ Their empty trenchers hungry bands devour,  
“ ‘ There thy first walls with gods propitious found,  
“ ‘ Sink the deep fosse, and raise the sheltering mound.’  
“ This was the dearth his mind prophetic saw,  
“ Here all our wanderings to conclusion draw. 140  
“ With dawn our comrades shall the plain survey,  
“ And each diverging hold his separate way;



“ Now to the feast the foaming wine restore,  
“ To Jove, eternal Jove, libations pour,  
“ And breathe to great Anchises’ shade a prayer,   145  
“ To bless his children with propitious care.”

Then, as green wreaths the hero’s temples grace,  
His voice invokes the genius of the place;  
The Nymphs that haunt the shores, and ancient Earth,  
Womb of the gods, a self-created birth;   150

With all the streams that fertilize the plain,  
And all that guardians of the waters reign,  
Great Jove he worships, god of Ida’s shore,  
And her whom Phrygia’s pious tribes adore;  
With solemn words implores primeval Night,   155

Whose wandering fires supply the solar light;  
Then breathes a prayer, whose earnest accents move  
The good Anchises and the queen of love.

He ceased: the sound of thunder in the air  
Thrice spoke great Jove attentive to his prayer,   160  
Whose hand aside the spangled curtain roll’d,  
And mark’d the firmament with lines of gold.

Now swift-winged rumour flies the camp around,  
Proclaims the tidings, and appoints the ground.  
Each heart at once the prosperous omen owns,   165  
Renews the banquet, and the goblet crowns.

Soon as upborne the glorious god of day  
Pours on the waking world his earliest ray,  
The Trojan youth, dispersing to explore,  
Approach the city, and survey the shore.   170  
Numicus’ fount here leaves the hillock’s side,  
And there the Tyber’s nobler waters glide;



Here too, 'tis thus returning parties tell,  
The Latin race, a warlike people dwell.  
One hundred leaders then Æneas chose, 175  
Whose ready speech with skill persuasive flows:  
These to the royal courts he bids repair,  
And round their temples wreaths of olive wear;  
Bear presents to the king who rules the land,  
Peace for themselves and for their friends demand. 180  
The chiefs depart, their prince remains to trace,  
With sunken fosse, the future city's place,  
Like some strong camp which, on contested ground,  
Is fenc'd with dyke and battlement around.

Approaching near the Trojan band descries 185  
Laurentum's towers and palaces arise;  
Before the city's walls a gallant train  
Tame the yok'd courser on the dusty plain,  
Challenge each other, and, with rival speed,  
Direct the car, or launch the quivering reed. 190  
When, lo! a horseman scours across the plain,  
His charger foaming, and with slacken'd rein,  
News to Laurentum's aged prince to bear,  
How chiefs, huge-fram'd, in foreign garb draw near.  
Straight are they usher'd by the king's command, 195  
To where his warriors round their monarch stand.  
One hundred marble shafts support the walls,  
Which gird with massive strength the royal halls;  
Rais'd on a hill, the lofty turrets frown,  
O'ertop the city, and its summit crown. 200  
'Mid the primeval forest's deep repose,  
In Picus' early days that palace rose;



And still the children from their fathers draw  
Mysterious thoughts, and reverential awe.  
Here would the chiefs in solemn conclave meet, 205  
And each successor to the kingdom greet;  
Here did the monarch from their hands obtain  
The ancient sceptre, and the right to reign;  
These halls a temple's sacred courts supplied,  
Where reverent priests on festal days preside, 210  
While round the carcase of the slaughter'd beast,  
At one long board, united elders feast.  
In long array ancestral figures stand,  
In cedar carv'd by olden sculptor's hand:  
Saturnus first, great founder of the line; 215  
And king Sabinus, father of the vine,  
E'en yet the hook, in earlier days his pride,  
With jealous care preserving at his side;  
These grouped round Italus the entrance fill,  
Where Janus looks with double aspect still; 220  
To whom, in course, the other kings succeed,  
Who, fearless champions, for their country bleed.  
There, from the pillars, spoils of armour hang;  
The axe that oft in thickest battle rang,  
Huge bars of gates, that show the victors' might, 225  
The car that bore the vanquish'd in the fight;  
The crested helm, the javelin, and the shield,  
With brazen prows that captur'd galleys yield.  
Here ancient Picus, fam'd alike to breed,  
And to his purpose bend the daring steed, 230  
One arm his wand, the left his target bore,  
And short the robe with purple stripes he wore.



With warm desire this monarch Circe eyed,  
Wav'd her gold rod, the poison'd cup supplied:  
By magic spell soft plumes enclose the king, 235  
And verdant purple shines upon his wing.  
Within such court, with sacred symbols deck'd,  
The king and chiefs the stranger guests expect;  
Then, as around th'ancestral throne they press'd,  
He thus with gentle words the band address'd: 240  
" Not unexpected come ye to our shore,  
" Your race well known, your fame oft heard before,  
" Ye Dardan chiefs: then here the purpose speak,  
" Impell'd by which your bands Ausonia seek.  
" Miss'd ye your course? or did some tempest sweep 245  
" The boiling billows, and disturb the deep?  
" Our stream ascended, anchor'd in our port,  
" You've sought the friendship of no churlish court.  
" Deem not we Latins shame our ancient blood,  
" Honest by force, and by compulsion good; 250  
" Our own free choice to what is right directs,  
" And Saturn's justice still his race respects.  
" Nay, though the chronicle be somewhat old,  
" Aurunce's fathers in our ears have told  
" How Dardanus to Thracian Samos went, 255  
" And thence his steps to Phrygian Ida bent;  
" Till by almighty Jove receiv'd on high,  
" He trod the golden pavement of the sky."  
He ceas'd: when thus Ilioneus begun:  
" O king, of Faunus' ancient race the son, 260  
" No tempest drave us from our course aside,  
" No star deceiv'd us as we cross'd the tide:



“ Not without purpose to your shores we came,  
“ Nor left we Phrygia with dishonour'd name.  
“ Ne'er did the sun from heaven's extremest line      265  
“ Through his wide range on state more glorious shine ;  
“ Great Jove we boast the author of our race,  
“ And Dardan blood to fount celestial trace :  
“ The prince who sent us claims like heavenly line,  
“ In virtues godlike as by birth divine.      270  
“ How fierce a storm from Argos swept the main,  
“ And pour'd its fury upon Ida's plain,—  
“ How, 'gainst our earth the wrath of heaven was hurl'd,  
“ Mars rag'd through all, and Discord shook the world,—  
“ E'en he has heard, who on earth's utmost side      275  
“ Dwells in the region of the frozen tide ;  
“ Or who, beneath the sun's all-scorching rays,  
“ In torrid Africa consumes his days.  
“ 'Scaped from this deluge that o'erwhelm'd our plain,  
“ Storm-toss'd long time upon the adverse main,      280  
“ We ask, slight boon, for Ilium's gods to share  
“ Jove's common gifts of water and of air.  
“ Deem not that loss to Latium's tribes we bring,  
“ Or hearts ungrateful bear to Latium's king ;  
“ Nor need Ausonia's children fear disgrace,      285  
“ Who Phrygia's exiles in their arms embrace.  
“ But does this peaceful wreath the warriors wear  
“ Excite contempt? then by our prince I swear,—  
“ By that right hand as ready to respect  
“ The rights of others as its own protect,—      290  
“ Full many a race renown'd for martial pride  
“ Have courted glory by our chieftain's side.



" 'Tis fate conducts us to Laurentum's plain,  
" Where Dardanus demands his home again ;  
" And Delos' priests with awful voice proclaim        295  
" Numicus' fount, and Tyber's sacred name.  
" To you these gifts Æneas offers, won  
" From burning Ilium, when our griefs begun :  
" This cup Anchises' pious hands would hold  
" Before the altars, bright with burnish'd gold ;        300  
" Of these insignia was our monarch proud ;  
" Adorn'd with these, his judgments aw'd the crowd ;  
" Through ages has this sceptre Phrygia sway'd,  
" By Troy's proud dames these royal robes were made."  
Thus spake the chief, as, rooted to the ground,        305  
Latinus stood, then roll'd his eyes around.  
'Twas not the vest's embroider'd blue they sought,  
His daughter's bridal dwelt in every thought ;  
Not to the sceptre was his gaze inclin'd,  
The words of Faunus had impress'd his mind.        310  
This seem'd the prince who, from a foreign land,  
Should share his throne, and gain Lavinia's hand ;  
Sprung from whose Dardan blood a royal line  
With martial splendour through the world should shine.  
" May heaven," he cries, " with smiles our purpose share,  
" And its own omens to completion bear !        316  
" No churlish heart the wish'd-for boon denies,  
" Nor may a king his kingly gifts despise :  
" He shall not want, while here Latinus reigns,  
" Or Ilium's wealth, or Phrygia's fertile plains.        320  
" Let him himself, in friendship's sacred name,  
" With trusting confidence our succour claim.



“ One royal princess in our palace stands,  
“ And heaven for her a foreign prince demands,  
“ Fate points to one of foreign birth to raise 325  
“ Laurentum’s children to eternal praise.  
“ And now, if aught of truth my mind foresees,  
“ Your Dardan chief fulfils great Jove’s decrees.”

    In lofty stalls three hundred coursers feed :  
From these he bids in broider’d trappings lead 330  
For every Trojan youth a shining steed.  
Swift o’er the plains like winged things they fly,  
Bright are their housings with the crimson’d dye,  
Down their sleek chests rich chains of gold descend,  
And in broad plates of burnish’d metal end ; 335  
Their sides refulgent blaze with yellow gold,  
And golden bits the struggling chargers hold.  
A car, whose gorgeous splendour awes the throng,  
By two ethereal coursers whirl’d along,  
Of those which Circe from the flaming sun, 340  
Her sire, by crafty artifice had won,  
Whose breath is kindled by the solar rays,  
He as a gift for Ilium’s prince displays.  
Swift on their steeds the-Trojan warriors spring,  
And in their train bright peace attendant bring : 345  
Deck’d in their gifts, and with their message cheer’d,  
Before their chief the chosen band appear’d.

    From her lov’d Argos now the queen of Jove,  
With sparkling train, resought the courts above ;  
Borne on the ambient air the goddess flies ; 350  
Encamp’d beneath the Trojan army lies ;



O'er far Pachynus' sea-encompass'd strand  
From fleecy cloud she views the joyful band;  
Fresh buildings rising cover all the ground,  
And busy labour wakes her cheerful sound: 355  
Wrath shook her frame, and grief transfix'd her breast,  
As thus she mus'd, and thus her thoughts express'd:  
" Still lives the race which royal Juno hates,  
" Still with Saturnia's war the Phrygian fates;  
" Still live the heroes at Sigæum slain, 360  
" The captive host redeem'd are free again;  
" A path through Ilion's burning walls was found,  
" And harmless fell the Græcian javelins round.  
" Methinks, or Juno's weakness is confess'd,  
" Or vengeance, wearied, slumbers in her breast. 365  
" Through stormy waves their trembling vessels flew,  
" 'Twas mine in vain the exiles to pursue.  
" In vain the tempest falls, the billows rage,  
" With ineffectual wrath the winds engage;  
" Syrtes and Scylla vainly prov'd their hate, 370  
" E'en vast Charybdis fail'd, subdued by fate:  
" Safe from the sea these Trojans reach the land,  
" My wrath despising on the Tyber's strand.  
" Mars, burning to avenge a single slight,  
" Destroy'd the Lapithæ in drunken fight; 375  
" Without compunction our eternal sire  
" Gave ancient Calydon to Dian's ire;  
" Yet not the Lapithæ nor Æneus' land  
" Deserv'd such vengeance at his sovereign hand;  
" Whilst I, who Jove's once dreaded consort reign, 380  
" Contend with mortals, and contend in vain.



“ Does heaven the anger of its queen despise?  
“ Then hell shall hear, and hell to vengeance rise.  
“ What though he must in final triumph reign  
“ A sceptred monarch o’er Laurentum’s plain? 385  
“ A people’s blood the costly price shall pay,  
“ And blazing harvests light the nuptial day.  
“ Bellona, maiden, waits thy bridal hour,  
“ And slaughter’d hosts are fair Lavinia’s dower.  
“ Not Helen only wrapp’d a world in flame, 390  
“ Nor sprang a torch alone from Priam’s dame.”  
She ceas’d, and anger burning in her mind,  
To lower earth her stately steps inclin’d.  
She call’d: Alecto answer’d to the sound,  
Where the dire Furies sat their sister round. 395  
Foul deeds of darkness are the fiend’s delight,  
The shameless outrage, and the lawless fight;  
Her sisters view her passion with dismay,  
And e’en stern Pluto, loathing, turns away:  
A thousand hideous shapes her visage takes, 400  
Hiss from her locks a thousand fiery snakes.  
Saturnian Juno thus her purpose spoke,  
And all the malice of the Fury woke:  
“ Daughter of Night, I bid thy gloomy power  
“ With task appropriate aid this hateful hour; 405  
“ Support, dread virgin, my insulted name,  
“ Lest mortal chief obscure celestial fame;  
“ Let not this chief Lavinia’s hand obtain,  
“ Nor peaceful settle on Ausonia’s plain.  
“ ’Tis thine to rend fraternal hearts with rage, 410  
“ And kindred urge with kindred to engage;



" 'Tis thine to homes the funeral torch to bear,  
" And goad the writhing inmates to despair;  
" A thousand plagues upon thy steps attend,  
" Their willing aid a thousand tortures lend. 415  
" Bid jealous rage the shield and sword demand,  
" Inflame the heart; and stimulate the hand."

Alecto straight her hissing locks anoints,  
With Gorgon poisons, and to Latium points  
Her course sublime; where, 'neath her palace dome, 420  
The queen Amata keeps her pensive home;  
Who now, with all a woman's hopes and fears,  
Lists to each tale, and trembles as she hears.  
From out her hair the fiend a serpent takes,—  
That hair entwisted with a thousand snakes,— 425  
Then 'gainst Amata hurl'd the hissing dart,  
Which shoots its poison to her inmost heart:  
With sudden frenzy all her bosom glows,  
And into wild dismay the palace throws.  
Unfelt the serpent glides beneath her vest, 430  
And pours a viper's spirit in her breast;  
Now round her neck the monster winds his fold,  
And seems a massive chain of twisted gold;  
Now like a fillet's fine extended thread  
Creeps down her limbs, or twines around her head. 435

When first the fiend with hellish purpose came,  
Intent on strife, and pour'd the subtle flame,  
Ere yet wild frenzy had o'erleapt control,  
And all the Fury shook the matron's soul,  
Her voice to King Latinus thus replies, 440  
In tones like those a mother's care supplies,



As one who o'er the maiden's fortune grieves,  
Nor undisturb'd a Phrygian son receives :  
" Must young Lavinia leave her parents' side,  
" To Trojan exiles yielded for the bride 445  
" Of him, who, soon as prosperous breezes play,  
" Will bear the maiden, as his spoil, away ?  
" O does not pity gentler feelings wake,  
" Or for the mother's, or the daughter's sake ?  
" Was it not thus a Phrygian wanderer came, 450  
" And bore to Ilium's towers the Spartan dame ?  
" Where is thy vow, by all Rutulia heard,  
" Thy country's welfare, and thy kingly word ?  
" If foreign prince must gain Lavinia's hand,  
" As fate appoints, and Faunus' words command, 455  
" To us, I ween, all nations aliens live,  
" Who no allegiance to our sceptre give ;  
" Nay, royal Turnus boasts a Græcian sire,  
" Nor fails in aught prophetic gods require."  
But when persuasion tried its power in vain, 460  
And hell's fell poison burn'd in every vein,  
By shame untrammell'd in the public ways  
The queen to all her frantic rage displays,  
To madness goaded by the hideous train  
Of phantoms crowded in her dizzy brain. 465  
As when some urchin plies his childish sport  
On the smooth pavement of a marble court,  
The boy his thong in circling motion keeps,  
The whirling box in answering circles sweeps,  
And beardless starers watch the plaything bound, 470  
Till their soul seems to join the dizzy round ;



So rag'd the queen, in wild career impell'd,  
And crowds her course with tumult fierce beheld.  
Nay, now, beneath religion's awful name,  
Fresh vows and rites the royal maiden claim 475  
Devote to Bacchus, and the destined bride  
The forest glades and mountain caverns hide.  
To thee, Lenæus, still in frenzied song,  
To thee she sings her youthful charms belong;  
For thee the maid the wild procession leads, 480  
And sacred tresses for thy altar feeds.  
Fann'd by the fiend swift spreads through all the flame,  
Till the like madness goads each furious dame.  
Clad in rude skins they wave the mystic spear,  
And with wild chants disturb the silent air. 485  
Raising aloft a blazing pine the queen  
Moves the weird centre of the frenzied scene.  
Strange fires her eyes distort, as on she roves,  
And sings Lavinia's and Rutulia's loves.  
Frantic she cried, "Ye Latian mothers, hear, 490  
"Aid to your queen and to a mother bear.  
"Unclasp the bands your flowing locks confine;  
"Join in our cares, and in our orgies join."  
They hear, and rush through howling groves along,  
As bacchanalian madness fires the throng. 495  
Then, when Alecto sees the poison'd mind  
To hell-born strife and lawless deeds inclin'd;  
Sees instant danger threaten Latium's crown,  
And all Laurentum in confusion thrown;  
The goddess straight her dusky pinions plies 500  
To where the towers of martial Turnus rise.



These Danaë erst, so chronicles relate,  
With settlers peopled from Mycenæ's state;  
And Ardea (Ardua once) gain'd high renown,  
But now the glory of its day was gone. 505  
There, 'neath his turrets' battlemented height,  
The warlike king confess'd the power of night.  
That other shape may hell's dark terrors hide,  
Alecto lays the Fury's form aside;  
Distorted limbs assume the gait of age, 510  
And furrow'd wrinkles mask the lines of rage;  
Filletts of wool confine her silver hair,  
Her brows a wreath of peaceful olive wear;  
Great Juno's aged Calybe she seems,  
Addressing Turnus in the voice of dreams: 515  
" Wilt thou this wrong, great chieftain, tamely bear,  
— " That Trojan colonist thy kingdoms share?  
" Vainly the hero in the battle stood,  
" Beauty the prize, the price the warrior's blood;  
" A wandering chief enjoys thy plighted bride, 520  
" And sits in splendour by the monarch's side.  
" By Latium mocked, for Latium peril life;  
" Go, slaughter 'Tuscans in the bloody strife.  
" Here, while soft slumber o'er thy senses steals,  
" By me her will the queen of gods reveals. 525  
" Rouse all Rutulia, sound thy call to arms,  
" Each warrior's soul the clink of metal charms.  
" Charge, charge this host, which on our Tyber's banks,  
" In proud security, extends its ranks;  
" Whose painted galleys ride upon the stream, 530  
" Whose lords the owners of the country seem.



“ The gods shall aid ; and king Latinus yield,

“ Or prove the power of Juno in the field.”

As thus she spake, the prince in turn began,  
While o'er his face the smile of triumph ran : 535

“ Think not by us unheard has been the tale,

“ That on our Tyber floats a Phrygian sail ;

“ Nor deem that Turnus, when it reach'd his ear,

“ Quail'd at the news, or felt a woman's fear,

“ They who before her ancient altar kneel, 540

“ Hail Juno's blessing on her champion's steel.

“ Good dame, the terrors which your mind engage

“ But speak the trembling impotence of age ;

“ And thus, amidst the mightier strife of kings,

“ With false alarm the cell-pent bosom rings. 545

“ To deck the image, and to guard the shrine,

“ Be thine the care : the deeds of battle mine.

“ Such holy rites best ancient dames engage,

“ The warrior's spirit swells with nobler rage.”

With scornful hate these words Alecto heard, 550

And all the fiend within her bosom stirr'd.

E'en while he speaks, fear shakes the monarch's heart,

His eye-balls with convulsive terror start ;

Such hideous shapes Alecto's visage takes,

So loud the hissing of the fiery snakes. 555

Then, as she roll'd her eyes, that gleam'd with flame,

She spurn'd him ere his struggling accents came ;

Twin crested serpents from her tresses rise,

Her lash resounds, and thus the Fury cries :

“ Behold the dame, whose mind vain fears engage, 560

“ And speak the trembling impotence of age ;



“ For whom, amid the mightier strife of kings,  
“ With false alarm her cell-pent bosom rings.  
“ Know’st thou these signs? through all the earth I roam,  
“ With Death and Discord from the Furies’ home.” 565  
Grim burnt the torch she held within her hand,  
And ’gainst the youth she flung the smoking brand.  
Pale terror o’er the trembling monarch came,  
A chilling sweat bedews his quivering frame;  
Each limb, each bone, the trickling cold receives, 570  
Rest flies his couch, and sleep his eyelids leaves.  
“ To arms, to arms!” the chief all furious calls,  
Loud swells the voice, and echoes through the halls:  
Fierce rise the passions that would mount the car,  
The cursed madness that delights in war. 575  
So, when beneath some cauldron’s brazen side,  
The crackling faggot stirs the bubbling tide,  
Crested with foam the swelling waters rise,  
And high through air the pitchy vapour flies.  
His words defiance to Latinus bear: 580  
The king commands, the people arms prepare:  
Swift flies the rallying cry throughout the land,  
“ Drive out the foe; for home unsheath the brand.”  
The prayer was breath’d, the frequent vow was heard,  
And warrior warrior to the combat stirr’d. 585  
Though Dardan bands with Latium’s hosts unite,  
Unaided, Turnus dares them to the fight.  
The favour manhood’s graceful vigour wins,  
Wakes martial ardour, as the strife begins;  
Warm beat the hearts that love their ancient kings, 590  
And wide the land with his own valour rings.



As thus for vengeance all Rutulia burn'd,  
The fiend her pinions to the Tyber turn'd,  
Where young Iulus chas'd the sylvan prey,  
Spread the light nets, and brought the stag to bay. 595  
To the keen hounds Alecto wafts the scent,  
Prone to all evil, and on strife intent:  
Swift speeds the dappled quarry o'er the plain,  
Swift fly the dogs, the gallant prize to gain;  
The peasants see, and ill conceal their ire, 600  
Small is the spark, but widely spreads the fire,  
High rear'd that noble stag his beamy head,  
And wide through air his branching antlers spread;  
Borne, yet a nursling, from his mother's side,  
By Tyrrheus' sons, he liv'd their father's pride: 605  
Tyrrheus, whose will the royal herds obey,  
Who rules the woodland with a monarch's sway.  
In mild obedience to the girl's command,  
The gentle beast would stoop to Sylvia's hand;  
Whilst she, fair maid, would spring's sweet flowerets take,  
And smiling garlands for his antlers make; 611  
Then to some fountain's mossy verge repair,  
Wash the soft stag, and comb his glossy hair.  
All day would he through lawn and copsewood roam,  
Then seek, as evening fell, his master's home; 615  
For well he knew the hospitable board,  
With choicest browse by gentle Sylvia stored.  
As young Iulus beat the woods around,  
The eager dogs this dappled monarch found,  
Where, 'neath the noon-day rays, he stopp'd to lave 620  
His glowing body in the crystal wave;



Now smoothly swimming with the running tide,  
Now idly basking on its verdant side.  
Burning with ardour, as the quarry flew,  
The trembling string the young Iulus drew; 625  
Swift to his aid the spiteful goddess came,  
Balanc'd the shaft, and fix'd the wavering aim:  
The whizzing arrow cut its liquid way,  
Then through his glossy side transfix'd the prey.  
The wounded stag collects his strength to fly, 630  
And seeks his home with agonizing cry:  
Pain in his look, his limbs suffus'd with blood,  
In almost speaking attitude he stood.  
Her breast fair Sylvia smote with open hand,  
Then, rous'd to anger, call'd the rustic band; 635  
Conceal'd the Fury in the thicket lies,  
And, urg'd by her, at once the band arise.  
This seiz'd a brand, fresh harden'd in the fire,  
A knotted club supplied another's ire;  
Each grasps the tool which first attracts his sight, 640  
Twirls the rude weapon, and enacts the fight.  
Loud Tyrrheus' cry bursts out, and sounds through all  
The hills; the hills roll back his warlike call;  
Whilst high in air his brawny sinews swung  
The ponderous axe with which the forest rung. 645  
But when Alecto, on the watch, observ'd  
What time the best her spiteful purpose serv'd,  
Perch'd on the summit of the herdsman's stall,  
Through the bent horn she sounds the shepherd's call.  
Plain, vale, and mountain, tremble at the sound, 650  
From rock to rock th' infernal notes rebound;



To Trivia's wave, though distant far it flows,  
The startling war-cry of the Fury goes;  
Loud on the Nar's white sulphur stream it fell,  
And reach'd Velino's springs, and shady dell. 655  
Young mothers, trembling, seiz'd their babes, and press'd  
The smiling infants closer to their breast;  
Where'er their ears those trumpet notes engage,  
Each rustic bosom feels a fiercer rage;  
Swift to the sounds wild native bands repair, 660  
And all rude weapons of the moment bear.  
As quickly arm the Trojans, nor delay  
To aid the young Iulus in the fray.  
Now steel-clad ranks extend in martial guise,  
Drawn swords leap out, and iron harvests rise; 665  
In the bright sunbeams blades refulgent shine,  
And spears spring up and flash in bristling line.  
E'en so at first, before the freshening breeze  
Swell the blue waves, and whiten on the seas;  
Then louder roars the blast, the billows rise 670  
With foaming crests, and thunder to the skies.  
There lies young Almon, stretch'd upon the plain,  
By Trojan archer number'd with the slain;  
On whom, his eldest and his favourite child,  
With honest pride, the stout old Tyrrheus smil'd: 675  
Before the lines the shaft its victim gain'd,  
Where the barb'd arrow in the throat remain'd;  
Lost were his accents in the gurgling blood,  
And life's slight breathings in the crimson flood.  
Then many a warrior's corpse is strew'd around, 680  
'Midst which is thine, O good Galesus; found,



E'en while thou striv'st to mitigate the strife,  
And spread the blessings of a peaceful life.  
Just was thy soul, if justice could prevail,  
And rich thy store, if wealth could aught avail;      685  
Five flocks are thine, where bleat the fleecy sheep,  
Five herds for thee Laurentum's herdsmen keep;  
A hundred ploughs obey thy wide command,  
Where groaning oxen till the teeming land.  
Soon as the turf the purple current stains      690  
And the pale corse deforms the peaceful plains,  
Th' exulting fiend imperial Juno seeks,  
And in proud tones her hellish triumph speaks:  
" See madly there the torch of discord glare;  
" And, hark! the shout of war disturbs the air! " 695  
" Now let them courtship's soft endearments seek,  
" Embrace as friends, of closer union speak;  
" Since Troy in arms 'gainst Italy hath stood,  
" And Dardan blades are red with Latian blood.  
" Nay, wider still, if heaven's great queen command,      700  
" I'll spread dire havoc through the smiling land."  
To whom the queen: " Enough of terror reigns,  
" The fraud succeeds, the cause of war remains:  
" The furious youth in mortal combat stand;  
" Chance drew the sword, but red is dyed the hand.      705  
" To such choice nuptials, such fair marriage rites,  
" The queen of love Laurentum's bride invites.  
" Great Jove, th' eternal ruler of the sky,  
" Forbids thee more through upper air to fly:  
" Thy task is done: be mine henceforth the care      710  
" To watch the fates which future hours prepare."



Alecto turn'd, and left the realms of light,  
Her course directing to the shades of night;  
And as her pinions on the air she spreads,  
The hissing snakes shoot forth their speckled heads. 715

In central Italy, renown'd of fame,  
(Vale of Amsanctus is the awful name,)  
'Neath lofty hills, a gloomy hollow lies,  
On either side wild howling forests rise;  
'Midst the steep rocks a foaming torrent roars, 720  
And down the glen with whirling eddy pours:  
Dark is the cave that yawns beside the stream,  
Whose mouths th'insatiate jaws of Pluto seem;  
And when the swarthy tyrant pants beneath,  
Through the stone channels winds his lab'ring breath. 725  
Horrid and dim its sullen depths appear,  
Hell looks as if 'twere rent asunder here:  
Its vast profound conceals the fiend from sight,  
Earth smiles again, and heaven resumes its light.

O'erjoy'd, meanwhile, great Jove's celestial queen 730  
Puts the last finish to the fatal scene.  
A band of shepherds to the town repair,  
And the young Almon's wounded body bear:  
On high Galesus' gory head they raise,  
Demanding vengeance, and declare his praise. 735  
Nor fails Rutulia's monarch to proclaim  
The galling evidence of Latium's shame;  
How foreign bands their fathers' lands divide,  
Pollute their hearths, and claim the plighted bride.  
The youth—whose mothers through the woods advance,  
Amata leading in the frenzied dance— 741



Collect in numbers, and augment the scene,  
For wide prevails the influence of the queen :  
Loud is the tongue, and forward is the hand,  
This grasps the sword, a leader these demand. 745

Though fate forbids, and gods consent refuse,  
All rush to arms, and wild confusion choose ;  
While crowds, assembling round his palace wall,  
For war, for vengeance, on Latinus call.

Firm in his purpose, like some solid rock, 750

He stands unshaken, and defies the shock ;

The tempest roars, the solid rock abides,

And, in its vastness, mocks the brawling tides :

What though its base by surging waves is lash'd,  
The surging waves are all to shivers dash'd ; 755

The cliffs resound, the baffled foam ascends,

Vain battery ! all in froth or bubbles ends.

But, when no reason calms th' impatient throng,

And Juno drives the madden'd crowd along,

" Fate wrecks our state," the aged monarch cries, 760

And with unceasing prayer invokes the skies :

" Unhappy sons, to you fore-doom'd, the day .

" With blood shall wash the stain of blood away.

" Thee, Turnus, guilt, thee punishment await,

" The gods invoked, the prayer remembered late. 765

" For me, e'en now, life's stormy ocean past,

" Death's peaceful shores await the king at last :

" Well may the shade on happier plains forego

" The funeral splendour, and the pomp of woe."

Thus spake the king ; and, worn with frequent cares, 770

To calmer scenes from public strife repairs.



In those first days would men, with solemn rite,  
The god of battles to the field invite;  
Through Alba's priests that rite descending came,  
And still eternal Rome observes the same; 775  
Whether Gætulia dares her warlike bands,  
Hyrkania's deserts, or Arabia's sands,  
Or India's children, rising with the sun,  
Or Parthia, yielding what she once had won.  
Two gates there are, in reverence held by all, 780  
Which men, with awe, the gates of battle call;  
Religious fear o'er these her wings has spread,  
And mighty Mars inspires the soul with dread;  
A hundred brazen bars impede the way,  
And temper'd steel, unconscious of decay; 785  
Janus in person on the threshold stands,  
With double aspect, and the crowd commands.  
Whene'er Rome's senators, in full debate,  
Decree the vengeance of their sovereign state,  
Her consul, in his country's toga dress'd, 790  
With Gabian cincture girded to his breast,  
Goes forth in pomp, and, as his hands unbar  
The iron gates, proclaims the coming war:  
With shouts of war the air around is rent,  
And brazen trumpets breathe their hoarse assent. 795  
When thus for war the Latian people pray'd,  
Their impious suit the aged king delay'd;  
Till from the skies Saturnian Juno flew,  
And back the lingering bolts of battle drew.  
To peaceful lands the wish for vengeance came; 800  
Unmov'd before, Ausonia felt the flame.



'Mid clouds of dust here gleams the hero's steel,  
As eager bands their foaming chargers wheel;  
These march and countermarch, advance and turn,  
Till all alike with martial ardour burn: 805  
Some scour their shields, and Ilium's sons defy,  
Some swing the ponderous battle-axe on high,  
Exulting raise the standards from the ground,  
And pant for glory as the trumpets sound.  
The Fury's cry five ancient towns alarms, 810  
Whole streets re-echoing with the clink of arms;  
With Crustumeria Tibur's pride unites,  
And bold Antennæ's battlemented heights;  
Atina forth her warlike children sends,  
Her potent succour lofty Ardea lends. 815  
This fits the helmet to the hero's head,  
These for the breast bright plates of metal spread;  
One for a shield the pliant osier weaves,  
One bends the silver for the warrior's greaves.  
Neglected now the hook of Saturn lies, 820  
Love for the ploughshare languishes and dies;  
These to the smith their fathers' weapons bring,  
The furnace blazes, and the anvils ring.  
Again their call the brazen trumpets sound,  
Again the soldiers' symbol's pass'd around. 825  
This, love of glory kindling in his heart,  
Takes down his helm, and hastens to depart;  
This yokes his harness'd coursers to the car,  
Girds on his sword, and thunders to the war;  
Shines forth in burnish'd mail upon the field, 830  
With golden rings, and lifts his flaming shield.



Ye tuneful guardians of the fount of song,  
Inspire the verse, and paint the martial throng;  
In order all the steel-clad hosts declare,  
Who rais'd the standards, and who led the war; 835  
Say who e'en then to fame Italia rais'd,  
What sons it bore, and with what arms it blaz'd.

First on the field Etruria's king appears,  
Leads out his squadrons, and his standard rears:  
Mezentius he, whose impious acts defy 840  
Or human laws, or vengeance of the sky.  
Nor fail'd young Lausus at the monarch's side,  
Whose graceful form call'd forth a father's pride;  
Turnus alone, throughout Italia's land,  
The meed of beauty might from him demand; 845  
The foaming steed he rein'd with easy grace,  
The woodland told his prowess in the chase:  
From high Agylla came a thousand men,  
Their prince who lov'd, belov'd by him again;  
And well might he from angry heaven desire 850  
A gentler fortune and a holier sire.

Next Aventinus shows his gorgeous car,  
With foaming coursers, and demands the war;  
Whose manly beauty much applause had won,  
And bore the marks of great Alcæus' son: 855  
His father's emblem graved upon his shield,  
The snaky hydra, fenc'd him in the field.  
On ancient Aventinum's wooded height  
A priestess gave him to the golden light;  
So sprang a hero of immortal race, 860  
Young Rhea folded in a god's embrace,



What time, Geryon's triple body slain,  
Tirynthus reach'd the fair Laurentine plain,  
And heifers bred beside Iberia's wave,  
Their panting sides in Tuscan Tyber lave. 865

His soldiers grasp the Roman cohorts' spear,  
And deadly pikes, and Sabine javelins bear.  
Their prince march'd with them, and a tawny hide  
Circled his head, and swept the warrior's side;  
The waving folds the shaggy mane display, 870  
And grin the lion's teeth in dread array:  
In savage state the royal halls he trod,  
Cloth'd in the mantle of the conquering god.

Two brother chiefs proud Tibur's bulwarks leave,  
(Built by Tiburtus, these his name receive,) 875  
The noble Coras and Catillus brave,  
Whose sire from Argos cross'd the Ionic wave;  
'Midst bristling spears the warriors march along,  
The hardy leaders of a martial throng.

So, when the foeman's battle-cry invites, 880  
Two cloud-born Centaurs leave Thessalia's heights,  
Down Othrys' snowy sides descend amain,  
Crash through the woods, and thunder on the plain.

Nor backward then was seen Præneste's lord,  
'Mid neighbouring leaders, to unsheath his sword, 885  
Whom olden chronicles to Vulcan trace,  
And claim the god the founder of his race.  
Fearless the infant watch'd the kindling fire  
In the rude folds, and told his swarthy sire;  
His youthful eyes just felt the scorching flame, 890  
And Cæculus was hence the hero's name.



From scatter'd regions march the rustic band  
That own Præneste's monarch's wide command;  
Who Juno worship, and in Gabii dwell;  
Who tend their flocks in Arno's shady dell; 895  
Who on the rocks of Hernica are found,  
Where bubbling streams refresh the thirsty ground;  
Whom rich Anagnia feeds with all her store;  
And those who Amasene's banks explore.  
But not all these can boast the pomp of war, 900  
The gorgeous armour, or the sounding car;  
Most for the sling the leaden ball prepare,  
Or two short javelins as their weapons bear;  
The left foot planted naked on the ground,  
Round the right leg an untann'd hide is bound; 905  
A wolf's-skin cap, the trophy of the chase,  
Surmounts the whole, and takes the helmet's place.  
With these Messapus to the gathering came,  
Who laugh'd at steel, and mock'd the power of flame;  
Meet child of Neptune, skill'd alike to rein 910  
The foaming charger, or subdue the main:  
A people peaceful long his voice alarms,  
And summons leaders to resume their arms.  
Fescennia's legions these assembled round,  
With just Falisci for their laws renown'd; 915  
Pour'd down the warriors from Soracte's height;  
Bands left Flavinia's emerald meadows bright;  
Capena's groves her eager children send;  
And martial hosts from Ciminus descend.  
All move along in even line, and sing 920  
The warlike praises of their country's king.



As when white swans, across the liquid sky,  
Before the dewy shadows homeward fly;  
Leave the rich marshes, and, with outstretch'd throat,  
Prolong the cadence of their evening note; 925  
From Asia's banks reverberates the sound,  
Till dies the echo on her sedgy ground;  
So as these march to martial notes along,  
The ear scarce owns it for an army's song,  
But deems some flock of ocean birds on high 930  
With flight sonorous cleaves the lucid sky.

Great Clausus there, the ancient Sabines' boast,  
Towers o'er his troops, and seems himself a host;  
Sprung from their kings' untainted blood he stands,  
And with a leader's eye surveys his bands: 935  
From such pure fount Rome's Claudian race proceeds,  
And gains fresh lustre by heroic deeds.  
From Amiterna pours her warlike band,  
And here in arms the first Quirites stand;  
Untrimm'd Metusca's olive-yards remain, 940  
And all her children quit Eretum's plain;  
No sentry stands upon Nomentum's walls,  
The dew unnotic'd on Velinum falls;  
The rugged rocks of Tetrica resound,  
And Mount Severus echoes back the sound. 945  
Loud swells the murmur of Casperia's throng,  
And warriors press from Forruli along;  
Here those who drink the Fabaris, and they  
Who by the Tyber or Himella stray;  
From Nursia rush her hardy mountaineers, 950  
Hortina's band, and Latium's host appears,



With those who stop their active limbs to lave,  
Ill-omen'd Allia, in thy silent wave.  
Countless they march, as ocean billows rise  
When sets Orion in the wintry skies ; 955  
Countless as fall the ears of ripen'd grain  
In Hermus' vale, or Lycia's golden plain ;  
The tramp of legions shakes the earth around,  
And from their shields rings forth the martial sound.  
Halesus here, of Agamemnon's blood, 960  
Ilium, with all his father's hate, withstood,  
Yok'd struggling chargers to his thundering car,  
And led a thousand people to the war.  
Some whom, in peaceful times, the vine delights,  
Whose purple clusters crown the Massic heights ; 965  
Some who, as glory all their bosom fires,  
Quit their warm mountains and Auruncan sires ;  
These Sidicina's waters leave behind,  
While those no more a home in Cales find ;  
Saticulus with Osci pours her hordes, 970  
And hardy natives quit Vulturnus' fords.  
Poising stout javelins, in their ranks they stand,  
With leathern thong to aid the warrior's hand.  
A small round targe their arms in war present,  
And for close combat is their sabre bent. 975  
Nor shall the Muse, O Cæbalus, forbear,  
With these great names, thy praises to declare ;  
Thee chronicles record as Telon's son,—  
Telon, who wooed, and fair Sebethis won,  
When from the Teleboan race he gain'd 980  
Their crown, and over Capreæ's island reign'd.



But not with his his son's ambition ends,  
Whose royal power o'er distant tribes extends;  
The proud Serrastes to thy sceptre bow,  
For thee Celennæ's children guide the plough; 985  
Thou rul'st what shore the Tarnus' waters lave,  
Thy flags o'er Bætulum and Rufræ wave,  
And apples hang for thee in clusters down,  
Where orchards climb to green Abella's crown:  
Heavy the spear thy brawny soldiers wield, 990  
And brightly gleam their brazen sword and shield;  
The bark which late the cork-tree's circle bound,  
Shap'd as a helmet, girds their temples round.

Brave Ufens, too, his succour freely lent,  
Whom to the battle mountain Nursæ sent; 995  
High amongst nations stands his royal name,  
Great deeds the record of his warlike fame:  
Stern are the Æqui who his empire own,  
And rough the lands that 'neath their ploughshare groan;  
With sylvan weapons arm'd they joy to rove 1000  
O'er open lawns, and through the shady grove;  
And when the hardy rustic stirs the land,  
Ready his falchion glitters in his hand;  
Or blade and brand their roving parties take,  
And frequent inroad on their neighbours make. 1005

See the bold Umbro, of Marrubia's line,  
In priestly robes and martial splendour shine;  
With olive wreath that o'er his helmet bends,  
Him to the gathering king Archippus sends.  
His song and touch could noxious vipers charm, 1010  
Destroy their poison, and their rage disarm;



Great was his skill, but all too weak to heal  
By song or touch the hurt of Dardan steel,  
Though soothing rhymes were chanted o'er the wound,  
And herbs were steep'd, on Marsia's mountains found.  
Soft plaints for thee Angylla's thickets trill'd, 1016  
And Facinus the crystal tear distill'd.

Next Virbius came, who through Egeria's glade,  
Had oft, in childhood's happier moments, stray'd;  
Along Aricia's rich and dewy shore, 1020  
Where men thy presence, virgin queen, adore:  
For fame reports, that when, o'ercome by fate,  
His sire felt all a furious step-dame's hate,  
And, borne along the margin of the tide,  
Torn by the horses of his chariot died, 1025  
Diana's love recall'd to life his shade,  
By potent herbs and Æsculapius' aid;  
'Gainst whom, too bold, was launch'd the lightning's dart—  
Vain then his balm, and vain his healing art.  
By Trivia rescued, through Egeria's grove 1030  
With woodland nymph Hippolytus would rove;  
Where, as again through plains of light he rang'd,  
His name to Virbius was by Dian chang'd:  
And hence, where'er the tribes her worship own,  
No sounding courser in the woods is known. 1035  
And yet his son delighted now to rein  
The foaming charger on the even plain,  
And led his country's squadrons to the war,  
Proudly conspicuous on a lofty car.

Amidst these names the noble Turnus stands, 1040  
And looks the leader who the host commands;



Sword, spear, and targe, the royal warrior bears,  
And high o'er all his towering head appears.  
His helmet's crest descends in triple lines ;  
Fierce on the top the dread Chimæra shines; 1045  
In breathing brass the deadly monster roars,  
Opens its jaws, and Ætna's torrents pours ;  
The more its throat the fiery current shows,  
The more the crimson tide of battle flows.  
The heifer Iö, with her branching horns 1050  
Wrought in bright gold, his polish'd shield adorns ;  
O'er her smooth skin rough hairs dominion hold,  
And Argus watches, as tradition told ;  
Her father's hand 'an urn emboss'd contains,  
From whence the Inachus supplies the plains. 1055  
A cloud of foot are scatter'd o'er the field,  
And each before him bears a soldier's shield.  
Here Ardea's youth, of Græcian birth, appear ;  
The bold Aurunci grasp the glittering spear ;  
Sacrania's line demands their leader's praise; 1060  
Their painted shields the stout Labici raise ;  
Rutulia's bands in arms their monarch meet,  
And on the plain the old Sicani greet.  
They who Numicus' sacred valleys sow,  
Or wander where thy waters, Tyber, flow, 1065  
Here stand, with those whose ploughshare glitters bright,  
As groan the bullocks upon Circe's height.  
Jove's votaries, last, rough Anxur's corn-fields leave,  
With those Feronia's verdant groves receive,  
Where the dark marsh of Satura extends, 1070  
And the cool Ufens in broad ocean ends.



Surpassing all the young Camilla came,  
A warlike virgin of the Volscian name;  
Who the stern hearts of mail-clad chiefs commands,  
And leads with martial pomp their glittering bands; 1075  
Spurns the slight skill the homely distaff guides,  
But in the charge the foaming courser rides:  
Knows no soft weakness of a woman's mind,  
And with her flying feet outstrips the wind;  
The spiky harvest 'neath her airy tread 1080  
Unbruised had stood, nor stooped its golden head;  
Her step the billows' watery steep might gain,  
And rest unbathed upon the liquid plain.  
Age wondering stands, youth throngs the public ways,  
And all in rapture on Camilla gaze; 1085  
So gracefully the vest with purple folds  
In soft embrace her yielding figure holds,—  
So brightly in her silken tresses shines  
The golden circlet that her hair confines,—  
So well the Lycian quiver by her side 1090  
Beseems the maid, and fits her martial pride,—  
And with such skill her taper fingers feel  
The myrtle shaft, and poise the burnished steel.



## NOTES TO BOOK VII.



Line 8. It would be difficult to find a more perfect landscape than our poet has here painted, the tomb of Caiëta, the quiet ocean, the silver light of the clear full moon; succeeded by the dangerous coast, the dark groves, and the enchanted palace of Circe.—KEBLE'S *Prelections*.

13. The "tela," properly speaking, was the loom, or the whole web when finished, called "pendula tela," as the warp hung down perpendicularly from the top bar or "jugum" of the ancient loom, sometimes with weights attached to each thread, and the weaver stood to his or her work. So also the "pecten" was strictly a strong comb inserted between the threads of the warp. The shuttle was called "radius."

16. Mr. Burke quotes this passage as illustrative of sound as a source of the sublime.

22. Horat., 1 *Epod.* i. 23.

40. The attention of the reader is again here called to the beauty of the picture.

46. "The Loves of Heroes," and therefore Virgil invokes Erato, the Muse of Love.

52. Latinus is supposed to have been the son of Faunus, not by his wife Fauna, by a Laurentine nymph, Marica. Some make Fauna and Marica the same.

92. Mr. Burke, in speaking of the smell as a source of the sublime, writes, "Intolerable stench in a description or narrative become sources of the sublime, as genuine as any other," and continues, "Nor is that passage of Virgil without sublimity, where the stench of the river in Albania conspires so happily with the sacred horror and gloominess of the prophetic forest." We may add that the prophet Joel in recurring, at the 20th v., to that description of such wonderful sublimity with which he opens his 2nd c., subjoins that feeling of horror which arises from the sense of smell being offended in an extraordinary degree, "and his stink shall come up, and his ill-savour shall come up." In those pictures also of terror in animals approaching dead bodies, where that passion is often



clothed with much sublimity, we almost always observe the terrified animal, as receiving and expressing much of its horror through the sense of smell.

127. I do not know whether "biscuit" will be admitted as the best translation for "orbem fatalis crusti." I may mention that the "quadra" was probably one quarter of the whole "orbs" or "circular cake;" but I have not thought it necessary to burden a verse translation of our author by labouring to express this in the text. The representations given of the round flat loaves marked out in quarters on the top, which were found in the bakehouses of Pompeii, give a very exact idea of this, their loaf or thick biscuit. Similar in form, too, was the Jewish bread, and hence the propriety of the term used in the gospel history, that Christ "brake" the bread when He miraculously fed the multitudes. Matt. xiv. 19, and elsewhere. And hence the word used for the pieces left, *κλασματα*, exactly rendered by our English term fragments, derived respectively from the Greek verb *κλασσω*, or *κλαω*, and the Latin *frango*, I break.

154. Cybele.

194. Cowper remarks, in one of the notes to his translation of the Iliad, that the bulk of the heroes is a circumstance so often mentioned by the author, that it ought by no means to be lost sight of in the English version.

218. Many, by altering the stopping, apply this to Saturn.

232. The "trabea" received its name from "trabs," a beam, being crossed with broad stripes of purple. The "prætecta" had a border only of purple. As the luxury of Rome increased, the robe also increased in dimensions, and fell in ampler folds.

294. There is something strikingly consistent with the character of Ilioneus, as the orator of the party, in his thus making Dardanus to appear in person before the eyes of his auditors, claiming again the possession of Italy as his inheritance by birth.

374. Mars alone of all the gods, was left uninvited to the marriage of Pirithous, king of the Lapithæ.

377. Diana, offended at her rites being despised by Æneus, king of Calydon, sent a wild boar to devastate the country.

421. "Tacitum," "silent," as expressive of sorrow at the nuptials with Turnus being interrupted.

481. It was a custom of ancient Italy for virgins to consecrate



their hair to some deity ; it then remained uncut till immediately before their marriage, when they presented it in the temple of that divinity.

505. By the advent of Æneas and the Trojans, who were to obtain the sovereignty of Italy.

535. There is something very noble in the character of Turnus, as here manifested in the easy and gallant confidence of his nature. Like Hector in the Iliad, though the subordinate character of the piece, he engages our interest, and carries our sympathy with him. We feel with him when the affections of his heart are rudely violated ; admire his bravery and conduct in vindicating his right ; and almost part from our author in anger, indignant at the manner of his death.

566. "Atro lumine," "visible darkness," "palpable obscure."—MILTON.

681. The character of Galesus (if we may say so) seems to have answered to that of Barnabas, in the New Testament,—a kind, benevolent man. "Justissimus" may be taken as equivalent to *επιεικής*.

727. Addison, speaking of the fall of the Velino, says, "It is impossible to see the bottom on which it breaks, for the thickness of the mist which rises from it, and looks, at a distance, like clouds of smoke rising from some vast furnace:" and adds, "I do not in the least question that this is the gulf through which Virgil's Alecto shoots herself into hell: it was, indeed, the most proper place in the world for a fury to make her exit, after she had filled a nation with destruction and alarms ; and I believe every reader's imagination is pleased when he sees the angry goddess thus sinking, as it were, in a tempest, and plunging herself into hell, amid such a scene of horror and confusion. We may add, the cascade is not far off that part of Italy which is called Italix Meditullium."

757. See Milton's magnificent simile, in the opening of the 4th Book of *Paradise Regained*:—

"Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
"Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,  
"Vain battery! and in froth or bubbles end."

764. The truth of this prophecy is acknowledged by the Rutulian monarch, when, in his last combat, he exclaims, "Equidem Merui."



773. Upon the declaration of war, the Romans used to enter the temple of Mars, and, clashing upon the shields suspended there, exclaim, "Mars, vigila!" "Mars, awake!"

779. The Romans under Crassus had been defeated by the Parthians, and lost their standards, which Augustus recovered.

791. The people of Gabii being attacked by their enemies when engaged in some public ceremony, had no time to lay aside their civic dress, but, seizing their arms, tucked up their robes, and rushed at once to the field. Hence the name given to this peculiar manner of shortening the Roman toga for active service. It was used generally by persons offering sacrifice, when the head of the worshipper was also covered with a part of the shortened robe.

824. The "classicum," or signal for battle, was sounded either on the "tuba" or "cornu."

825. The password was originally inscribed on a sort of "ticket" or "tessera," which was given to each soldier.

831. The coat of mail had frequently several rows of golden rings attached for ornament to the bottom of its steel plates.

840. He compelled his subjects to pay to him the first-fruits, which were usually offered to the gods. Hence he is called "Contemptor Divum."

852. The chariot was exhibited partly for display, and hence Virgil uses the word "ostento," and, likewise, to be ready to bear the chief through the ranks of battle, if required; but he marched (as will be seen below) to the gathering on foot, at the head of his men.

863. Tirynthus, a town of Argos, where Hercules usually resided.

867. The *pilum* was the spear used in the Roman legions, about six feet long; the steel head being one foot. The *dolones* were large wooden pikes, or rather pike-staffs, the iron head of which was very short, and almost concealed; hence their name, expressive of deceit. The *verutum* was a slighter spear, with a round head: the head of the Roman *pilum* was flat.

868. Ipse pedes.

872. Horridus.

891. "Cæcus," blind, "Cæculus," blindish.

904. Thus, at the siege of Gibraltar, a Highland regiment bared their feet that they might stand more firm on the slippery ground.



905. "The hunted red deer's undress'd hide  
 "Their hairy buskins well supplied."

*Marmion*, canto v. stanza 5.

915. Some addition was made to the laws of the twelve tables by the Romans from the statutes of these people.

926. A lake; not to be confounded with the continent.

943. Was famous for the fertilizing dew which fell upon its plains.

953. The Romans received a signal defeat from the Gauls on the banks of the Allia.

973. Dr. Smith supposes that the thong might have added to the effect of throwing the lance by giving it rotation, and hence a greater degree of steadiness in its flight; and he compares it to the effect given by the groove of the rifle to the ball. The spear used by the soldiers of Abellus (below) was of the same kind, and therefore the word *torquere*, to "whirl," is used.

974. Dr. Smith compares the "cetræ" to the target of the Scotch Highlander. All shields were originally formed of a frame, over which was stretched the skin of some animal: the famous Ægis itself receiving its name from a goat's skin.

1004. Compare *Marmion*, canto v. stanza 4.

1017. There is something very beautiful, observes Professor Keble, in the introduction of his own haunts joining in the mournful elegy.

1033. *Vir*, a man, and *bis*, twice. The same name is given by Virgil to his son. Unless the reader observes this he may find some confusion.

1054. Inachus, the father of Iō, (from whom Turnus traced his origin,) gave his name to a river in Argos, of which he became the tutelar deity, and hence is represented with an urn in his hand, from which water is flowing.

1056. Νεφος πεζων.—*Iliad*, lib. iv. v. 274.

"Clouds of foot."—*Paradise Regained*, III. 627.

1068. Anxur was afterwards called Trachine by the Greeks, *τρᾶχυς*, rough or rocky.

1076. The scholar will compare this passage with Pindar's description of Cyrene: the ninth Pythian ode, from v. 33 to 44.

1093. "Pastoralem myrtum." It is worth while to observe the



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strict propriety with which Virgil selects every word, and places in the hands of Camilla a spear with a shaft of "pastoral myrtle," because she had lived with her father Metabus amongst the shepherds. If this whole description has not conveyed to the reader the most exquisite pleasure, he must either blame the want of art in the translator, or lament over the unhappy constitution of his own mind.







## BOOK VIII.

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THE embassy from Turnus to Diomedes ; the appearance of the Deity of the Tyber to Æneas ; his journey to the city of Evander, and his reception there, to many of the passages in which the attention of the reader is particularly directed. The successful blandishments of Venus ; the workshop of Vulcan ; and, lastly, the figures on the shield of Æneas, in which Poetry successfully rivals Painting, her sister, in the mimetic art.







## BOOK VIII.

GAY o'er Laurentum's citadel appears  
The martial banner royal Turnus rears,  
Their warlike note the brazen trumpets play,  
Loud in their stalls the harness'd chargers neigh;  
All Latium's champions answer to the cry, 5  
Clash on their shields, and wave their swords on high:  
Each heart beat quick, each breast with ardour swell'd,  
And man to man the oath of battle held.  
Ufens in front, and bold Messapus ride,  
With vast Mezentius, who the gods defied; 10  
And as their war-cry summons forth the bands,  
The glebe untill'd the absent swain demands.  
But silent now the long procession goes,  
And Venulus to great Tydides shows,  
How, boldly landing on Ausonia's strand, 15  
Their fleet at anchor, Ilium's warriors stand,  
Their household gods from vanquish'd Phrygia bring,  
And boast Æneas as the country's king;  
Tells how through Latium spreads the Dardan name,  
Whose states are dazzled by the hero's fame; 20  
And hints how he may best the issue read,  
If this great foe of ancient Greece succeed.



While Latium thus fierce thoughts of war possess'd,  
Full many a care no good Æneas press'd,  
And various plans his anxious thoughts divide, . 25  
As wave to wave succeeds on ocean's tide;  
Now here, now there, his rapid counsel flies,  
And weighs each hope the chance of war supplies.  
So when the beams of light translucent play  
On the full cauldron, with reflected ray, 30  
As moves the wave, the trembling shadows glance  
O'er the arch'd roof in vibratory dance.

'Twas night: the warbler slumber'd in the wood,  
The cattle drowsy in the thicket stood;  
Passion was still in every living breast, 35  
And toil the power of balmy sleep confess'd.  
On the cold bank, beneath the dewy skies,  
In restless thought, the good Æneas lies;  
Scenes of dark strife disturb his anxious breast,  
As late the weary chieftain sinks to rest. 40  
When, lo! the guardian of the river seems  
In shape embodied to attend his dreams;  
His form, half veil'd, the silvery poplar shows,  
Till, by degrees, distinct the vision grows;  
His robe of blue transparent gauze is made, 45  
Points of the sedge his sacred temples shade.  
"Hail! heaven-born chief, appointed to restore  
"Our Phrygian brothers to Ausonia's shore!  
"Hail! long expected on Laurentum's plain,  
"Where ancient Troy unconquer'd lives again! 50  
"Here shall your home through future years increase,  
"Your fanes inviolate, your gods at peace.



“ Why fear the wrath which hostile nations pour,  
“ When Jove approves, and heaven denies no more.  
“ Nor deem that on your wandering fancy dwells      55  
“ Some empty dream, which vain illusions tells:  
“ A milk-white sow, with thirty milk-white young,  
“ Fulfils the fates which ancient seers have sung,  
“ And points to where thy walls’ eternal strength  
“ Shall tower, and Dardans find repose at length.      60  
“ When thrice ten years have in a circle run,  
“ Shall Alba Longa, famous in thy son,  
“ To future glory rise, and martial fame,  
“ The omen long remember’d in the name.  
“ Now list the truths prophetic lore can show,      65  
“ And with new friends oppose the raging foe.  
“ Not far from hence a Græcian people live,  
“ Who to their town their father’s title give;  
“ Hard by our stream they’ve built their rugged wall,  
“ Which Pallanteum they from Pallas call;      70  
“ High on a rock their mountain turrets shine,  
“ Themselves Arcadians, of Evander’s line.  
“ These war with Latium unrelenting wage,  
“ And these, your comrades, in the strife engage.  
“ I on his way the wandering chief will lead,      75  
“ And ’gainst the adverse stream his passage speed.  
“ Rise, born from gods, and as the stars decay  
“ Your vows record, and to Saturnia pray;  
“ To her let prayers, to her let incense rise,  
“ In suppliant posture, and in humblest guise.      80  
“ In me behold the guardian of the wave,  
“ Whose waters Latium’s verdant meadows lave,



“ Where the rich pastures wandering herds invite,—  
“ Cærulean Tyber, mighty Jove’s delight.  
“ When o’er your brow the victor’s wreath shall bend, 85  
“ Let grateful rites attest the hero’s friend.  
“ For know that where these waves unnotic’d flow,  
“ In fame, in power, eternal Rome shall grow.”  
He ceased: the waters in their course divide,  
The god descending plung’d beneath the tide. 90  
No longer night her drowsy influence shed,  
But sleep departed as the vision fled.  
Æneas rose; the sun’s empurpled ray  
Spoke the bright advent of the glorious day.  
The running stream the pious chieftain takes, 95  
And thus to heaven his supplication makes:  
“ Laurentine nymphs, from whom clear rivers spring,  
“ And father Tyber, friendly succour bring;  
“ Receive the worship here Æneas pays,  
“ And kindly answer as your suppliant prays. 100  
“ Where’er the fount, which in its bosom holds  
“ One who our woe with gentle heart beholds;  
“ Whate’er the country which thy waters lave  
“ With course majestic, and enriching wave;  
“ Thee, winding monarch of Ausonia’s shore, 105  
“ My gifts shall celebrate, my praise adore.  
“ Be present now, thy promis’d aid impart,  
“ The hand invigorate, confirm the heart.”  
He ceas’d: two vessels chosen from the fleet  
Float with their tackling and their crews complete: 110  
When, lo! strange sight, upon the margin green,  
Round a white sow, a silvery litter’s seen;



These to great Juno good Æneas slays,  
And, as he offers, to the goddess prays.  
Through all that night, though long its watches seem, 115  
The friendly spirit soothes his brawling stream;  
Lulling the ripple on its rapid breast,  
Like the dull waters of a lake, to rest.  
Light their swift oars upon the surface fell,  
And cheerful shouts of prosperous omens tell; 120  
Light, smear'd with pitch, the painted vessels glide,  
And strike with wonder th' unaccustom'd tide.  
The poplar starts, and watches with surprise  
Bright shields above its silvery foliage rise.  
All day their oars the brawny sailors ply, 125  
Nor idle through the shades of evening lie:  
Smooth in their winding course the waters flow,  
Green woods reflected in the stream below.  
The golden sun, his orb advanc'd on high,  
Blaz'd in the centre of the burning sky, 130  
When first their eyes upon the turrets fall,  
The citadel and battlemented wall,  
Which now the splendours of imperial Rome  
Have rais'd to rival Jove's refulgent home;  
Few were the roofs which then the eye beheld, 135  
And small the city the Arcadians held.  
Swift through the stream the painted galleys fly,  
And 'midst a solemn sacrifice draw nigh;  
For great Amphitryon's son the feast was made,  
Before the city, in the sacred shade: 140  
To him young Pallas breathes the pious prayer,  
The homely senate odorous gums prepare,



And all alike in loud thanksgivings join,  
As smokes the victim on the hero's shrine.  
But when the youth see lofty vessels glide 145  
On the still bosom of the silent tide,  
Each, rising from the banquet in surprise,  
Forgets the feast, and to his armour flies.  
Young Pallas springs indignant at the sight,  
And bids the band resume the sacred rite, 150  
Seizes a spear, and climbs a rising ground,—  
Loud ring his accents of command around :  
“ What cause may here these stranger vessels bring ?  
“ Say who ye are, and from what race ye spring.  
“ If peace ye seek, your object straight declare; 155  
“ If war, for battle let your youth prepare.”  
Æneas answer'd from his galley's side,  
And wav'd the peaceful olive o'er the tide :  
“ Trojans we are ; these spears 'gainst Latium rise,  
“ Whose haughty powers a wandering chief despise. 160  
“ We, chosen leaders of the Dardan band,  
“ Evander seek, and friendly terms demand.”  
Pallas replied, for well he knew by fame  
The vast renown that crown'd the Dardan name :  
“ Whoe'er thou art, thy vessel, stranger, leave, 165  
“ And let our gods their godlike guest receive.”  
He spoke, then clasp'd within his warm embrace  
The noble leader of the Dardan race,  
And led the chief where frequent elders stood  
Before the city in the sacred wood. 170  
Then spoke Æneas : “ Noblest of the Greeks,  
“ A Trojan exile Græcian friendship seeks.



" Behold, obedient to the fates' command,  
" The white-wreath'd olive in a warrior's hand.  
" What though the prince who rules Arcadia's hosts 175  
" Alliance with the stern Atridæ boasts,  
" This heart, which evil nor designs nor fears,  
" Thy name, which all the world with reverence hears.  
" Our kindred sires, and Jove's declar'd decree,  
" Assist my will, and join my soul to thee. 180  
" Great Dardanus, who founded Ilium's state,  
" Electra bore, as Græcian bards relate,  
" From Atlas sprung, whose brow's majestic force  
" Supports the stars in their ethereal course :  
" Your sire, on cool Cyllene's shady height, 185  
" From bright-hair'd Maia saw the beaming light;  
" Maia, if we on ancient fame rely,  
" From Atlas sprang, whose head supports the sky :  
" And thus the blood which flows through both our veins  
" From the same fount a source celestial gains. 190  
" I sent not, then, ambassadors before,  
" With cunning art thy favour to implore,  
" But place my life within a kinsman's hand,  
" And come myself thy friendship to demand.  
" This Daunian race, 'gainst us so fierce in hate, 195  
" With equal envy views Arcadia's state,  
" And thinks, uncheck'd, its conquering hordes to pour  
" From northern Adria to the Tyrrhene shore.  
" Accept our pledge, yours render in return ;  
" Bold are the hearts in Phrygian bosoms burn, 200  
" No beardless youth are ours, untried in war,  
" But skill'd the blade to wield, or guide the car."



Æneas paus'd: long time, with gaze intent,  
On the great chief Evander's eyes were bent;  
Then thus he spoke: "O with what purest joy      205  
" I hail thy friendship, godlike prince of Troy!  
" How do those words Anchises' son declare,  
" His voice, his features, and his soul are there.  
" To Salamis when Trojan Priam came,  
" To fair Hesione, her monarch's dame,      210  
" Onward he pass'd across the azure main  
" To cool Arcadia and Alpheus' plain,  
" Just as the down upon my cheek began  
" To imitate the honours of the man.  
" O with what boyish wonder gaz'd I then      215  
" On royal Priam and his warlike men!  
" How beam'd the hero in Anchises' face,  
" What godlike beauty, and what godlike grace!  
" Much long'd I then the chieftain to address,  
" My faith to plight, his plighted hand to press.      220  
" We met: I led him to Cyllene's height,  
" To Pheneus' halls, and stately turrets bright:  
" A robe he gave, and show'd his generous heart,  
" On which the loom had lavish'd all its art;  
" Quiver and shafts, and bits emboss'd with gold,      225  
" That now the bounding steeds of Pallas hold.  
" Receive not thou alone Evander's hand,  
" The pledge of friendship, which thy lips demand;  
" But when, great chief, to-morrow's sun shall rise,  
" Sail with the succour which our land supplies.      230  
" Meanwhile, approach the feast our gods afford,  
" And meet as comrades at Alcides' board."



He ceased: then bade his youth the meats restore,  
The viands heap, the grape's rich juices pour;  
And where the turf like softest couch was spread, 235  
His Phrygian guests the courteous monarch led;  
A lion's skin, reserv'd for kings alone,  
Receiv'd their prince, who shar'd his maple throne.  
Priests of the altar, and a chosen band  
Of noblest youths, around the strangers stand, 240  
Lift to the board the undivided chine,  
And crown the goblet with the foaming wine.  
Their wants were satisfied, the feast was done,  
When thus Evander to his guests begun:  
" 'Tis not because the ancient gods we bless 245  
" With colder worship, or revere them less,  
" That here before Alcides' shrine we bow  
" With annual pageant, and discharge our vow.  
" Behold this cliff, where piles of rock arise  
" In vast disjointed masses to the skies: 250  
" Deserted now that rugged cave is found,  
" Whence fragments loosen'd bore wide ruin round.  
" In that deep cavern on the mountain's side  
" His monstrous form would savage Cacus hide;  
" No ray of light could on the darkness fall, 255  
" Where daily slaughter dyed the gloomy wall;  
" Fix'd to the doors the ghastly heads remain'd,  
" And oozing veins the shapeless pillars stain'd:  
" Huge was his stature, and his breath the fire  
" From the hot furnace of his swarthy sire. 260  
" Long while in vain our tribes deliverance sought,  
" Till time the succour of Alcides brought,



“ Who, cloth’d in triple spoils, Geryon slain,  
“ Compell’d his lordly herds across the plain.  
“ By the deep stream his way the victor held;        265  
“ Cacus the herd with greedy eye beheld;  
“ No crime too great, no cunning too refin’d,  
“ To daunt his daring, or perplex his mind.  
“ Eight noble kine the lawless monster seiz’d,  
“ Whose form excell’d, and faultless beauty pleas’d; 270  
“ Dragg’d backward, these the robber forc’d away,  
“ And deep within his cave conceal’d the prey.  
“ In vain the eye the tracks confus’d might trace,  
“ No forward step betray’d the secret place.  
“ When with the morrow’s dawn Amphitryon’s son 275  
“ From the full stalls his onward course begun,  
“ The bellowing kine the hills surrounding rent,  
“ And lowing through the spacious forests went.  
“ The captive spoil rebellowing to the sound,  
“ The great Alcides into frenzy wound;        280  
“ He grasp’d his club, the beetling mountain scal’d,  
“ And shepherds triumph’d as the monster quail’d.  
“ Fear wing’d his feet, nor flies with greater speed  
“ The storm’s wild spirit on his airy steed.  
“ Before the cave his father’s art sustains        285  
“ A ponderous rock; he gain’d, and loos’d the chains;  
“ The mighty fragment, falling, block’d the way,  
“ Pursuit defied, and stopp’d the light of day.  
“ Mark how Alcides, as his steps advance,  
“ Surveys the den, and bends his eager glance:        290  
“ The various paths by turns his eyes engage;  
“ He grinds his teeth, and stands convuls’d with rage.



“ Thrice Aventinus’ mount he pass’d around, -  
“ With anger burning, and survey’d the ground;  
“ Thrice shook the rock, in vain the entrance tried, 295  
“ Thrice panting rested on the mountain’s side.  
“ Behind the cave, and towards the river’s edge,  
“ A single rock shot up with pointed ledge;  
“ High rose this cliff above the Tyber’s stream,  
“ And oft its summit heard the eagle’s scream. 300  
“ Deep to the left roll’d on the brawling tide,  
“ And rush’d Alcides ’gainst the adverse side;  
“ The hanging rock confess’d his giant force,  
“ And thunder’d downward to the river’s course;  
“ The air resounded, on the fragment sped, 305  
“ The banks leapt back, the waves, astonish’d, fled.  
“ Then lay that dismal cave expos’d to view,  
“ The monster’s palace, which no ray pierc’d through;  
“ As though the earth some mighty stroke should feel,  
“ And Pluto’s realms to human eyes reveal,— 310  
“ Those pallid realms which shivering mortals dread,  
“ Those courts too dark for heavenly feet to tread,—  
“ And hell’s profound should open to the sight,  
“ Till spirits fled the unaccustom’d light.  
“ From every part his darts Alcides plied, 315  
“ And roll’d huge masses down the cavern’s side;  
“ Bellow’d the monster pent within his cave,  
“ Then tried his life by fell device to save.  
“ Forth from his jaws, in form terrific, came  
“ Volumes of smoke, and all his father’s flame; 320  
“ Round the dark walls the cloud reluctant swept,  
“ And stern Alcides from his victim kept,



“ Till, as increasing ardour fury gave,  
“ He headlong plung’d within the fiery cave,  
“ Where in dense volumes roll’d the blaze around, 325  
“ Climb’d the rough sides, and scorch’d the steaming  
“ Now did his hand once dauntless Cacus clasp [ground.  
“ Till the bold robber writh’d within his grasp;  
“ Vain was the smoke that from his nostrils came,  
“ Vain the dark wreath, and suffocating flame; 330  
“ His throat, through which the blood no longer flow’d,  
“ And bursting eyes, the deadly struggle show’d.  
“ The riven doors Alcides tore away,  
“ And on the shrouding darkness pour’d the day;  
“ Open to view the whole grim cave is laid, 335  
“ And all his robber hoards to light display’d.  
“ How, when his shapeless corpse was dragg’d along,  
“ With look unsatisfied still gaz’d the throng!  
“ How, e’en in death, his eye with frenzy glar’d  
“ Hate, and despair, and lawless rage declar’d! 340  
“ His shaggy chest astonish’d numbers note,  
“ And sulphurous flames still hissing in his throat.  
“ Such honours hence the great Alcides gain’d,  
“ Hence through all years his sacred rites remain’d,  
“ From when Potitius and Pinarius rear’d 345  
“ The shrine, and first the hero’s priests appear’d.  
“ Great praise this shrine shall from our race command,  
“ And great throughout eternal ages stand.  
“ Come, then, green chaplets for your temples weave,  
“ The cause deserves it, and the cup receive; 350  
“ Unite in worship with Evander’s line,  
“ Adore the god, and pour the generous wine.”



He ceas'd: light wreaths, of waving poplar made,  
Bent o'er their temples with a varying shade,  
A cup, for sacred purposes design'd, 355  
Each warrior grasping show'd his reverent mind;  
Then pour'd libations on the festal board,  
Turn'd to the altar, and the god ador'd.

Now golden Phœbus, with declining head,  
His evening glories from Olympus shed, 360  
When old Potitius call'd the priestly band,  
Girt with wild skins, and torches in their hand:  
Again the board Evander's bounty owns,  
The shrine again with loaded chargers groans.  
To the shrill pipe the Salian priests advance, 365  
And round the blazing altars lead the dance;  
Each brow the emblem of Alcides wears,  
The poplar chaplet which the god declares;  
While chosen youths, with those of riper days,  
In strains triumphant sing the hero's praise: 370  
"How Juno's serpents, in his grasp compress'd,  
"Gigantic force in infant arms confess'd;  
"How, by his hand, Æchalia sank of old,  
"And Troy the story of his daring told;  
"With all his labours for Eurystheus wrought, 375  
"And 'gainst Saturnia to completion brought.  
"Thy hand, stern god, the lawless Centaurs slew,  
"Pierc'd cloud-born Pholus and Hylæus through;  
"The Cretan bull roll'd lifeless on the plain,  
"Nemæa's rock her lion held in vain; 380  
"His bone half-eaten Cerberus trembling gnaw'd  
"In hell's dark portal, by thy presence aw'd;



“ The Stygian lake thy advent view’d with dread,  
“ Pale spirits saw thee, and in terror fled.  
“ No form so dire thy warlike soul alarms, 385  
“ In vain Typhæus towering grasps his arms ;  
“ And when her countless heads the Lerna rais’d,  
“ Thine eye unshrinking on the monster gaz’d.  
“ All hail! true offspring of almighty Jove,  
“ Who add’st fresh glory to the courts above! 390  
“ O come, great patron of Evander’s line,  
“ With feet propitious, and approach thy shrine.”  
But chief their hymns the death of Cacus name,  
His cave of darkness, and his breath of flame;  
The woods are vocal with the echoing song, 395  
And all the sounding cliffs the notes prolong.  
The banquet o’er, their worship duly paid,  
Each sought the walls, in festal garb array’d.  
Evander walk’d in solemn state, though now  
The snows of age were sprinkled on his brow; 400  
With friendly converse all the path beguil’d,  
And with a father’s love on Pallas smil’d.  
Around Æneas gaz’d, with rapid glance,  
Wondering the more, the more their steps advance,  
And lov’d the time-worn monuments to trace, 405  
Ennobling records of that ancient race.  
Then spoke the king, who in those earlier days  
Laid the first stone of Rome’s eternal praise:  
“ ’Mongst these deep woods, and in that tangled dell,  
“ Did native Fauns and sister Dryads dwell; 410  
“ Sprung from the trees in which their homes were made,  
“ They knew no covering but the sylvan shade;



“ Arts found no nurse, and little skill was there,  
“ To yoke the oxen, or to guide the share;  
“ The springs of wealth were clos’d to natures rude, 415  
“ And woodland boughs supplied a scanty food;  
“ The hunter struck the quarry on the plain,  
“ Riot consum’d what labour stoop’d to gain;  
“ Till Saturn, yielding to superior power,  
“ Sought lower earth, and nam’d the Latian shore. 420  
“ A roving tribe his sway together draws,  
“ And makes the lawless yield to social laws;  
“ Bids peaceful arts man’s wiser thoughts engage,  
“ And earth rejoices in a golden age;  
“ Till the bright glow is dimm’d upon the plain, 425  
“ By lust of conquest, and the thirst of gain.  
“ Ausonia’s hordes, and then Sicilia’s came,  
“ And each successive chang’d the country’s name.  
“ From these a line of kings succeeding rise;  
“ Down to huge Tybris, of gigantic size; 430  
“ And hence we learnt the Albula to call  
“ The Tyber, from the Tuscan monarch’s fall.  
“ Oft would these shores the nymph Carmenta name,  
“ While great Apollo told her sons the same;  
“ And here that power mankind oppose in vain, 435  
“ Has plac’d the exile from Arcadia’s plain.”

And now the king the gate Carmental shows,  
And shrine which sacred to Carmenta rose,  
Who first declar’d the Dardans’ future fate,  
Renown’d and making Pallanteum great. 440  
Here the broad wood spreads out its ample shade,  
For all, by Romulus, a refuge made;



Here the Lupercal, on the cold rock rais'd,  
Great Pan, the god of green Parrhasia, prais'd.  
The sacred grove Evander, musing, shows, 445  
Which to the shade of slaughter'd Argus rose,  
And bids the place bear witness to the fact,  
That he was guiltless of the treacherous act.  
Next to Tarpeia's rock he leads the way,  
Where Rome's proud towers their gorgeous front display :  
Bright shines her capitol like burnish'd gold, 451  
A rough and tangled sylvan copse of old.  
E'en then dark superstition o'er it hung,  
And through the wood unearthly voices rung ;  
Each tree, each stone, its legend wild possess'd, 455  
And passing rustics nameless awe confess'd.  
" Upon this mount some god is wont to dwell,"  
So spake the king, " but who no tongue may tell.  
" Our tribes believe within the sacred grove  
" Is seen the figure of eternal Jove ; 460  
" The thunderer's ægis shades his awful form,  
" As his almighty hand compels the storm.  
" On those two walls again your vision cast,  
" The ruin'd monuments of ages past ;  
" This, Father Janus, rose at thy command, 465  
" While that attests the work of Saturn's hand ;  
" This by the term Janiculum men knew,  
" From Saturn that its name, Saturnia, drew."  
As thus his words point out the works of fate,  
They reach the good Evander's lowly gate ; 470  
Where future ages Rome's proud forum raise,  
And gorgeous crescents, wandering cattle graze.



“ Within this humble roof,” Evander cried,  
“ Alcides came, contented to reside;  
“ Do thou, great stranger, like Alcides, dare 475  
“ Vain pomp to spurn, and frugal fortunes share;  
“ On idle show with godlike soul look down,  
“ Nor turn from lowlier virtue with a frown.”  
Then ’neath his roof the Dardan prince he led,  
To where the hospitable couch was spread; 480  
Dried leaves a soft elastic cushion made,  
A Libyan bear-skin on the leaves was laid.  
But now night double shades with sullen wings  
The earth, and broods o’er all created things,  
When Venus thus confess’d her bosom’s care, 485  
And told the terrors that were rankling there:  
In golden chamber with her lord she lay,  
Love’s sweets divine round lips ambrosial play:  
“ When Græcian kings united to destroy  
“ The perjur’d citizens of faithless Troy, 490  
“ I ne’er for them implor’d my Vulcan’s aid,  
“ Nor sought for armour by his Cyclops made.  
“ Thee, dearest lord, I would not ask in vain,  
“ To weld the iron with laborious pain:  
“ And yet how much to Priam’s sons I ow’d, 495  
“ How oft my tears for poor Æneas flow’d!  
“ Now, on Rutulia’s coasts, by Jove’s command,  
“ All toils o’ercome, the Dardan exiles stand;  
“ Here, then, the mother for the son implores,  
“ And Venus asks the god whom she adores. 500  
“ Thee Thetis worshipp’d, and her prayer obtain’d,  
“ And with soft tears her suit Aurora gain’d.



" Behold what tribes in hostile league combine  
" Unsheathe the sword, and curse the Trojan line!"

She speaks; then fondles in her snowy arms 505  
The lingering god, profuse of heavenly charms:  
In every limb the well-known passion glows,  
Through every vein the soft infection flows.  
So the swift flash, when bursts the thunder, flies  
From cloud to cloud, and kindles all the skies. 510  
The lovely goddess, conscious of her power,  
Smiles at her triumph, and improves the hour.

The god, fast bound in love's eternal chain,  
Replied: "Fair dame, you ask, and asking gain;  
" Why should thy soul these idle doubts possess, 515  
" Why think thy Vulcan e'er could love thee less?  
" Nay, hadst thou then express'd the least desire,  
" Then, too, for thee had blaz'd our Ætna's fire;  
" Nor Jove, nor Fate, forbad the king of Troy  
" Through twice ten years proud Ilium to enjoy. 520  
" Is war, lov'd queen, the purpose of thy mind,  
" To the arm'd field, and harness'd host inclin'd?  
" Then, if bright steel and temper'd gold can give  
" Secure defence, and bid the champion live,  
" If Ætna's forge has power, all fear forbear, 525  
" And trust Æneas to thy Vulcan's care."

In words like these the amorous god replied,  
Nor she the rites of wedded love denied;  
Their eyes amid dissolving raptures close,  
On her fair breast he sinks in soft repose. 530

Meanwhile, dark night through half her course had  
From wakeful eyeballs drowsy slumber fled; [sped,



And busy dames, whose undivided care  
Still prompts the thread and distaff to prepare,  
Stir the dull embers, trim the sinking oil, 535  
And on their lords bestow their thrifty toil.  
With equal zeal, to meet his queen's desire,  
Rose from his golden bed the god of fire.

'Midst the blue waves that lave her northern side  
An island frowns above Sicilia's tide, 540  
Where, in vast workshops in th' embowell'd ground,  
The frequent blows of brawny arms resound;  
The iron mass their force tremendous owns,  
The cave re-echoes, and the metal groans;  
Hisses the steel which from Chalybians came, 545  
The bellows pant, and louder roars the flame.  
The name Vulcania which the island knows,  
And thither Vulcan from Olympus goes.  
Already panting as the forges blaze,  
Pyrachmon, naked, all his force displays; 550  
Brontes and Steropes with equal zeal  
Bend the hot bars, and weld the glowing steel.  
Part burnish'd, part half-formed the thunder lies,  
With which the eternal father rends the skies.  
Of wind, of heat, of twisted hail, of rain, 555  
The rays, three each, are welded; there remain,  
Now forging, those which execute Jove's ire,  
The roar, wild terror, and pursuing fire.  
For mighty Mars some hands commence the car,  
And shape the wheels which rouse the world to war. 560  
Some wrought the ægis which Minerva bore,  
Cover'd with scales of golden dragons o'er;



Around Medusa's head the serpents twine,  
And on the breastplate of the goddess shine;  
With glare portentous still the eyeballs roll'd, 565  
Still flashed terrific in immortal gold.

"Away with these," great Vulcan cried, "and end  
"Your toil for gods, and to your lord attend.  
"A mortal's armour all your skill demands;  
"Now for stout muscles, and for nimble hands." 570

No more he says, no more his Cyclops ask:  
Each takes his portion of the grateful task.  
Rivers of brass, and streams of liquid gold,  
Their molten course like crystal waters hold:  
Hard though it is, the pure Chalybian steel 575  
Melts, as its bars the raging furnace feel.

Orb within orb, sevenfold they weld the mass,—  
Frustrate the javelin strikes the temper'd brass.  
As thus each piece the swarthy Cyclops forge,  
From windy bellows some the air disgorge; 580  
With brawny arms some shape the steel for war,  
Some in cold water plunge the hissing bar:  
In tuneful order and harmonious course  
They whirl their hammers with gigantic force;  
The cavern groans as falls each ponderous blow, 585  
The furnace blazes, and the metals glow.

As thus his orders in Æolia's cave,  
Panting, the god of fire uxorious gave,  
The morning song of birds Evander woke,  
Where the bright sunbeams on his slumbers broke. 590  
A simple tunic sheath'd his limbs around,  
His Tuscan sandals on his feet were bound;



Old though he was, he girt, above his vest,  
His sword, his baldrick on his shoulder press'd ;  
O'er his right breast a panther's skin was flung, 595  
And down the left the spotted covering hung.  
Two dogs their master at the threshold meet,  
His faithful guards, and gambol at his feet;  
His plighted word to keep, he held his way  
To where secure the Dardan stranger lay, 600  
With equal speed the good Æneas rose,  
One Pallas took, and one Achates chose.  
Their greetings past, Evander first began,  
And thus their words in friendly converse ran:  
" While life by thee, great chieftain, is enjoy'd, 605  
" Ne'er can I think the Trojan state destroy'd.  
" Small is the succour that our land affords,  
" Press'd on all quarters by Rutulia's hordes;  
" There the deep Tyber circumscribes our bounds,  
" Here at our gate the foeman's signal sounds. 610  
" For thee e'en now a mightier people wait,  
" And murmuring hosts fulfil the voice of fate.  
" Founded by Lydian bands in earlier years,  
" Not far from hence her towers Agylla rears :  
" Long did that state enjoy a just renown, 615  
" Till bold Mezentius seiz'd the Tuscan crown;  
" His iron rule the citizens alarms,  
" And peaceful days disturbs with impious arms.  
" Why should I all the lawless acts proclaim,  
" Which mark, with lines of blood, that tyrant's name?  
" May Jove, whose arms the sons of earth embrace, 621  
" Pour down his curses on Mezentius' race!



“ Strange kinds of torture would the king delight,  
“ E’en with the dead the living to unite;  
“ Body to body bound, and face to face, 625  
“ He would the healthful with the putrid place:  
“ Lingered they died, as foul exuding gore  
“ Ooz’d from their flesh, and dripp’d their members o’er.  
“ Wearied at length, submission turn’d to hate,  
“ The frenzied citizens besiege the gate, 630  
“ And, ’midst the bursting yells of wild despair,  
“ Cut down the guard, the blazing torch prepare.  
“ Alarm’d, the tyrant to Rutulia flies,  
“ For swift revenge his outrag’d country cries;  
“ Her navy mann’d, the state in harness’d bands 635  
“ Unfurls her standard, and a chief demands,  
“ Whilst her just rage an ancient seer restrains,  
“ Unfolds the future, and the cause explains:  
“ ‘ Mæonian youth, whose daring efforts raise  
“ ‘ Your fathers’ glory, and increase their praise; 640  
“ ‘ Whom the keen grief that free-born spirits know,  
“ ‘ Impels to vengeance on the tyrant foe;  
“ ‘ Heaven to our arms a Western chief denies,  
“ ‘ And turns to foreign shores Etruria’s eyes.’  
“ Elders, e’en now, by noble Tarchon sent, 645  
“ To me the sceptre and the crown present;  
“ But while Evander for a king they ask,  
“ Enfeebling age forbids the glorious task;  
“ Age, whose thin blood creeps cold within the veins,  
“ Loosens the muscles, and the hand restrains. 650  
“ Pallas had gone, uncall’d, but Pallas came  
“ With mix’d descent, and owns a Sabine dame.



“ Do thou, whose race, whose years, with fate unite,  
“ Whom fortune favours, and the gods invite,  
“ Assume the crown, in regal splendour shine, 655  
“ Hesperia joining with the Dardan line.  
“ Pallas shall wear his armour at thy side,  
“ His father’s solace, and his country’s pride;  
“ Thine arm shall be his master in the art,  
“ Teaching the boy to play the warrior’s part; 660  
“ Thy deeds his youthful wonder shall engage,  
“ And train the stripling to a glorious age.  
“ Two hundred horse, Evander’s chosen band,  
“ Shall form thy guard, and march at thy command;  
“ Two hundred more, that round young Pallas wheel, 665  
“ For thee the steed shall curb, unsheath the steel.”

Scarce had he ceas’d—the chiefs, with look intent,  
Deep musing stood, their eyes in sadness bent—  
When love’s bright queen, her doubting son to cheer,  
Pour’d sounds propitious on the Dardan’s ear; 670  
Through the clear sky a line of waving flame  
Burst on the eye, and sparkled as it came;  
Shrill Tuscan trumpets in the calm air sound,  
And all created nature trembles round.  
The chiefs look’d up, and, ’mid the lightnings’ flash, 675  
Again, again on high peals out the crash;  
Arms, waving, seem’d to gleam beneath the cloud;  
Still was the air, the martial thunder loud.  
While mute amazement all besides oppress’d,  
The Trojan leader thus his friends address’d; 680  
For well the prince his mother’s signal knew,  
And happiest presage from the omen drew:



“ Trust in the gods, nor ask, O noble king,  
“ Curious to know what fates these portents bring.  
“ Olympus calls, these signs celestial show 685  
“ Venus, descending, dares the Latian foe;  
“ Divinely temper’d arms the goddess brings;  
“ Of war prophetic warlike music rings.  
“ To what fierce battles do these thunders call,  
“ What carnage hovers o’er Laurentum’s wall! 690  
“ What shields, what helms, thy channel, Tyber, throng,  
“ What heroes’ blood-stain’d forms thou roll’st along!  
“ To war let Turnus perjur’d Latium lead—  
“ Doom’d art thou, monarch, by this hand to bleed.”

He ceas’d: then turns to wake the smouldering flame,  
That smokes in honour of Alcides’ name; 696  
Arcadia’s Lares listen as they pray,  
And all, uniting, fleecy victims slay.  
From hearts devoted to their chief’s command  
The Trojan prince selects his bravest band; 700  
Fraught with glad news, on Tyber’s friendly tide  
The rest securely to Iulus glide.

On fiery steeds all seek the Tuscan plains,  
But far the noblest great Æneas reins;  
With claws of burnish’d gold, a lion’s hide 705  
Hangs o’er his back, and sweeps his glossy side.

Now Fame the tidings through the city bears,  
Where laden shrines attest the matrons’ fears;  
Danger, approaching, wears a sterner form,  
And Mars, terrific, rides upon the storm. 710

While tears sad solace to his sorrow lent,  
His aged sire o’er youthful Pallas bent,



And sigh'd: "O! if great Jove again would give  
" The hero of long bygone years to live,  
" Such as when first my virgin blade I drew, 715  
" And the arm'd hosts of proud Præneste slew,  
" Then raised, triumphant, on her fertile fields,  
" A victor's pile of slaughter'd warriors' shields;  
" And Herilus to realms of darkness sent,  
" His triple soul to Pluto to present. 720  
" Three lives Feronia for his birthright gave,  
" No triple birthright could from vengeance save.  
" Thrice did I slay, thrice strip the corse, and well  
" May the tongue falter the grim deed to tell.  
" O were I such! I had not then to mourn 725  
" Thee, gallant Pallas, from thy father borne.  
" Ne'er had Mezentius, with insulting pride,  
" Spread devastation through our border's side,  
" Whilst shuddering citizens in terror sleep,  
" Pray for the living, for the slaughter'd weep. 730  
" Ye Gods, whose power this orb terrestrial guides,  
" O'er which great Jove's eternal rule presides,  
" With pitying look Arcadia's prince behold;  
" The father triumphs when the man is old.  
" If heaven, propitious to our cause, restore 735  
" The youthful hero to these arms once more,  
" Again a parent's fondness to delight,  
" As one in joys, in troubles, to unite,  
" Then life, ye Gods, to old Evander send,  
" Howe'er that life foredoom'd 'midst trials end. 740  
" But O! if fate—I cannot speak the word,  
" And yet, unsyllabled, its sound is heard—



“ Grant me at once a wretched life to close,  
“ Which, Pallas dead, no longer comfort knows;  
“ Ere yet, uncrush’d beneath descending pains, 745  
“ My soul in calm uncertainty remains,  
“ Whilst thee, dear boy, I hold in this embrace,  
“ Nor weep the ruin of a noble race;  
“ Ere some more grievous messenger of ill,  
“ With tidings of the son, the father kill.” 750

Thus did the sire the son’s departure mourn,  
Then sank, with strong contending feelings torn:  
Attendants bear his fainting form away,  
And in his halls the aged monarch lay.

Now forth, with nodding plumes, the horsemen ride,  
And still Achates guards his chieftain’s side; 756  
With these young Pallas joins the proud array,  
With broider’d scarf, and gilded corselet gay.  
E’en so the star the Paphian queen admires,  
Glows in the sky, and mocks all meaner fires, 760  
Shines in the dew, and pours its lustrous ray,  
Springs from the ocean, and foretells the day.  
Through clouds of dust wheel forth the warlike band,  
While mothers, trembling, on the ramparts stand,  
And bright the sunbeams on their armour play, 765  
Where, through the copse, each warrior takes his way.  
On as they march loud swells the soldier’s cheer,  
And rings the tramp of chargers on the ear.

Long did an ancient superstition deem  
Sacred a grove that bends o’er Cære’s stream: 770  
Dark waves the wood with rows of sombre pine,  
And hills enclose it with a circling line.



Fame tells that once the bold Pelasgic race,  
Whom ancient chronicles in Latium place,  
Would old Sylvanus worship in that grove, 775  
The guardian god whom wandering shepherds love.  
Not far from this, where nature fenc'd them round,  
The Tuscan Tarchon held the level ground,  
And there, in ranks, upon the verdant green  
His troops were rang'd, his tents' white canvas seen. 780  
The Trojans halt, for much such care they need,  
Refresh themselves, their jaded chargers feed.

Now, 'midst the clouds, the queen of love appears,  
And through the air the Cyclops' armour bears;  
Then thus her words the Trojan leader greet, 785  
Reposing in a valley's cool retreat:  
"Behold, my son, how love's persuasive skill  
"Can weld the steel, direct the workman's will;  
"Thou needst not now to proud Laurentum yield,  
"Nor quail though Turnus thunders on the field." 790  
Her godlike son the Paphian queen embrac'd,  
And 'gainst an oak the burnish'd armour plac'd.  
Proud of the splendour that before him lies,  
Untir'd, the warrior feasts his ravish'd eyes.  
Through all his gaze, entranc'd, its circle makes, 795  
Each piece in turn the chief admiring takes:  
The helm, whose crest pour'd forth immortal flame;  
The temper'd blade, that shap'd for carnage came;  
The mail, that vast with brazen bosses shines,  
And flashes in the light with sanguine lines, 800  
As the clear sky is mark'd with crimson rays,  
When on some fleecy cloud the sunbeam plays;



A spear; light greaves of heavenly temper'd gold;  
And shield whose gravings Rome's vast glories told.  
On its huge orb had Vulcan lov'd to trace 805  
The future victories of Ausonia's race;  
For well the god of fire prophetic knew  
The Roman triumphs which his Cyclops drew.  
Ascanius' sons in sculptur'd order pass,  
Where glows each hero in the breathing brass. 810  
In the green cavern, Mars' once lov'd retreat,  
The fostering dam presents her milky teat;  
The boys alternate suck'd beneath the shade,  
And, free from terror, round the she-wolf play'd.  
Turning her neck, she sooth'd them where they hung, 815  
And shap'd the smiling infants with her tongue.  
The Sabine maids round newly founded Rome,  
Woo'd in strange guise, embrac'd another home.  
Ere the Circensian games their course have run,  
Strife has concluded what in sport begun; 820  
And Romans straight the torch of battle burn  
'Gainst aged Tatius, and the Cures stern.  
Again these kings, the din of battle o'er,  
Stand in their arms the shrine of Jove before,  
Each held a cup, and, as the victim bled, 825  
The terms of friendship o'er the carcase said.  
Not far from hence, the perjur'd Metius, torn  
By adverse chariots, through the copse was borne;  
A bloody dew was sprinkled o'er the wood—  
Thou shouldst, O Alban, to thy oath have stood. 830  
Porsenna here for Tarquin took the field,  
Invested Rome, and bade her freemen yield:



The sons of Romulus, with proud disdain,  
Rush to their arms, their liberty maintain :  
With threatening aspect and indignant look, 835  
Ill could the Tuscan king that spirit brook ;  
Lo, Cocles breaks the bridge, his comrades saves,  
And virgin Cloelia breasts the Tyber's waves.

There Marcus Manlius, wrought upon the crown,  
Preserves the state, and hurls th' invaders down. 840  
The humble thatch of Romulus of old  
Shines as if fresh, emboss'd in lines of gold.  
A silver goose, whose cackle danger notes,  
And wakes the guards, past gilded pillars floats.  
Through the thick copse the Gallic leaders creep, 845  
And gain the summit while the Romans sleep.  
Their hair of gold falls o'er a golden vest ;  
Striped is the robe whose folds encase their breast ;  
Fair are their necks, by golden collars prest ;  
Each in his hand two Alpine javelins bears, 850  
And on his arm an ample buckler rears.

The Salii here to wildest measures dance,  
There the Luperci's naked bands advance ;  
Their caps of wool before the eye were brought,  
Their shields celestial in the graving wrought ; 855  
While in procession, with the sacred flame,  
In easy car, the Roman matrons came.

Far off the iron doors of Pluto frown,  
Whence the eye looks to gloomy Tartarus down ;  
Hung from a rock base Catiline appears, 860  
The Furies hiss, the traitor, trembling, hears ;



Whilst, where the just retire to cool retreats,  
Cato the rules of righteous law repeats.

Between, the sea in golden billows roars,  
But each white crest its foam of silver pours;       865  
With tails expanded, silver dolphins sweep  
The rolling waves, and gambol in the deep.

There, in the centre, on a golden tide,  
Off Actium's headland, brazen galleys ride;  
Lucate bristles with the rival fleet,       870

And Mars rejoices as the squadrons meet.  
On the high stern Augustus shines from far,  
And leads Italia's children to the war;  
Attendant senators and people stand,  
Where Jove assists the gods of Latium's land;       875

Around his brow fire plays in waving lines,  
Above his head his father's emblem shines.  
Agrippa there, in whom the gods delight,  
Obeys the breeze that bears him to the fight;  
That naval crown the leader proudly wears,       880  
The victor of Sicilia's waves declares.

Mark Antony adorns the adverse side,  
With chiefs that glitter in barbaric pride;  
There stand the warriors from the Red Sea's coast,  
The strength of India, and the Bactrian host;       885  
And, O! sad weakness for a prince of Rome,  
He leads proud Egypt's mistress to his home.

The ocean boils, as, rage opposed to rage,  
With triple beaks the rival ships engage:  
'Twould seem, as onward the huge vessels sweep,       890  
Whole islands float majestic on the deep;



Or mountains mountains rush'd along to meet,  
In the huge turrets that o'ertop the fleet.  
These blazing tow and pointed javelins pour,  
And Neptune blushes with unwonted gore. 895  
The queen meanwhile light wanton music plays,  
As if soft timbrels could their voices raise  
Above the waves, nor yet has turn'd her eyes  
To see two serpents that behind her rise.  
Anubis, houndlike, and a monstrous band, 900  
'Gainst Venus, Neptune, and Minerva stand;  
Emboss'd in steel, Mars towers terrific there,  
Grim Furies dreadful scream upon the air;  
Discord with joy her tatter'd garments views,  
Bellona arm'd with bloody scourge pursues; 905  
Apollo seems from Actium's heights to frown,  
Directs his bow, and points his arrows down,  
Arabia, Egypt, India, haste their flight,  
And all Sabæa trembles with affright.  
The queen herself invokes the gale, and flies, 910  
The ropes are loosen'd, and the breezes rise.  
Pale 'midst the tumult, and with sickening heart,  
She flies before the wind with wondrous art.  
Majestic Nile with tears displays his grief,  
And opes his bosom to his child's relief; 915  
Shrouded in silvery mists, the vanquish'd hide  
Their shatter'd vessels in his winding tide.  
Great Cæsar there triumphantly array'd  
Through Rome's proud gates victorious entry made;  
Three days the feast the Roman nobles hold; 920  
The time great Cæsar thrice triumphant told.



Three hundred temples had he vow'd to raise,  
And to the gods his vow the victor pays.  
In all the fanes Rome's noblest dames appear,  
Loud swells their hymn harmonious on the ear; 925  
The altars smoke with costliest incense crown'd,  
The lordly victim quivers on the ground.  
'Mid columns there with Parian marble bright,  
Sacred to thee, refulgent god of light,  
Cæsar receives a people's grateful vows, 930  
And some rich gift each stately pillar shows.  
In different garbs the different tribes appear,  
Their tongues as various as the arms they bear:  
The Caræ here and Lelegæ are found;  
Quivers are girt the fierce Geloni round; 935  
And Afric's zoneless warriors find a place,  
Where march Numidia's wild and pastoral race:  
Euphrates' waves subdued their current pour;  
There tread the dwellers on earth's farthest shore;  
Untam'd 'midst all the painted Dahæ seem, 940  
The Rhine flows onward with his double stream;  
And last Araxes, with indignant pride,  
Spurns at the yoke that overlays his tide.  
Thus as his mother's shield the chief admir'd,  
The hope of glory all the hero fir'd; 945  
He knew not what, but guess'd that there he read  
The tale of Rome's eternal greatness spread,  
Proud on his arm the pictur'd deeds to raise,  
Of boundless glory, and immortal praise.



## NOTES TO BOOK VIII.



Line 1. In allusion to the Roman custom of displaying the signal of war from the capitol.

3. In a note upon that passage, early in the xviii<sup>th</sup> Book of his Iliad, where Homer borrows a comparison from a trumpet, Mr. Pope observes that "the poet had better confine himself, like the painter, to customs and manners; and that it is equally a fault in either of them to ascribe to times and nations anything with which they were unacquainted." He then animadverts upon Virgil, for introducing the trumpet as used in the sacking of Troy, and for calling Misenus the trumpeter of Æneas; but, "as Virgil," he continues, "wrote at a time more remote from those heroic ages, perhaps the liberty may be excused." Be this as it may, here, at least, there can be no impropriety in the trumpet's notes: to all Southern Italy the customs and instruments of Etruria must have been familiar; and the ancient Etruscans, it is well known, were at a very early period conversant with many of the arts of social life.

6.

"Highly they rag'd

"Against the Highest, and, fierce, with grasped arms

"Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war."

*Paradise Lost*, I. 665.

48. Dardanus originally went from Italy to Phrygia.

88. I have given the interpretation which seems to me most consistent with the scope of the poem, and the object of the god Tyber, viz. to encourage Æneas. It is adopted by Heyne.

137. There is (if my memory is correct) a fine landscape representing this scene in the collection of William Miles, Esq., M.P., at Leigh Court, near Bristol.

174. The olive boughs carried as emblems of peace were twined with wreaths of white wool.

185. "Your sire:" Mercury.



240. Virgil, following Homer, places before his heroes "perpetui tergum bovis."

245. Jupiter, Mars, &c., were called the ancient gods, in contradistinction to deified heroes, such as Hercules and others.

354. The leaf of the poplar is white on one side, and dark green on the other; hence the epithet "bicolor," used by Virgil. The tree was sacred to Hercules, who wore a chaplet of its leaves on his descent into hell; the part of the leaf next his brow retained its white shade, the other side is fabled to have become dark from the smoke of the infernal regions.

363. The second table was supplied with apples, honey-cakes, &c.

364. It has been doubted whether Virgil meant simply chargers laden with the offerings of fruits, &c., or with incense, as in Ovid:

"Nec quæ de parvâ pauper Diis libat acerrâ,

"Thuræ, minus, grandi quam data lanca, valent."

For not more dear the costliest odours rise,

Than those which humbler piety supplies.

377. This abrupt change of person may be found in the hymn of Adam and Eve.—*Paradise Lost*, IV. 724.

420. From *lateo*, I lie hid.

434. The nymph Carmenta was the mother of Evander.

443. The Lupercal consisted of an altar in a grove on the lower part of the mount Palatine, where the festival in honour of Pan, called Lupercalia, was celebrated annually on the 15th of February. In connection with the worship of their god was the purification of the shepherds themselves. And hence the name of the month, from the Latin term "Februæ." The Lupercalia are generally supposed to have been of a date later than that which is here assigned to them, and to have been instituted in memory of the suckling of Romulus and Remus by the she-wolf. Livy, however, agrees with Virgil in assigning their introduction to Evander and the pastoral Arcadians.

446. Argus, when the guest of Evander, was assassinated, without his knowledge, by the Arcadians, under suspicion of having aspired to the crown. The grove was called Argiletum.

483.

"For now began

"Night, with her sullen wings, to double shade

"The desert."—*Paradise Regained*, I. 500.

513. Homer has given great interest to the corresponding



passage, by taking occasion, through the introduction of Thetis, to make Vulcan mention his first essays in the goldsmith's craft, when

"Nine years with them residing, for their use

"He form'd nice trinkets, clasps, rings, chains, and pipes,

"While loud around the hollow cavern roar'd

"The surge of the vast deep; nor god, nor man,

"Save Thetis and Eurynome, his life's

"Preservers, knew where he was kept conceal'd."—COWPER.

It would be difficult anywhere, in any language, to find a more accurate and charming rendering of three words, than in the translation of χαλκευω δαίδαλα πολλὰ, by "I formed nice trinkets." There is something very delightful in imagining the uncouth young god, who had been by "a shameless mother cast out of all sight," not for any fault of his own, but for a natural deformity, employed in making himself acceptable by the very arts which minister to the gratification of such principally as are superior in those qualifications wherein he was himself deficient. Like most of the allegories of ancient Mythology, it carries its useful lesson; in this case, one to youth, of diligence and perseverance under difficulties.

533.

"This sweaty haste

"Doth make the night joint labourer with the day."

*Hamlet*, act I., scene 1.

536. Professor Keble observes how the natural bent of the poet's mind is shown in the eagerness with which he seizes every opportunity of dwelling upon scenes of home.

541. I know no English word which will better than "embowell'd" express the Latin "exesus," "eaten out." Milton uses it of the air:

"The roar

"Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,

"And all her entrails tore."

556. According to the usual representation of the thunder upon coins and medals, in twelve rays, three for each quarter of the year; for the winds of autumn, the heat of summer, the hail of winter, and the showers of spring. So far was already finished when Vulcan arrived, and the Cyclops were proceeding to add to the metal the wrath of heaven, in the flame of the lightning and the roar of the thunder.

558. "There is not," observes one of our great English writers,



“perhaps in the whole Æneid a more grand and laboured passage than the description of Vulcan’s cavern, and the works that are carried on therein.” He then quotes the lines, and adds, “This appears to me wonderfully sublime, and yet, if we coolly think of these ingredients as welded into a gross body by the hammers of the Cyclops, the chimeras of madmen cannot appear more extravagant. The truth is,” he goes on, “if poetry gives us a noble assemblage of words corresponding to many noble ideas, which are connected by circumstances of time or place, or related to each other as cause and effect, or associated in any natural way, they may be moulded together in any form, and perfectly answer their end. The *picturesque* connection,” as he terms it, “is not demanded, because no real picture is formed; nor is the effect of the description at all the less upon this account.”

564. Medusa’s head, with serpents writhing round it, is represented on the breastplate of Minerva, as well as on her shield.

588. “Panting:” “*Properat.*”

591. The tunic of the Romans, and the chiton, the corresponding article of Græcian dress, was a woollen under-garment, not unlike the shirt with us. It is not incorrect to say that it “sheathed the limbs,” for it descended always to the knee, if not lower, and was so far scanty and tight, that it was often left open a short way up one side, to allow a free stretch to the legs.

592. The sandals of the ancients, as is well known, were a mere sole, bound to the foot with thongs over the instep and round the ankle. The women first added a piece of leather over the toes. The sole of the Tuscan sandal was of wood, and the straps were generally ornamented with gold embroidery.

600. “Secure:” “*secreta petebat.*”

673. The people of ancient Tuscany, or Etruria, were the first inventors of the trumpet; and it is probable that the sounds produced by them from the instrument might have had a peculiar loudness or clearance, which was recognized by Evander.

693. Æneas recognized these signs as prophetic of war; and as he had already been admitted through his ambassadors into league and alliance with Latinus, the war could not be commenced without the violation of a solemn compact.

718. It was not unusual with the conqueror, after a victory, to



collect the spoils of the vanquished, and consume them with fire, as an offering to Mars, or some other deity.

758. The *chlamys* was a sort of scarf, generally of rich materials, worn principally by youths ; also by the military of higher rank over their shirt of mail, much as our hussar officers wear their loose second jacket.

803. The *electrum* was a mixed metal of several parts silver with one of gold.

848. The “*sagulum*,” or upper cloak, worn by the ancient Gauls, was striped with different colours.

850. The “*gæsa*,” peculiar to the Alpine Gauls, were long spears, light and tapering, so that the warrior readily carried two at once in his hand. Dr. Smith describes the “*gæsa*” as much heavier weapons, “the shaft being as thick as a man could grasp.” This seems hardly consistent with each warrior carrying two in one hand. Perhaps he is speaking of it as it was at a later period.

852. The *Salii*, or priests of Mars, used to perform extravagant dances through the streets of Rome, as a part of their religious ceremonies, clashing on the sacred shields.

853. The *Luperci*, who used to become almost inebriated at the celebration of their festival, were accustomed to cover parts of their bodies with portions of the skins of the goats which had been sacrificed, the rest being left naked.

857. This superior distinction, of attending the sacred processions in cars, was, according to Livy, granted to the Roman matrons for their pious munificence in making up the deficiency in an offering of gold which had been vowed to Apollo in the Veientian war. The “*pilentum*” was an open four-wheeled carriage, furnished with soft and well-stuffed cushions ; hence the epithet “*mollis*.”

877. Augustus is frequently represented with the star above him of his adoptive father, Julius Cæsar.

880. The “*corona navalis*” might be obtained by any sailor who greatly distinguished himself in an engagement with the enemy ; the “*corona rostrata*,” which was ornamented with small beaks of vessels wrought in gold, only by the commander-in-chief in some great victory.

890. In the Fifth Book Virgil describes the *Chimæra*, the largest vessel of the fleet, as “*urbis opus*,” in bulk like a city : the



English reader may quote, as apposite both to that passage and this, the lines in Shakspeare's Henry the Fifth :

“ O, do but think,  
 “ You stand upon the rivage, and behold  
 “ A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;  
 “ For so appears this fleet majestic.”

893. “ Proud navy of the Southern ocean,  
 “ Beneath her foams the world-wide sea :

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

“ A floating host of citadels tremendous,  
 “ Ne'er did the floods beneath so huge a monster swell.”

SCHILLER'S Ode, *The Invincible Fleet*.

897. The “ sistrum,” an Egyptian instrument, used especially in the worship of Isis, received its name from the Greek word, *σεισω*, I shake, because it was held in the right hand, and shaken to produce the different notes. It was of an oval form, with a handle, much like our battledore, made of thin brass plates in a frame, and crossed by loose wires of brass, which rang against each other when shaken. “ Their voices were accompanied by the jingle of the Tsnasin, the Abyssinian timbrel, this is the Sistrum, an instrument supposed to be included under the Hebrew term TZICZDEM, and being composed of a frame and movable bars of sonorous metal, it produces sounds which can best be compared to the rattle of the poker upon the tongs.”—HARRIS' *Highlands of Ethiopia*, vol. iii., c. 32.

900. The gods of Egypt worshipped under various monstrous forms.

943. “ Overlay  
 “ With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke.”  
*Paradise Regained*, III. 334.

949. Admirably as the pictures here given are in keeping with the general scope of the poem, and with the devices of a warrior's armour, I never read the passage, spirited as it is, without lamenting that Homer should have preoccupied the scenes with which he has ornamented the shield of Achilles. What delight would his delineations of them have afforded both to the Roman poet himself,



and his readers! How would they from age to age have stood  
admiring round,

“ While, in the midst, the bard on his sweet pipe

“ Harmonious play’d.”

I should recommend the English scholar to consult Cowper’s translation (Pope, in my own judgment, not being so faithful or so happy as he generally is), and then to compare with it Milton’s noble adaptation of the same machinery to his own purpose, in the vision which the angel Michael sets before Adam in the Eleventh Book of ‘ Paradise Lost.’







## BOOK IX.

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TURNUS, at the instigation of Juno, attacks the Trojan encampment during the absence of Æneas. The transformation of the ships built of the pine trees of Mount Ida into sea-nymphs. The adventures of Nisus and Euryalus in quest of Æneas; taking opportunity from which, the poet introduces some of the noble traits of disinterestedness that a true friendship exhibits, and then paints so pathetically the strength of a parent's love, and the agony of maternal bereavement. The resumption of the siege with the light of morning, and the various successes on either side. The Book concludes with the daring conduct of Turnus within the Trojan lines, and the gallant manner in which he fights his way through the enemy to the river side of the encampment; then plunging into the Tyber escapes, and returns with increased glory to his friends.







## BOOK IX.

WHILE Pallas thus to steep Agylla led  
The Trojan prince, and thus his fortune sped,  
Saturnia sent the many-colour'd maid,—  
And she, swift-wing'd, the queen of gods obey'd,—  
To that deep grove where oft, in earlier days, 5  
Pilumnus pray'd, and now great Turnus prays;  
Where, as his thoughts on ancient records ran,  
Thaumantia thus, with rosy lips, began:  
“Behold the chance which fate propitious sends:  
“The Dardan chief deserts his trembling friends; 10  
“To steep Agylla bends his suppliant feet,  
“Cortona's city, and Evander's seat.  
“Call forth thy horse, swift mount the thundering car,  
“Storm their defences, and provoke the war.”  
Then, as she mounts on well-pois'd wings on high, 15  
Parts the light clouds, and cleaves the liquid sky,  
A shining train of ever varied light  
Spans the blue arch, and marks her upward flight.  
To heaven his hands the warlike chieftain spread,  
And thus address'd the goddess as she fled: 20  
“Stay, Iris, heaven's bright ornament, and say,  
“Who bid thee earthward wing thy glittering way?



“ Why shines the vaulted firmament so bright?  
“ Why beams thy pathway with refulgent light?  
“ E’en now I see the clouds asunder roll, 25  
“ And lucid stars move round the heavenly pole.  
“ By whomsoe’er the call to arms is made  
“ With signs so glorious, be that call obey’d.”  
Then, as beside the stream the monarch stands,  
In the pure wave he laves his pious hands; 30  
To many a god in suppliant posture bows,  
And lades the air with oft-repeated vows.  
Now on the plain the glittering host proceeds,  
In armour rich, and rich in glossy steeds:  
In front Messapus’ harness’d bands appear, 35  
And Tyrrheus’ sons compel the closing rear;  
The arms of Turnus in the centre shine,  
And his whole blazing helm o’ertops the line.  
As Nile’s rich waters, with receding tide,  
O’er their smooth bed with noiseless current glide; 40  
As rolls the Ganges peaceful to the main,  
So moves the army o’er the silent plain.  
On as they sweep light clouds of dust arise,  
The Trojans mark them, and Caïcus cries:  
“ What globe of horse do yonder mists enclose? 45  
“ Arm, mount the walls, and steel to steel oppose!”  
With rapid steps pours in the martial band,  
And bristling spears in grim defiance stand;  
For so Æneas bade the chiefs restrain  
The daring youth, nor trust the open plain, 50  
But raise firm bulwarks on the hostile ground,  
Sink the deep fosse, and heap the sheltering mound.



Obedient thus their gates the warriors close,  
Though ancient valour nobler combat chose.

With twenty chosen horsemen by his side, 55  
Far in advance see princely Turnus ride;  
Proudly his spotted steed the monarch bears,  
And bright the crimson-crested helm he wears.

"Who first, with me, to charge the foe will dare?"  
He cries, and flings a javelin in the air: 60

Then on he rush'd: that cheer his comrades knew,  
And with like shout their gallant chief pursue.  
Much scoff they at the Dardan's laggard heart,  
Which shuns, in open field, the warrior's part,  
And hugs the camp: he, glorying in his strength, 65

Spurr'd his bold steed along the rampart's length;  
Swift ran his eye the bristling circle round,  
An entrance seeking where no way was found.  
As when the wolf around the sheep-cot prowls,  
And, 'mid descending storms, more fiercely howls, 70

Behind their dams the timid lambs retreat,  
His hunger whetting with their plaintive bleat;  
Whilst he, the more the walls their treasure keep,  
Thirsts for their blood, and gloats upon the sheep:  
So when the monarch to the ramparts turns, 75

In all his frame the thirst for vengeance burns;  
How may his rage, uncheck'd, an entrance gain,  
Or tempt the Dardans to the even plain.

Close to the bank lies moor'd the Trojan fleet,  
Where the deep water forms a safe retreat; 80  
In either hand he grasps a torch of pine,  
Then calls his comrades to invade the line;



No second call his warlike comrades need,  
When godlike Turnus cheers them to the deed.  
Each seiz'd a brand, where burnt the watch-fires bright,  
And fill'd the firmament with sparkling light. 86

Ye Muses, tell what god propitious came,  
And sav'd the vessels from unholy flame;  
Pierian maids, to whom rich stores belong  
Of antique lore, and legendary song. 90

When first the axe on Ida's mount was heard,  
Her goddess thus to Jove her suit preferr'd:  
"Our prayer propitious grant, almighty son,  
"Since king thou reign'st eternal and alone.  
"Long have I lov'd the waving trees that spring, 95  
"Where grateful crowds their sacred treasures bring;  
"Where the dark pine tree casts a gloom around,  
"And the light maple shades the forest ground.  
"These gave I freely to the Dardan chief,  
"But anxious now my breast demands relief. 100  
"These cares dispel: secure the vessels keep,  
"Unwreck'd by storms, unbroken by the deep.  
"Pines that on Ida's sacred mountain grow,  
"Should the protection of Mount Ida know."

To whom the god, whose nod controls the skies, 105  
And rules the starry firmament, replies:  
"Shall vessels moulded by a mortal hand  
"Claim such endurance, and immortal stand?  
"Shall great Æneas thus securely go  
"Through paths of danger, and no hazard know? 110  
"Not e'en the gods, for whom these gates unfold,  
"Entire dominion over fortune hold.



“ But when, their wanderings through the ocean o’er,  
“ Ausonia hails them to her western shore,  
“ Whiche’er shall float uninjur’d by the tide, 115  
“ And Ilium’s chieftain to Laurentum guide,  
“ From these will Jove their mortal form remove,  
“ And all shall virgins of the water rove;  
“ As Doto now and Galatea ride  
“ On crested billows, and the waves divide.” 120  
Thus spake great Jove, and to confirm it swore  
By the dark pine wood on Avernus’ shore,  
By the deep waters of the Stygian god,  
And all Olympus trembled at his nod.  
’Twas now that fate and fierce Rutulia’s pride 125  
Call’d Ida’s queen to turn the torch aside;  
To thwart at once the daring monarch’s ire,  
Protect her vessels and avert the fire.  
A lustrous cloud that swept the eastern skies  
Pours light refulgent on the gazers’ eyes; 130  
Then, as bright sparkles shine through all the air,  
A choir celestial fills the tuneful sphere;  
A voice unearthly shakes the vault around,  
And adverse armies tremble at the sound:  
“ Warriors of Troy, no needless arms prepare, 135  
“ Mount Ida’s pines require no mortal’s care;  
“ Sooner may Turnus scorch the boundless seas,  
“ Than bring destruction to these sacred trees.  
“ Loos’d from your moorings through the waters glide,  
“ And live immortal in the azure tide.” 140  
With life instinct the ships the word receive,  
Break from their moorings, and the margin leave:



Like dolphins, sporting, plunge beneath the deep,  
Rise nymphs immortal, and the waters sweep.  
Amaz'd Rutulia's chosen warriors stand, 145  
Messapus trembles with his fiery band;  
The Tyber stops hoarse murmuring to the main,  
Arrests its waves, and lingers on the plain.

Great Turnus, still to daring acts inclin'd,  
Mocks at the shadows that come o'er his mind; 150  
Bold were his words, and cheer'd the brave man's heart,  
Nay, urg'd the laggard to a hero's part.  
"Our foes these portents threat," the monarch cries,  
"Great Jove to them his wonted aid denies:  
"Much does this sign the Trojan chiefs concern, 155  
"Without Rutulia's torch their vessels burn.  
"No passage now the pathless wave supplies,  
"The Dardan foe in vain our vengeance flies.  
"One half the globe deserts the roving bands,  
"And earth, at least, our native power commands; 160  
"Ready in arms Hesperia's thousands shine,  
"March to the gathering, and with Turnus join.  
"Let Phrygia's children in that sound rejoice,  
"I feel no terror at the heavenly voice.  
"Decreed it was by fate that these should stand, 165  
"By Venus guided, on Ausonia's strand;  
"I, too, in arms by fate's decree abide,  
"To crush the race that robs me of my bride;  
"Nor may th' Atridæ only insult feel,  
"Mycenæ only seek revenge with steel. 170  
"Plead they, they once have borne th' immortals' hate?  
"Then should no second crime have curs'd the state;



" But the dire ruin by one woman wrought  
" A just abhorrence of the sex have taught.  
" Let them secure upon their camp rely, 175  
" Where planks and earth a weak defence supply;  
" Have they not seen of old, when heroes came,  
" How Troy, great Neptune's city, sank in flame?  
" But say, what hand with me unsheathes the blade,  
" And strikes where terror has confusion made? 180  
" No Vulcan need celestial arms prepare,  
" No thousand vessels muster to the war.  
" Though Troy in armour with Etruria shine,  
" No paltry trick need we with valour join ;  
" No men conceal'd in coward ambush lay, 185  
" Nor 'neath the gloom of night the revellers slay.  
" Here round their walls we'll light the sentries' fire,  
" Lest darkness favour, and their hosts retire.  
" They shall not now with Græcian striplings play,  
" Whom Hector held for ten long years at bay. 190  
" But lo ! bright day approaching to a close,  
" Calls the brave soldier to deserv'd repose ;  
" Well may we glory in our past success,  
" And trust the gods will righteous efforts bless."

Meanwhile, the duty to Messapus came 195  
To set the guard, and light the watch-fires' flame.  
Twice seven Rutulian chiefs command receive,  
To see none enter, none th' encampment leave :  
A hundred youths round each their station hold,  
Their crests are crimson, and their armour gold. 200  
As wear the hours of night, in turns the whole  
Patrol the ground, or quaff the brazen bowl.



This bold display the Trojan youth alarms,  
They mount the ramparts, and prepare their arms;  
Connecting bridges run through all the length, 205  
And jealous care confirms the portals' strength.  
Mnestheus the valiant, and Serestus bold,  
The leaders' place, so will'd Æneas, hold.  
The watch is set, the sentry guards the wall,  
Each takes his station as the lot may fall. 210  
Nisus the guardian of the entrance stood,  
An archer keen from Ida's sacred wood;  
Oft bled the quarry, when his sylvan art  
Bent the tough yew, and launch'd the quivering dart.  
With him Euryalus in armour came, 215  
Their souls united, and their minds the same;  
Fair was the boy, above his comrades fair,  
Soft was his cheek, and youth's first down was there;  
And as like bands of love their hearts unite,  
They hold one station, and divide the fight. 220  
"Does heaven our souls," thus Nisus asks, "inspire,  
"Or dwells the god in our own martial fire?  
"A thousand hearts are great within my breast,  
"I spurn at ease, and loathe inglorious rest.  
"See how Rutulia's hosts in deep repose, 225  
"The banquet done, their eyes in slumber close.  
"Few watch-fires burn, deep stillness reigns around,  
"Oppress'd with wine her warriors strew the ground.  
"Tis silence all upon th'embattled plain:  
Then list while I my mind's resolve explain. 230  
Our leaders now in counsel deep demand  
One bold of heart to seek Evander's land,



“ To learn how fares it with our godlike chief,  
“ And urge him onward to the camp’s relief.  
“ Let them but grant his friend what he requires, 235  
“ Nisus, contented, fame alone desires:  
“ Beneath the rampart’s shade I’ll steal along,  
“ Gain the wide plain, and pass the slumbering throng.”  
Him thus the fair Euryalus address’d,  
As glow’d like ardour in his youthful breast: 240  
“ And dost thou, Nisus, then in truth refuse  
“ My proffered aid, and no companion choose?  
“ Think’st thou Euryalus content could bear  
“ To stand inactive, nor thy danger share?  
“ Not so Opheltes taught his ardent boy, 245  
“ ’Midst Argive labours and the toils of Troy.  
“ What act of weakness has my conduct shown?  
“ I thirst for glory, and all fear disown.  
“ Mine is a soul, a soul that dares despise  
“ Death’s rudest form, if honour be the prize.” 250  
To whom great Nisus: “ Love forbids to hold  
“ A thought so base of one so nobly bold.  
“ (O may the gods who on Olympus dwell,  
“ Protect the lips that truth unvarnish’d tell!)  
“ But if or Jove or adverse fate ordain 255  
“ Nisus no more his comrades’ camp should gain,  
“ (And well thou know’st how in the bloody strife  
“ On smallest issue hangs the warrior’s life,)  
“ Thee would I wish through future years to live,  
“ And wear the honours youth and valour give. 260  
“ Then one my corpse to rescue would be found,  
“ Or, ransom’d, cover it with sacred ground;



“ Or, should such honours envious fate deny,  
“ A tomb to raise, just funeral rites supply.  
“ I would not, boy, to thy fond mother’s heart,       265  
“ Or terror cause, or agony impart;  
“ To her whose love suppress’d each shrinking fear,  
“ And led her, heedless of all peril, here.”

To whom the youth: “ When glory calls, in vain  
“ E’en friendship bids the eager soul remain.”       270  
The guard is chang’d, fresh sentries wait the day;  
To the king’s tent the comrades hold their way.

Sleep o’er the world her grateful fetters threw,  
No cares the sad, no pains the weary knew;  
Troy’s chiefs, the while, in deep debate appear.       275  
Each lifts his shield, and leans upon his spear,  
Doubtful what course the infant state may need,  
Or who with tidings to their prince would speed.  
With eager suit the friends for entrance pray,  
And vouch the business will the time repay.       280

Then, while Iulus lent a willing ear,  
Nisus began: “ Ye Dardan leaders, hear:  
“ Weigh not our years, as if the words of age  
“ Alone might all your serious care engage.  
“ In sleep Rutulia’s harness’d squadron lies,       285  
“ Wine has weigh’d down, and slumber clos’d their eyes;  
“ A way is open where the paths divide,  
“ Close to that gate which fronts the murmuring tide;  
“ At distant intervals the watch-flames rise,  
“ And clouds of curling smoke obscure the skies.       290  
“ Grant what we ask, nor fortune’s offer spurn,  
“ Soon shall you see our godlike prince return;



“ While spoils the armour of our warriors hide,  
“ And reek their weapons with the gory tide.  
“ The path we know, for often in the chase 295  
“ We’ve trod the valleys, and observ’d the place,  
“ Mark’d where the city on a summit stood,  
“ And track’d the windings of the mazy flood.”  
Then spake Alethes; and his speech displays  
The ripe maturity of lengthen’d days: 300  
“ Gods of our country, guardian powers of Troy,  
“ Ye mean not yet the Dardans to destroy!  
“ Ye who our youths with ardent souls inspire,  
“ And fill the beardless with a warrior’s fire.”  
The cordial grasp, the tears of joy that roll, 305  
Proclaim the gladness of the veteran’s soul.  
“ What wealth,” he cries, “ can Phrygia’s shores impart,  
“ Meet pledge to valour from a grateful heart?  
“ Long blest beneath approving gods to live,  
“ Conscious of worth, the best reward shall give; 310  
“ Whilst fame for you her brightest garland brings,  
“ When the rapt bard your love, your glory sings.  
“ Nor slight the gifts Æneas will bestow,  
“ Their price the value of your deeds shall show;  
“ And long with men shall young Ascanius dwell, 315  
“ Your acts to publish, and your valour tell.”  
“ On you, on you alone,” Ascanius cries,  
“ Our ancient fame, our future hope relies:  
“ Bring back our chief, for once Æneas here,  
“ We know no danger, and no Turnus fear. 320  
“ Our household gods from you this service ask,  
“ Then by those gods I bid you to the task,



“ By white-hair’d Vesta’s unextinguish’d fire,  
“ And by Assaracus, bring back my sire.  
“ Two cups I give, of which the silver shines 325  
“ Emboss’d with art, and grav’d with curious lines;  
“ These, when Arisba fell, Æneas won,  
“ Who brings the father earns them from the son;  
“ Nor less two tripods, and two bars of gold,  
“ With one large vase of Sidon’s chastest mould. 330  
“ But if Italia’s sceptre crown our toil,  
“ And Mars, propitious, grant the shining spoil;  
“ The steed that bears great Turnus to the war,  
“ The arms thou saw’st refulgent from afar,  
“ That Thracian steed that shines with spots of white, 335  
“ That crest of crimson, and that buckler bright;  
“ These to no common leader’s lot shall fall,  
“ To Nisus now his prince assigns them all.  
“ To these my sire twelve captive dames shall add,  
“ Their shapely limbs in golden tissue clad; 340  
“ Twelve captive youths; and more, the wide domain,  
“ Where king Latinus tills the fertile plain.  
“ Thou, noble boy, so near Ascanius’ age,  
“ Thy life’s success may well his care engage;  
“ Thee would I seek each enterprise to share, 345  
“ And without thee no deed of glory dare;  
“ If counsel peace, or valour war demand,  
“ I’ll trust thy wisdom, and thy warlike hand.”  
    To whom the young Euryalus replies,  
And fondness strove with daring in his eyes: 350  
“ If prosperous fortune smile, or adverse frown,  
“ Defeat depress our arms, or victory crown,



" No after weakness shall obscure my fame,  
" Or cloud the glory that enshrines my name.  
" One boon alone from thee these lips would seek, 355  
" And deep affection prompts me while I speak ;  
" My mother lives, of Priam's ancient race,  
" No risk could tear her from her son's embrace ;  
" She would not stay on Ilium's well-known plain,  
" Nor share the kind Acestes' peaceful reign. 360  
" Unknown the enterprise on which we go,  
" No words of parting may our purpose show.  
" By thy right hand and ancient Night I swear,  
" I could but ill a mother's anguish bear.  
" Do thou, O prince, a prince's succour lend, 365  
" Support the widow, the bereav'd befriend :  
" Let me this hope within my bosom bear,  
" I scorn all hazard, and all danger dare."

Transfix'd with grief Troy's rugged warriors stand,  
Iulus weeps, and grasps the hero's hand: 370  
" She whom thou lov'st, henceforth belov'd by me,  
" In all but name shall lost Creüsa be ;  
" Nor slight the praise through after years attends  
" On her from whom her country's shield descends.  
" Then by this head I swear, which oath before 375  
" As pledge of solemn truth my father swore,  
" Whate'er, if fortune prospers, would be thine,  
" To grant thy parent, and thy parent's line."

He ceas'd ; the tears that o'er his features flow'd,  
Proclaim'd his truth, his fond affection show'd. 380  
His hands a sword inlaid with gold unslung,  
And round the youth the burnish'd weapon hung ;



In Cretan forge the finely temper'd blade  
Lycaon's skill with ivory scabbard made.  
A lion's spoils the love of Mnestheus show'd, 385  
On the bold son of Hyrtacus bestow'd;  
The helm which late the good Alethes grac'd,  
Exchang'd, was on his manly temples plac'd.  
They march along, in shining arms array'd,  
And all Troy's leaders for their safety pray'd; 390  
Both old and young upon their footsteps wait,  
And with loud vows the band approach the gate.  
Then many a message young Iulus gave,  
Wise above youth, and with his wisdom brave;  
On idle wings the gales his mandates bear, 395  
His words are scatter'd through the empty air.

The gates they left, and straight commenc'd their way  
To where encamp'd Rutulia's squadrons lay:  
Heavy around them hung night's sable shade,  
But many a chief in darker night was laid. 400  
Sleep flapp'd her leaden wings above their breast,  
Wine dimm'd their eyes, and on their temples press'd:  
Idle the chariots stand upon the shore,  
Between the wheels the prostrate drivers snore;  
Goblets of price 'midst arms lie strew'd around, 405  
And helm and corselet glitter on the ground.  
Then Nisus spoke: "Behold the hours invite  
" Their country's champions to the deeds of night:  
" To guard our rear brief space thy steps delay,  
" Through yon wide host my falchion carves a way." 410  
He ceas'd: then while on all deep silence lies,  
He turns to where the lofty cushions rise,



On which great Rhamnes sleeps in savage pride,  
His corselet loose, his javelin at his side;  
Whilst the deep breath that heav'd his ample chest, 415  
The unresisted power of sleep confess'd.  
Of royal blood, and skill'd in things divine,  
Much was he lov'd by Turnus' kingly line;  
But vain his boasted skill in heavenly lore,  
Rutulja's monarch must his friend deplore. 420  
Three slaves of Remus next upon the field  
He slew, with him who bore that leader's shield;  
The charioteer, beneath his coursers' feet,  
From the same weapon must destruction meet;  
Nor less his strokes the chieftain's neck divide, 425  
The headless trunk spouts out the purple tide,  
Through the rude bed soaks down the crimson gore,  
And dyes the surface of the earthy floor.  
Now Lamyrus and hardy Lamus fell,  
And young Serranus sought the shores of hell; 430  
Fair was the youth, and gay that night had laugh'd,  
But bow'd to Bacchus with his potent draught;  
Blest if his sport had lasted through the night,  
And with its revel sham'd the blushing light.  
As when his way some hungry lion holds, 435  
Leaps o'er the pales, and ravages the folds;  
While mute from fear the trembling flock remain,  
He foams, he tears, he drags them o'er the plain;  
So young Euryalus like slaughter spread,  
And many a nameless warrior join'd the dead. 440  
Fadus, Hebesus, Abaris, are slain,  
Nor know the hand that smote them on the plain.



The wakeful Rhætus saw the falling blade,  
And crept behind a vase's ample shade;  
Him, as he rose, the youthful hero slew, 445  
And drove the steel the quaking leader through;  
When from the wound he drew the reeking blade,  
Through the deep gash its way the spirit made;  
The soul was with the purple current dyed,  
And wine came mingled with the bubbling tide. 450  
Flush'd with success, yet caution notes the band  
That fought beneath Messapus' stern command,  
The ardent steeds, the camp's more firm array,  
And paling watch-fires that announce the day.  
Then Nisus speaks: "The kindling rays of morn 455  
"Reveal the slaughter, and of danger warn;  
"The thirst for vengeance need no farther go,  
"Our pathway's open'd through the bleeding foe."  
Full many a broider'd web aside was plac'd,  
Goblets of price, and arms with silver chas'd; 460  
But now their eyes a richer prey behold,  
Great Rhamnes' trappings, and his belt of gold;  
These Cædicus, whose wealth left nought to crave,  
To Remulus, the prince of Tibur, gave:  
Thus laden envoys distant comrades greet, 465  
And old allies in heart and memory meet.  
With these, Rutulia's spoil by valour made,  
The youth in vain his graceful form array'd;  
Messapus' helmet, with its gorgeous crest,  
Seiz'd as they pass'd, his blooming temples press'd. 470  
The pair advancing, safe the outposts gain,  
Escape their dangers, and enjoy the plain.



Meanwhile, three hundred horsemen arm'd at speed  
From Latium's city o'er that plain proceed;  
Drawn up, the foot beneath the walls delay, 475  
With tidings these to Turnus hold their way:  
Each on his arm supports a horseman's shield,  
And Volscens proudly leads them to the field.  
They meet, the helm the youth had borne away,  
Flash'd in the brightness of a lunar ray; 480  
Its crest was dim beneath the clouds of night,  
Nor thought the warrior on the moonbeam's light.  
That ray reveals him to the adverse band,  
Loud through the twilight rings the chief's command:  
"Why march ye there in armour's bright array? 485  
"Your name, your purpose, your direction, say."  
No voice replies, but swift they urge their flight,  
And trust for safety to still lingering night.  
Each path the horsemen know, and each they gain,  
Stop every outlet, and beset the plain. 490  
A wood was there, dark with the ilex shade,  
Thick was the copse, and tangled every glade;  
Scarce a slight pathway could the curious eye  
Through the dense grove and thorny brake descry.  
The darkness checks the younger warrior's speed, 495  
Doubting he stands, the boughs his course impede:  
With more success bold Nisus onward sped,  
His friend forgetting, and with swiftness fled.  
His foemen's war-cry dies upon the wind,  
As his light footsteps leave the lake behind, 500  
Which Alba's name in after days shall gain;  
Now royal folds enclose the marshy plain.



Swift rang'd his rapid glance from side to side,  
In vain, no friend that rapid glance descried.  
"Where art thou now, Euryalus?" he cries: 505  
"Where shall I find thee?" but no voice replies.  
Through the thick copse he holds his passage back,  
With nice observance on his former track.  
Loud pours the trumpet's blast upon his ears,  
The tramp of horse, the shout of men he hears; 510  
And louder still, and louder swells the cry,  
As the arm'd troops his hapless friend draw nigh.  
Sharp rings that voice: he stops, and breathless sees  
The shouting band his youthful comrade seize.  
What could he do! what single arm, though brave, 515  
From rushing squadrons could a comrade save?  
Then shall he reckless lose all chance of life,  
And court destruction in unequal strife?  
His arm drawn back, he pois'd his lance on high,  
And to the moon address'd his mournful cry: 520  
"Bright goddess, hear thy worshipper's address;  
"Queen of the stars, thy suppliant's labour bless.  
"If e'er great Hyrtacus his offerings bore,  
"Kneeling for me thy hallow'd shrine before;  
"If from thy vaulted dome has hung the spoil, 525  
"The grateful first-fruits of my sylvan toil;  
"Mine arm direct, thy skill destructive teach,  
"And grant this spear yon murderous band may reach."  
He pray'd: and then, impell'd with all his force,  
The polish'd javelin took its trackless course, 530  
Swift through the shades of night avenging flew,  
And pierc'd the heart of haughty Sulmo through;



He fell, life's current ebb'd from out his breast,  
And death's cold shadows on his eyelids press'd.  
Then, as his frame convulsive heavings shook, 535  
And all through darkness for the victor look,  
Nisus, his soul to greater daring wrought,  
Another foe with blow repeated sought;  
The hissing javelin pierc'd the temples through,  
Warm'd in the brain, and mighty Tagus slew. 540  
Fir'd at the loss, fierce Volscens foams around,  
No hand is seen, no mark for vengeance found.  
"The debt for both by thy life-blood be paid,"  
Shouted the chief, and furious bar'd his blade.  
Then Nisus spurn'd the chance which darkness gave, 545  
And nobly faithful rush'd his friend to save:  
"See, see the hand that hurl'd the fatal steel;  
"Mine was the deed, let me the vengeance feel.  
"No crime was his, (so heaven our cause defend,)  
"Save love too ardent for his wretched friend." 550  
Vain the appeal: for with too cruel force  
Through his white breast the falchion holds its course;  
The nerves unstrung, sunk down the head remain'd,  
The beauteous limbs the crimson current stain'd.  
So with bruis'd stem the purple floweret lies, 555  
Exhales its sweets, and in the furrow dies;  
So the gay poppy, overcharg'd with rain,  
Droops its slight neck, and withers on the plain.  
On pours the son of Hyrtacus through all,  
Content to die, if only Volscens fall. 560  
Close to his eyes the burnish'd javelins glance,  
In nearer circle as the foes advance;



With equal zeal he presses on the band,  
The vengeful falchion flashes in his hand ;  
Plung'd to the hilt it drinks proud Volscens' gore, 565  
The vanquish'd dies, the victor breathes no more,—  
Stretch'd on his friend life's last pulsations cease,  
Death brings oblivion, and oblivion peace :  
Blest pair ! if verse can fame immortal give,  
In deathless glory shall your virtues live ; 570  
Firm as the rock which Roman power sustains,  
Wide as the world where Roman valour reigns.

The slain were stripp'd, the bloody rites were o'er,  
His comrades, weeping, Volscens' body bore.  
Like wails within the watch-fires' circle rise, 575  
Where the great Rhamnes' lifeless carcase lies ;  
Serranus too, and Numa's noble name,  
With many a chief beside, of martial fame.  
The crowd in numbers press'd the corpses round,  
And mark'd with frequent steps the crimson ground. 580  
There by some friend's last agony they stood,  
There watch'd the rivulets that frothed with blood ;  
They knew the helm resplendent 'midst the spoil,  
And belt won back with fierce and bloody toil.

'Twas now Aurora, from her saffron bed, 585  
O'er the glad earth the blush of morning spread,  
And the gay sun, in early splendour bright,  
Unveil'd the world, and pour'd his golden light,  
When Turnus, blazing in refulgent arms,  
Wakes up his warriors, and the camp alarms ; 590  
Each leader's voice rings out his loud commands,  
And stirs to greater wrath his steel-clad bands.



In savage triumph, rais'd upon a spear,  
The bleeding heads fierce foes exulting bear.

Where to the left no stream protecting flows, 595  
Its bristling front the Trojan army shows;  
Sad are their musings as their band they count,  
Line the deep fosse, the lofty ramparts mount;  
For well those heads that drip with gore they know,  
Borne on the javelins of the haughty foe. 600

Meanwhile, through all the trembling city Fame  
Swept, charg'd with sorrow, and unpitying came  
To where the labours of the loom employ  
The wretched mother of the murder'd boy:  
Chill'd is the vital current of her soul, 605  
The shuttle ceases, and the threads unroll.  
Her plaintive cry the warrior startled hears,  
She roams bewilder'd, and her tresses tears;  
Along the battlemented ramparts goes,  
But sees no army, and no peril knows. 610  
What are to her the spears that bristle there,  
Whose shrill lament fills all the ambient air?  
"O must I then behold thee thus?" she cries,  
"Is this the solace on which age relies?  
"And couldst thou so thy hapless mother leave, 615  
"Speak no farewell, no parting pledge receive?  
"Birds scream above, and dogs are fighting o'er  
"Thy corpse, unburied, on the Latian shore;  
"Unwash'd the wound is gaping in thy breast,  
"No gentle hand thy stiffening eyelids press'd, 620  
"No mother's step the sad procession led,  
"No mother's care the broider'd vestment spread,



“ Which day and night would life’s sad hours engage,  
“ While labour sought to cheat the cares of age.  
“ Where may I now life’s last sad honours pay;      625  
“ And in what tomb thy mangled members lay?  
“ This gory head present’st thou to my view?  
“ Follow’d I this all earth and ocean through?  
“ If pious feelings in your bosoms burn,  
“ On me, Rutulians, all your fury turn.      630  
“ Palsied with woe, what more can mortal feel?  
“ Transfix’d with grief, why dread the power of steel?  
“ Or thou, dread sire, fulfilling whose command  
“ The winged thunder leaves thy fiery hand,  
“ If nought beside may close a mother’s woe,      635  
“ That thunder launch, and send my soul below.”

Each warrior’s breast the claims of pity felt,  
And rugged hearts with softer sorrow melt;  
Useless, the while, their glittering falchions hung,  
The spear unbalanc’d, and the bow unstrung.      640  
Though much he wept, Iulus gave command  
To move the dame, whose tears unnerv’d the band;  
And mail-clad chiefs, with all a woman’s care,  
The matron fainting to her chamber bear.

Loud the alarm now brazen trumpets sound,      645  
The camp re-echoes, and the skies resound.  
Raising their well-compacted shields on high,  
With no dull voice, the Volscian troops reply;  
To fill the fosse these earth and faggots bear,  
Undaunted these to scale the mound prepare,      650  
Where’er the serried hosts less closely stand,  
And the light glimmers through the opening band.



Each hostile missile the defenders pour,  
Ten years accustomed to the iron shower;  
One meets his rude assailants with a pole, 655  
These heave huge rocks, and down the fragments roll,  
On bounds the stone, and holds its furious course,  
With speed increasing and increasing force.  
But long all force those shields resisted well,  
The spears leapt back, the fragments idly fell; 660  
Firm was that globe, yet own'd at last the shock,  
Where thunder'd onward an enormous rock:  
Rutulia's stoutest limbs beneath it reel,  
The shields gape open, and the thunder feel.  
Enrag'd, their fence the warriors now refuse, 665  
And open fight for blind concealment choose;  
With javelins darken all the air around,  
And strive to thrust the Dardans from the mound.  
The proud Mezentius there terrific stands,  
And bears a pine-tree blazing in his hands; 670  
Messapus, sprung from Neptune, who delights  
In harness'd coursers and in knightly fights,  
Breaches the rampart, and impetuous calls  
To rear the ladders, and ascend the walls.  
Do thou, Calliope, O heavenly maid, 675  
Relate what slaughter godlike Turnus made,  
Then tell how each stern warrior sent his foe  
To join the spirits in the realms below.  
Of height stupendous, rising from the ground,  
Where it commands the widest circle round, 680  
A tower ascends; Italia's warriors strove  
With all their force this bulwark to remove:



To meet the foe huge stones the Dardans bear,  
And through the loopholes point the frequent spear.  
Great Turnus hurl'd against that turret's sides 685  
A smoking ball: the swift destruction glides,  
Fann'd by the wind, till flames increasing rise,  
And through the whole the blaze triumphant flies.  
Within, the warriors respite seek in vain,  
'Tis death to fly, and torture to remain; 690  
Before the flame the panting chiefs retreat,  
Man crowds on man, and flies the scorching heat,  
When down the turret thunders to the ground,  
And the high heaven re-echoes with the sound.  
Powerless, crush'd down beneath the timbers' weight, 695  
The stout defenders, gasping, meet their fate;  
Here a sharp splinter pierc'd some chieftain's heart,  
Or Trojan died transfix'd with Trojan dart.  
Helenor only, of Mæonian birth,  
And youthful Lycus, reach'd, unhurt, the earth. 700  
The slave Lycimnia, in whose soft embrace  
The Lydian king forgot her nameless race,  
And sank, enraptured by her virgin charms,  
In love's sweet dream dissolving in her arms,  
Helenor bore, and sent the daring boy, 705  
In arms forbidden, to the plains of Troy.  
Light was the mail the Lydian hero wore,  
No bold device his blank escutcheon bore.  
As when the hunters, closing round their prey,  
Present their spears, and hold the chase at bay, 710  
Forward the beast herself infuriate flings,  
Aware of death, and on the javelins springs;



So where Rutulia's host the densest stands,  
Helenor rushes on the hostile bands;  
But, 'midst the shower of Latian steel that falls, 715  
Lycus, more active, gains the Trojan walls:  
And now his comrades' outstretch'd hands he grasps,  
Springs from the rampart, and the summit clasps.  
Swift as his spear his speed great Turnus tried,  
As thus his words the struggling Lycus chide: 720  
"O fool! to think that swiftness could avail,  
"Or speed against victorious arms prevail."  
The youth he seiz'd still clinging to the wall,  
The boy sinks backward, and the turrets fall.  
So the swift eagle through the plains of air 725  
Bears the white cygnet or the timorous hare;  
So the fierce wolf sweeps off the tender lamb,  
Pursued by bleatings from its plaintive dam.  
On, with a shout, Rutulia's warriors go,  
Fill up the fosse, and charge the Dardan foe; 730  
Some blazing torches of the pine-tree bring,  
And 'gainst the battlemented ramparts fling.  
Ilioneus a mighty fragment threw,  
And as Lucetius came that hero slew;  
Emathion Liger's hand dismiss'd to hell; 735  
By stout Asylas Chorinæus fell,—  
One better skill'd the trembling dart to throw,  
And one more famous with the secret bow.  
Great Turnus low victorious Cæneus laid,  
By whom Ortygius sank a gloomy shade; 740  
Bold Clonius, Itys, Dioscippus died,  
And Promulus pour'd forth life's purple tide,



By Turnus slain, with Sagaris the brave,  
And Idas striving a vast tower to save.  
Where a light javelin, by Themilla cast, 745  
Just graz'd the stout Privernus as it pass'd,  
He rashly flung aside his shield, and tried  
With his left hand to ease his smarting side;  
With aim unerring Capys bent the yew,  
And pierc'd at once his hand and corselet through; 750  
From lungs transfix'd out pour'd the rushing breath,  
His soul went sobbing to the realms of death.  
Arcens' fair son adorns the Trojan lines,  
On whom Iberia's darkest purple shines  
That broider'd scarf, round which had skilful run 755  
The needle's point, admiring glances won.  
Born where thy grove, O god of battle, grows,  
Through which Simathus' silver current flows,  
Where the Palici's milder altar stands,  
Sent by his sire, he joins the Dardan bands. 760  
'Gainst him advancing, fierce Mezentius tried  
The distant sling, and flung his spear aside;  
So swift the thong was swung around his head,  
The lead, half melted, from its socket sped,  
Cleft the broad temples of the chief in twain, 765  
And stretch'd his bulk enormous on the plain.  
'Twas now Ascanius, wont before from far,  
With timid hinds to urge the sylvan war,  
'Gainst the steel mail his maiden prowess tried,  
Of fame ambitious, and with nobler pride. 770  
His shaft Numanus struck, the stout of hand,  
Call'd Remulus by all his country's band,



Who late had Turnus' younger sister led  
To the soft pleasures of the bridal bed.  
Before the ranks, of new distinction proud, 775  
His boasting idle, though his voice was loud,  
He thus exclaim'd: " Twice-conquer'd Phrygians, shame!  
" Must warriors safety from their ramparts claim?  
" Behold the heroes who invade our land,  
" And Latium's virgins for their brides demand. 780  
" What god could here in wrath your vessels guide?  
" What madness bade you cross the Tuscan tide?  
" You will not here the gay Atridæ find,  
" Nor Ithacus, to crafty words inclin'd.  
" Hard from our birth: our fearless mothers lave 785  
" Their ruddy infants in the wintry wave;  
" In sylvan war the boy his prowess tries,  
" And threads the forest as the quarry flies;  
" See him in sport by raging horses borne,  
" Or launching arrows from the polish'd horn: 790  
" Active to toil, and patient to endure,  
" Their spirits noble, though their homes are poor,  
" Our hardy youth now subjugate the soil,  
" Now storm the city, and bear off the spoil.  
" The steers for goads our javelin handles feel, 795  
" And every year familiar is with steel.  
" Enfeebling age enervates ne'er the heart,  
" Nor makes the warrior play the dotard's part;  
" The hero once remains the hero still,  
" And hoary locks the brazen helmet fill. 800  
" Our joy from foemen's lands to drive the spoil,  
" Then in the deep carouse forget the toil.



“ Let saffron dyes infect the silken vest  
“ Of women-chiefs, in gaudy purple drest ;  
“ Luxurious ease may such as these delight, 805  
“ The sprightly measure, and the sportive night,  
“ Whose hands a maiden’s flowing sleeves confine,  
“ Around whose bonnets maidens’ ribbons twine.  
“ Go, Phrygian dames, ye’re hardly Phrygian men,  
“ Go seek the lofty Dindymus again, 810  
“ Where the sweet flute, with softly breathing note,  
“ Makes meeter music than the trumpet’s throat ;  
“ Mount Ida’s cymbals wanton ears delight,  
“ Arms are for men, ’tis heroes love the fight.”  
    Ill could Ascanius’ nobler spirit bear 815  
These boastful words, these scornful railings hear :  
Fronting the vaunting chief he took his stand,  
The bow was strung, the shaft was in his hand ;  
Straight to the head the winged dart he drew,  
The horse-hair string still closer bent the yew ; 820  
Then, ere the bow the vengeful arrow sends,  
His supplication thus to Jove ascends :  
“ Almighty parent, look propitious down,  
“ And with success our youthful daring crown.  
“ I to your fane each solemn gift will bear, 825  
“ A prince may offer, or a god may share.  
“ Here to your shrine a full-grown bull I vow,  
“ Of snow-white colour, with a gilded brow ;  
“ E’en now he spurns the furrow with his feet,  
“ His horns in mimic strife the challenge meet.” 830  
Jove heard ; and, where the liquid sky was clear,  
Burst to the left loud thunder on the ear.



On roll'd the peal, sharp twang'd the polish'd yew,  
Wing'd by the god the fatal arrow flew;  
With deadly force the barb transfix'd his brain, 835  
His vaunts were frustrate, and the vaunter slain.  
"Go now, and with the braggart's idle boast  
"Insult our lines, deride the Dardan host,  
"Mock at our ramparts, and our warriors spurn:  
"Twice-vanquish'd Phrygians this response return." 840  
Loud shouts from all the Trojan camp arise,  
Proclaim his triumph, and ascend the skies.

Thron'd on a cloud, pois'd on pellucid air,  
The bright Apollo, with the golden hair,  
Ausonia's lines, and Troy's young city eyed, 845  
And to the bold and youthful archer cried:  
"Let glory crown thy deeds, in youth begun,  
"So triumphs virtue, and so heaven is won.  
"No Troy alone can fame so great confine,  
"O, sprung from gods, and in thy sons divine, 850  
"Whose boundless power shall bid contention cease,  
"Embrace all lands, and rule the world in peace."

He spoke: as through the crystal arch he glides,  
The beauteous god the whispering gales divides;  
His progress then to young Ascanius makes, 855  
And aged Butes' martial habit takes.  
In earlier days did Butes bear the shield  
Of great Anchises, on the hard-fought field;  
And oft throughout the spangled night he'd wait,  
The faithful guardian of that chieftain's gate. 860  
Him, when Æneas left the burning Troy,  
He gave a comrade to his youthful boy.



His voice, his arms, his form Apollo took,  
His silver tresses, and his aged look ;  
And as Iulus with fresh ardour glow'd, 865

His words the wisdom of his counsel show'd :  
" Son of great Phrygia's chief, content remain  
" With the first praise of bold Numanus slain.  
" To thee this fame the bright-hair'd god concedes ;  
" The same your weapons and alike your deeds ; 870  
" To thee his own immortal skill imparts,  
" Nor grudges half the glory of his darts."

He ceas'd: then, parting from their wond'ring sight,  
Resum'd the god, and melted into light.

The Dardan leaders, as the ground he trod, 875  
Saw the bright armour of the beauteous god,  
And when through plains of liquid air he flew,  
His silver shafts and shining quiver knew.

Within the camp the chiefs his zeal restrain,  
E'en as Apollo bade the boy remain ; 880  
Themselves again in deadly combat close,  
And freely life for martial fame expose.

Their battle-cry along the ramparts sounds,  
Rings through the towers, and echoes from the mounds ;  
The archer draws his bowstring to his ear, 885  
And the stout warrior plies the frequent spear.

A shower of javelins covers all the plain,  
'Gainst helm and buckler beats the iron rain ;  
As when, the Kids prevailing in the sky,  
Through the dark air the watery tempests fly ; 890  
As when the god with pealing thunder rends  
The clouds asunder, and the hail descends.



But, lo ! where Pandarus and Bitias bold,  
Borne on Mount Ida to Alcanor old,  
Tower, whom Hiera nurs'd within the grove 895  
Of pine-trees sacred to eternal Jove;  
Tall as these pines each graceful hero shows,  
Firm as the hill on which the forest grows.  
The gate Æneas trusted to their might  
They fling wide open, and the foe invite, 900  
And, like tall towers that rise on either hand,  
The stalwart chiefs in grim defiance stand.  
Bright gleams the corselet on each manly breast,  
Bright shines on either helm the burnish'd crest.  
So two tall oaks, ambitious of the skies, 905  
From Athesis or Po's green margin rise,  
To heaven their tops, full cloth'd with honours, spread,  
And nod majestic with their towering head.  
Rutulia's sons rush in from all the plain,  
And strive the centre of the camp to gain; 910  
Equicolus, in graceful arms array'd,  
And Quercens there a fierce irruption made,  
Impetuous Tmarus rais'd his warlike cry,  
And martial Hæmon wav'd his sword on high,  
These head the charge, the Dardan foe to meet, 915  
Or, hosts opposing, guard their friends' retreat;  
Reckless of life, embrace a warrior's fate,  
And die unyielding in the open gate.  
A front more daring Phrygia's army shows,  
All fierce the tide of Dardan battle flows; 920  
In one firm mass the Trojan troops unite,  
Rush from the ramparts, and provoke the fight.



'Tis now the tidings to their warlike king,  
'Mid slaughter terrible, his comrades bring:  
That Troy's proud squadrons with fresh ardour glow, 925  
Their gates throw open, and invite the foe.  
Great Turnus then, his soul to fury wrought,  
The haughty pair and Dardan portal sought;  
And first Antiphates his javelin slew,  
The cornel shaft went breast and breastplate through, 930  
The secret offspring of a Theban maid,  
Whom love to bold Sarpedon's arms betray'd;  
The spouting current crimson'd all the ground,  
The polish'd javelin quiver'd in the wound.  
There Merops and the stout Aphydnus died, 935  
And Erymas pour'd forth life's purple tide;  
Swelling with rage was Bitias made to feel  
The power of death, but by no vulgar steel:  
A javelin, hissing like the bolt of Jove,  
Blaz'd as it came, and through his corselet drove, 940  
So vast, two tough bull-hides could nought avail,  
Nor, thick with double rings, his golden mail;  
His bulk enormous falling shakes the ground,  
Earth groans, and all his burnish'd arms resound.  
So, prostrate, yielding to the Tuscan tide, 945  
Falls the huge pile, which late its waves defied;  
Drives back the sea, whose crested billows boil,  
And sinks embedded in the heaving soil.  
Inarime, on vast Typhœus spread,  
Feels the convulsion in her ocean bed; 950  
Thy cliffs, O Prochyte, the uproar hear,  
And all thy craggy islet rocks with fear.



The god of arms confirms the Latian might,  
Inflames their breasts, and goads them to the fight;  
Base terror scatters through the Trojan host, 955  
Dark fear prevails, and ancient valour's lost.  
The foe rush on where'er their ranks recede,  
Mars fires the heart, and stimulates the deed.  
But when the eyes of Pandarus behold  
On the red plain the corpse of Bitias roll'd, 960  
With fortune frowning on the Dardan arms,  
His own too daring deed his soul alarms;  
His brawny arms the tumult wild oppose,  
And with vast force the gaping portal close.  
Then sons of Troy, shut out upon the plain, 965  
In deadly strife with whelming hosts remain:  
And, as his friends without the gate he leaves,  
So the fierce foe the Trojan camp receives.  
O mad! who thus within the walls could bring,  
In wrath invincible, Rutulia's king. 970  
There 'mid the trembling host the monarch stood,  
As stands 'mid flocks the tyrant of the wood;  
From flashing eyes fresh rage terrific sprang,  
His arms with more than wonted horror rang;  
Trembled the crests that flam'd upon his head, 975  
His shield the brightness of the lightning shed.  
Dismay prevail'd through all the Dardan race;  
Strength cloth'd his limbs, and fury mark'd his face.  
Then mighty Pandarus leapt forth, and show'd  
How in his heart the fire of vengeance glow'd. 980  
"Not these," he cried, "are Ardea's friendly walls,  
"You tread not now Amata's nuptial halls;



“ Their bristling line our Dardan spears present,

“ And all escape these hostile walls prevent.”

Great Turnus smil'd, of conscious might possess'd, 985

Calm was his voice, and undisturb'd his breast:

“ If valour warms thy soul, thy falchion bare,

“ Turnus disdains to ask his foes to spare:

“ Now let the soul of boastful Pandarus slain

“ To Priam tell, Achilles lives again.” 990

Then, rough with knotted oak, great Pandarus took

His spear, and in his grasp gigantic shook;

True was the aim, and yet no victim found,

The empty air alone receiv'd the wound;

Saturnian Juno stayed the hand of fate, 995

And fix'd the javelin quivering in the gate.

“ Not so this forceful arm,” the monarch cries,

“ The blade descends, the hostile champion dies.

“ Such blow as arms celestial deal expect;

“ A god has forg'd, may now a god direct.” 1000

Then as his hands the glittering falchion raise,

He rises too, and all his force displays;

Sheer through the skull the blade descending went,

By the deep gash the beardless cheeks were rent;

Through all the camp men hear an awful sound, 1005

Headlong the giant thunders to the ground.

There where it fell his prostrate corse remains,

And with the spouting blood gush forth the brains;

Cleft right in twain, the skull, the face divide,

And hang a ghastly sight on either side. 1010

Great fear throughout the Trojan host was spread,

In wild confusion as their warriors fled;



E'en hope had fail'd, the hope that yet might save,  
Had Turnus reap'd the harvest fortune gave;  
Had then Rutulia's king unbarr'd the gate, 1015  
His hand that hour had seal'd the Dardans' fate,  
One day had brought conclusion to the fight,  
And sunk all Ilium in eternal night;  
But thirst for slaughter in the monarch burn'd,  
And 'gainst the thickest foe his fury turn'd. 1020  
First Phalarus the king impetuous slew,  
And cleft the sinews of great Gyges through;  
Then snatch'd their javelins from these heroes slain,  
And, shouting, hurled them on the flying train.  
Great Juno's arm supplies immortal force, 1025  
Braces his arm, invigorates his course.  
Now lifeless to the earth stout Halys sank,  
And Phegeus' blood his spear unerring drank.  
Ere well they know the king has gain'd the wall,  
Alcander, Halius, and Noëmon fall; 1030  
Then on the ramparts as he furious fought,  
His whirling sword advancing Lynceus caught,  
One blow the hero number'd with the dead,  
And from the body sever'd helm and head.  
Next Amycus he slew, who oft had slain 1035  
The forest tenants on the Phrygian plain;  
Than whose no hand was better skill'd to spread  
The subtle poison on the lance's head.  
There Clytius stretch'd his manly form along,  
And with him Creteus, favour'd child of song; 1040  
With careless ease his ready fingers stray  
From chord to chord, and martial measures play.



The harness'd chargers, and the burnish'd mail,  
Would charm his hearers, and inspire his tale.

Meanwhile the tidings through the host had spread,  
Of posts deserted, and of champions dead : 1046

The Dardan leaders meet in hurried guise,  
Mnestheus the valiant, and Serestus wise;  
They see confusion reign through all the band,  
And in the camp the hostile monarch stand. 1050

"Shame, warriors, shame," fierce Mnestheus cries, "in  
"Again ye fly, and seek for walls again. [vain

"Shall one through hosts base fear and slaughter spread,  
"And join our choicest heroes with the dead?

"Can nought prevail this shameless flight to stay, 1055  
"Gods, country, prince, shall coward acts betray?"

Fir'd by these words, again the flying band

Re-form their line, and in close order stand.

With haughty look, uncheck'd in martial pride,  
The king, retreating, sought the Tyber's side, 1060

Paus'd as he went, majestically slow,

Advanc'd his shield, and fac'd the angry foe.

With shouts increasing on the Dardans press,  
Compact their form, the space between them less.

As when, their javelins brandish'd in the air, 1065

Hard on some lordly beast the hunters bear,

Scar'd by the sight the lion slow retires,

While still his eye glares red with fiercest fires;

Vain is the effort if attack he tries,

But native valour base retreat denies: 1070

So backward Turnus holds his stately course,

E'en fury yielding to superior force;



Yet twice he charg'd; and twice confusion spread,  
Along the ramparts twice the Dardans fled.

In one last effort now the chiefs unite, 1075  
No longer Juno dares renew the fight;  
Iris, descending from the courts above,  
Brings the stern mandate of eternal Jove,  
And threats his sister with almighty ire,  
Unless great Turnus from the walls retire. 1080  
Vain is his sword, and vain his ponderous shield,  
The iron storm compels the king to yield.  
Rang with repeated blows his helmet bright,  
Burst his strong corselet though of brazen might;  
With frequent strokes his seven-fold buckler bent, 1085  
The towering crests were on his helmet rent.  
Embolden'd now the Trojans hold their course,  
And Mnestheus thunders with redoubled force.  
Huge drops of sweat, distain'd with dust and gore,  
Ooze forth and down the panting monarch pour; 1090  
Gasping for breath his lab'ring bosom groans,  
And every limb the inward struggle owns.  
Then from the wall one desperate bound he gave,  
And plung'd, full arm'd, beneath the yellow wave;  
The yellow wave the rising king upbore, 1095  
And plac'd him gently on the friendly shore;  
With smile triumphant to his own he came,  
His arms all glittering, and increas'd his fame.



## NOTES TO BOOK IX.

Line 30. As an act of purification before prayer.

45. We have the authority of Milton for a similar use of our English word—

“Him round

“A globe of fiery seraphim enclosed.”

60. Livy, i. 32, describing the manner of declaring war, writes :  
“Id ubi dixisset, hastam in fines eorum mittebat. Hoc tum modo bellum indictum ; moremque eum posterī acceperunt.”

65. I have chosen this expression, “hugs the camp,” as somewhat expressive of the original, “castra fovere.”

76. We have here in the original a very forcible expression, “*duris dolor ossibus ardet*,” to which a corresponding one is found early in the Sixth Book, where the Trojans approach the Sibyl’s cave, “*gelidus per dura cucurrit ossa tremor*.” I felt much inclined myself to have imitated them more closely ; *e. g.* “the thirst for vengeance in his marrow burns ;” and again, “their hard bones shiver ;” but in deference to the opinions of others, I retained the readings in the text. I think such an imitation would, without doubt, have been successfully attempted by Cowper, who, as a translator, stands unrivalled in the power of preserving in his own the forcible expression of another language.

92. Berecynthia, or Cybele, the mother of the gods, worshipped on Mount Ida.

129. This cloud probably formed the chariot of the goddess.

159. That is, the sea.

181. Turnus here alludes to, and nobly despises, the advantages possessed by Achilles and the Greeks, and the stratagem they employed to take Troy.

205. So as to connect one tower with another.

223. “A thousand hearts are great within my soul.”

*Richard III.*

264. A cenotaph, as Andromache did to Hector, *supra* iii. 304.

289. “Interrupti ignes,” the flame occasionally darting up through the smoke, as in fires nearly burnt out.



323. Vesta was called "cana," "hoary," as being one of the most ancient of all the deities.

330. "Cratera antiquum."

342. I understand the "campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus," to mean the private estate or farm of Latinus; and thus it agrees with the reward which Homer makes the Lycians assign to Bellerophon, lib. vi. v. 194.

"The Lycians grant a chosen piece of ground,

"With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd."

POPE.

351. I have followed the reading and interpretation of the passage given by Servius.

394.

"Above my years

"The law of God I read."—*Paradise Regained*, I. 206.

444. Should anyone object to the word "vase," as savouring too much of a modern drawing-room, he will find the word used by Pope, for the vessels in which the chines of the oxen were boiled in the tent of Achilles.

447. I have followed Servius again in the interpretation of this line, "multâ morte recepit," and, indeed, it appears to be much the most natural as well as correct construction, to make "ensem" the accusative case to "recepit," as it is to "condidit."

465. It was not unusual in ancient times, as we know it is not at present, for princes and nobles to express their friendly feeling towards each other by sending presents under the charge of especial officers.

475. "Cætera legio," "the rest of the legion," i. e. the foot; to each legion there being attached a body of three hundred horse.

477. The cavalry in the Roman armies (as well as their heavy armed infantry) carried the oblong shield, called "scutum," four feet long, and from two to three feet wide.

491. "A pathless desert, dark with horrid shade."

*Paradise Regained*, I. 206.

527. He addresses Luna also under her other character of Diana, the goddess of the chase.

555.

"Like the lily,

"That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,

"I'll hang my head and perish."

Katherine, in *Henry VIII.*



572. Dryden has translated this very spiritedly :—

“Fix’d as the Capitol’s foundation lies,  
“And spread where’er the Roman eagle flies.”

606. *Pensa*, the quantity of unwrought material, weighed out as a day’s task.

627. Fixing her eyes from the ramparts on the head of her son, which the Rutulians were bearing on a spear in front of their advance.

635. I believe some critics have made an objection to the word “*aliter*,” “otherwise,” or “beside ;” for that she might by other means, by poison, &c., have closed her own life. The defenders of Virgil have answered, that her whole speech is too passionate to require to be strictly consistent ; and that she very probably had attempted her own life, and been prevented. I confess I do not think the criticism deserves any answer at all.

661. Standing firm, shoulder to shoulder, each warrior raised his shield as he advanced to storm the works above his head, so that the whole formed, as it were, one vast impenetrable brazen canopy.

686. These balls were of tow, soaked in pitch, and wound upon a frame of iron spikes, which, being hurled against any wooden defence, stuck to the boards, and fired them.

697. I have translated this expression, “*duro transfossi ligno*,” as it conveyed to my own imagination the most lively idea of what might happen in the breaking up and fall of a wooden tower ; but it is right to state that it is generally taken to mean, “pierced by some iron-pointed wood or spear.”

706. By the Roman laws, the sons of slaves were forbidden to bear arms.

719. “*Pariter cursu teloque secutus*.” In the speed of his course keeping up with the flight of his lance.

754. “*Ferrugo*,” the purple colour often seen on burnished steel.

759. “*Placabilis*.” This epithet of the altar of the *Palici* is generally referred to the abolition of human sacrifices upon it.

807. The tunic, or woollen shirt, of ancient dress, was originally made without sleeves, and left the arms and shoulders free for action. Any sleeves, and especially long ones, were considered a mark of effeminate luxury. Cicero makes the indulging in them one of the charges against the party of Catiline. The “*redimicula*” answered to our ribbons, and belonged only to the head-dress of



females; they usually hung down in points over each side of the breast, as our ladies wear the long broad ribbons of their bonnets. The "mitra" was particularly the national cap, or close turban of the Phrygians.

811. The "buxus," made of perforated box-wood, answered to our flute. The "tibia" was the simplest of all wind instruments, originally made from the leg bone of an animal; it was so deficient in stops, that the performer had two different pipes, one to produce the bass, one the tenor, notes. The "tympanum" was of two sorts; one resembled our tambourine, the other our kettledrum; but I confess I found neither the drum nor tambourine musical in English verse.

832. Both Greeks and Romans agreed that auspicious omens came from the east, as the clear and bright region of the sun's rising; the Greek soothsayer, in taking his omens, looked to the north; to him, therefore, the signs of success showed themselves on his right hand: the Roman augur turned his face to the meridian; in his case, consequently, the tokens of good fortune were looked for on the left. There are, however, some exceptions to this rule in the case of the Romans.

870. Apollo with his arrows, when an infant, slew the serpent Python, in defence of his mother; so now Iulus slays Numanus in defence of his country.

939. The "phalarica" was a javelin bound with some highly combustible material, which was set on fire as the javelin was thrown; and was commonly shot out of an engine, or, if cast from the hand, had greater force given to it by receiving a rotatory motion by means of twisted ropes. It was large and heavy, with an iron head, eighteen inches long.

1000. Not wishing to get rid of the difficulty in this line,

"Neque enim is teli, nec vulneris auctor,"

by passing over it, I have been obliged to amplify at the risk of weakening. Other interpretations of it are given; that which I have adopted has the support of several of the best commentators.

1039. I could wish again to call the reader's attention to the extreme propriety which may be observed in the minutest parts of this poem. Clytius is mentioned in the text as the son of Æolus, *i. e.* as one famous for his skill on wind instruments; and he is



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therefore, with exceeding fitness, joined with Creteus, the minstrel of the camp.

1052. To increase the effects of his reproach the poet makes Mnestheus taunt them with having already fled before the enemy to the defences of the camp.

1098. "Ablutâ cæde."



## BOOK X.

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THE council of the gods ; the continuation of the battle at the Trojan lines ; the return of Æneas with Tarchon and his Tuscan allies ; the battle of the landing ; the conduct and bravery of Pallas, and his death by the hand of Turnus ; the slaughter caused by Æneas, and the relief of the Trojan camp ; Turnus, by the art of Juno, is carried from the field ; the deeds of Mezentius ; his single combat with Æneas ; is saved by his son Lausus, who gives his own life for his parent's ; Mezentius retires, wounded, to the banks of the Tyber, but returns to the battle to avenge the death of his son, and is slain. This latter part of the Tenth Book deserves to be carefully read.







## BOOK X.

MEANWHILE, the King of Gods, all-ruling Jove,  
Convenes his council in the courts above;  
Round those blest seats the stars eternal shine,  
And vast Olympus is their home divine;  
From whence his eye surveys th' extended coast, 5  
The Dardan squadrons, and the Latian host.  
On shining seats celestial forms appear,  
Jove speaks, heaven trembles, gods attentive hear.

“August estates of highest heaven, declare  
“Why do the gods in mortal combats share. 10  
“Your sire’s decree had will’d this strife should end,  
“Then why should ye, unyielding, still contend?  
“Forbidden discord all the world alarms,  
“Troy stands in mail, proud Turnus shines in arms.  
“The time shall come, (then why that moment speed?)  
“When haughty Carthage shall her armies lead, 16  
“An open way through Alps’ dark forests gain,  
“And pour the mountains on the trembling plain.  
“Her fury then may hate unbridled show,  
“But now with even tide let fortune flow.” 20

His purpose thus the awful Thunderer broke,  
But not so briefly beauteous Venus spoke:



“ Eternal sire, who hold'st within thy hand  
“ Terrestrial empire, and divine command,  
“ What other name than thine can gods adore, 25  
“ What power acknowledge, or what aid implore?  
“ Behold Rutulia's martial hosts, how proud!  
“ Their words insulting, and their voices loud,  
“ Where Turnus rushes with his harness'd steeds,  
“ In haughty confidence from former deeds. 30  
“ The 'Trojans wait within their walls in vain,  
“ The turrets fall, the fosse is heap'd with slain;  
“ The while, compell'd in suppliant guise to roam,  
“ Their chief has left his unprotected home.  
“ Shall hostile arms thus compass infant Troy, 35  
“ Crush all her empire, and her hopes destroy?  
“ Again does Diomede from Arpi rise,  
“ Great as of old, and Ilium's chiefs defies:  
“ Again methinks, great sire, thy child must feel  
“ The vengeful sharpness of a mortal's steel. 40  
“ If come they have against divine command,  
“ I ask thee not to stay thy righteous hand;  
“ But if they follow where responses show  
“ From gods above conjoin'd with shades below,  
“ Who shall resist great Jove's unchanging will, 45  
“ Or to the fates' decree be hostile still?  
“ Why should these lips again the deed deplore  
“ Of vessels burnt upon Sicilia's shore!  
“ Of Juno's messenger of evil tell,  
“ Or on the king of storms vindictive dwell? 50  
“ Now e'en the powers of hell Saturnia wakes,  
“ And through mid air her course Alecto takes;



“ Her cry Italia’s peaceful towns appals,  
“ And rustic legions to the gathering calls,  
“ Till, onward as the streams of frenzy flow, 55  
“ E’en matrons, stricken, the infection show.  
“ ’Tis not for empire or for fame I plead,  
“ Though promised once to empire to succeed;  
“ Triumph, dread sire, to whom thou wilt, assign,  
“ Thine the decision, the obedience mine. 60  
“ But if confirm’d Saturnia’s hate prevail,  
“ And tears no more for Phrygia’s race avail,  
“ Through distant lands, where unknown waters flow,  
“ If needs it must be, let Æneas go:  
“ But oh! by Troy’s still smouldering hearths I pray, 65  
“ Trust not Ascanius to the doubtful fray.  
“ Where the bland zephyrs, with perpetual smile,  
“ Breathe fragrant odours through Cythera’s isle,  
“ Or Amathusian wreaths unfading bloom,  
“ And Paphian bowers exhale their rich perfume, 70  
“ His helm unclasp’d, let love’s sweet cares engage,  
“ Through blissful years, his soft inglorious age.  
“ From him no danger to her hosts shall come,  
“ Though Carthage thunder at the gates of Rome.  
“ What boots it now, when flames were blazing round, 75  
“ Their prince escape through Græcian armies found?  
“ Oh! must he see, the end of all his pain,  
“ Troy sink again upon Laurentum’s plain?  
“ Restore them, sire, their weary brows to lave  
“ In Simois’ waters, or in Xanthus’ wave; 80  
“ Better it were ’mid smoking hearths to stand,  
“ And trust the fortunes of a vanquish’d land.”



Then, stung with rage, the queen of gods began,  
And wounded pride through all her accents ran:  
“ Why bid me here, before assembled powers, 85  
“ Proclaim the grief my secret soul devours?  
“ What man, what god this toil-worn chief constrains  
“ To pour contention upon peaceful plains?  
“ Be it that fate his footsteps westward turn’d—  
“ ’Twas fate that in the mad Cassandra burn’d. 90  
“ Who forc’d him now the Dardan camp to quit,  
“ And life and safety to the winds commit?  
“ Urg’d we him beardless champions to employ,  
“ And trust his new-raised ramparts to a boy?  
“ For this did Iris glide through fields of air, 95  
“ Was Juno’s hate, was Juno’s council there?  
“ Is this a crime, that Turnus empire claims,  
“ And Latium watchful lights her beacon flames,  
“ When Trojan hordes upon her shores descend,  
“ And seeds of peace in iron harvests end? 100  
“ Shall plundering bands uncheck’d the spoil divide,  
“ And from the bridegroom tear th’ affianc’d bride?  
“ Venus might fold a friendly mist around  
“ Her chosen chieftain on the adverse ground,  
“ Mount Ida’s pines, as sisters of the tide, 105  
“ Immortal through the crystal waters glide;  
“ But rancorous hate on Juno’s name must light,  
“ Who dares assist her hero in the fight.  
“ The prince, unconscious, wanders o’er the plain—  
“ Then let the prince unconscious still remain! 110  
“ Enjoy, content, your Amathusian bowers,  
“ Where Paphos smiles, Idalia perfumes showers;



" Ill suits a city terrible in arms  
" A gentle goddess, whom the sword alarms.  
" Wak'd we the war that tended to destroy 115  
" The weak and vacillating power of Troy?  
" Or he, who forc'd the Dardan host to stand,  
" In poor array, against our Argive band?  
" Who Europe's leaguer'd hosts to Asia brought,  
" But he whose lawless passion Helen sought? 120  
" Was it through me the arm'd adulterer came?  
" Or wak'd my cry of love the martial flame?  
" Then was the time a just alarm to feel,  
" Before the traitor rous'd the husband's steel.  
" Unjust complaints are urg'd too late, fair queen, 125  
" And false reproaches but arise from spleen."  
She ceas'd: through all the solemn conclave swells  
A murmur, various as the thoughts it tells;  
E'en as the south wind through surrounding trees  
Rolls the soft whisper that foretells the breeze. 130  
Th' almighty father of the gods began,  
And with majestic flow his accents ran:  
Through the bright courts respectful silence reign'd,  
Earth trembled, still the firmament remain'd;  
Subdued, the Zephyrs ceas'd their airy race, 135  
And Ocean hush'd his waters into peace:  
" 'Tis Jove that speaks, let gods attention pay;  
" 'Tis Jove commands, let even gods obey.  
" Since now Ausonia Phrygia's host defies,  
" And various thoughts in breasts celestial rise, 140  
" With Ilium's martial chieftain to unite,  
" Or aid proud Ardea's monarch in the fight,



“ Turnus and Troy shall stand to me the same,  
“ Alike in favour, though distinct in name,  
“ Whether the siege may work Italia ill, 145  
“ Or Troy be curs’d with evil fortune still.  
“ Each, unassisted, his own course shall end,  
“ As toil may harass, or success attend;  
“ Fate, uncontroll’d, henceforth shall all decide,  
“ And with impartial sceptre Jove preside.” 150

Then by the whirlpools of the Stygian wave,  
By the dark banks its pitchy waters lave,  
He swore: all reverenc’d the unchanging god,  
And vast Olympus trembled at his nod.  
His golden throne he left, and mov’d along 155  
The blazing centre of the heavenly throng,  
The gods attendant on his footsteps wait,  
And lead their sovereign to his shining gate.

Meanwhile with man the work of death proceeds;  
For vengeance burning, chief to chief succeeds; 160  
These with the sword in mortal strife engage,  
These ’gainst the walls with blazing torches rage.  
Confin’d by mounds, the Dardan soldiers fight,  
Nor hope for victory, nor can trust to flight;  
Vainly their turrets shield the trembling band, 165  
Who few and fainting on the ramparts stand.  
Still bold Imbracides determin’d fights,  
And stout Thymætēs to the strife invites;  
Castor in front, and veteran Tybris shine,  
Join the Assaraci, and lead the line; 170  
With these Sarpedon’s warlike brothers came,  
And Lycia’s chieftains, emulous of fame.



Acmon, whose strength might with his father's vie,  
And match'd his brothers, heaving, hurl'd on high  
A rock so huge, that, as it sped through air, 175  
Full half a mountain seem'd to tremble there.  
These javelins hurl, these blazing torches bring,  
These fit the shaft, and draw the sounding string.  
Watched by the Paphian queen with anxious care  
Troy's youthful leader glows refulgent there; 180  
So men with pride the sparkling gem behold,  
On some majestic brow, enshrin'd in gold,  
Or praise the ivory by art inlaid  
In the carv'd ebony's obscurer shade.  
Fair is his neck, and, wrought of ductile gold, 185  
Bright bands his flowing locks together hold.  
There noble Ismarus, from Lydia's strand,  
Spread the thin unguent with unerring hand;  
Then launch'd against the foe the poison'd spear,  
And taught the javelin secret death to bear: 190  
Rich are the fields thy tribes, Mæonia, hold,  
Rich flows Pactolus with its sands of gold.  
Mnestheus was there, to whose all-glorious name  
Turnus, retreating, added recent fame.  
There Capys fought; and, Capua, thou canst tell 195  
His praise, whose name to thy fair city fell.

Whilst these with firm resolve renew the fight,  
On the blue wave Æneas meets the night;  
For when the chief, as good Evander taught,  
The Tuscan camp and royal Tarchon sought, 200  
To the bold king in friendly converse told  
The name he bore, and whence he sprang of old,



Explain'd his purpose and the voice of fate,  
Mezentius' rage, and Turnus' fiercer hate,  
Then show'd the weakness of all earthly things, 205  
The swift decay of kingdoms and of kings,  
His prayers at once the wish'd-for succour gain'd,  
The league was struck, and firm the oath remain'd.  
Their will no longer now restrain'd by fate,  
Uprise the warriors of that Lydian state, 210  
To heaven's command a prompt obedience pay,  
And follow where the Dardan points the way.  
Æneas leads, and on his vessel's prow  
Their brazen front the Phrygian lions show;  
Above, its shaggy head Mount Ida rears, 215  
And every Trojan heart the symbol cheers.  
Here mus'd the chieftain with prophetic mind;  
Here, by his side, Evander's son reclin'd,  
Learnt the bright pathway of the stars to trace,  
Or heard the sufferings of the Dardan race. 220

Ye Muses! now unlock the fount of song,  
And tell the order of the martial throng;  
Whom on the stream their painted vessels bore,  
The chosen heroes of Etruria's shore.

From Cosæ's heights and Clusium's walls of fame, 225  
With Massicus, a thousand warriors came;  
Light quivers from their brawny necks descend,  
Unerring bows the skilful archers bend.  
From Populonia, sheath'd in brazen mail,  
Six hundred youths with swarthy Abas sail; 230  
In burnish'd panoply they meet the foe,  
A gold Apollo glitters on their prow.



Arm'd with the steel that lines their native shore,  
From Ilva's isle advance three hundred more.  
Osylas next the wandering eye might scan, 235  
Interpreter of heavenly things to man;  
The entrails he of slaughter'd kine could read,  
And tell what tidings from the stars proceed;  
To him the birds of future seasons spoke,  
In tones distinct the pealing thunder broke: 240  
In dense array, their bristling spears erect,  
A thousand men the sacred chief expect;  
Their home the soil where Tuscan Pisa stands,  
From Græcian Pisa came their fathers' bands.  
Young Astur next, renown'd for graceful charms, 245  
Proud of his courser and his painted arms;  
From Minio's stream, and Cære's peaceful homes,  
Graviscæ's marsh, and Pyrgi's ancient domes,  
Three hundred warriors with their leader came,  
Their countries different, but their hearts the same, 250  
Thee too, O Cinyrus, Liguria's king,  
And thee, Cupavo, would the minstrel sing,  
Whose helm is shaded by the cygnet's wing;  
Though few the followers that around thee press,  
Thy fame is equal, if thy band be less: 255  
Love the sole charge against thy father's name,  
From whence the image of the cygnet came:  
For where, through poplar branches as it flows,  
Eridanus the sisters' sorrow shows,  
The royal Cycnus his bereavement sang, 260  
Till from his brow the downy plumage sprang.



Too sweet upon terrestrial plains to stay,  
His plaint to starry spheres compell'd its way.  
The vessel launch'd upon Etruria's shore  
In threatening attitude a Centaur bore; 265  
Imperious o'er the waves he seems to ride,  
Lifts a huge rock, and awes the sounding tide;  
The waves submission to the Centaur yield,  
Who, with long furrow, ploughs the watery field.  
Nor was great Ocnus absent from the band, 270  
With squadrons hastening from his father's strand;  
To life the boy prophetic Manto gave,  
His sire the spirit of the Tuscan wave:  
And hence thy walls obtained their Theban name,  
Fair Mantua, glorious in ancestral fame. 275  
Three different races 'neath thy banners fight,  
Four different tribes in either race unite;  
True Tuscan blood beats warm within thy veins,  
And high o'er all thy sovereign power remains.  
Five hundred warriors more the Mincius bore, 280  
And all deep vengeance 'gainst Mezentius swore;  
Mincius, whose waters from Benacus' tide  
With sluggish force through yellow marshes glide;  
And as the river to the ocean flows,  
The hostile fleet upon its bosom goes. 285  
To these his orders stern Auletes gave,  
And with a hundred oars compell'd the wave;  
The glassy surface, whiten'd into foam,  
Bears on the warriors from their fertile home.  
High o'er the surge his shell a Triton rears, 290  
And ocean trembles where the god appears;



Above, a god, beneath, a fish, the tide,  
With murmuring force, assaults his shaggy side.

In thirty ships, their prows encas'd in brass,  
Through the salt tide the chosen leaders pass. 295

The sun has set; the silver queen of night  
Climbs heaven's high arch, and pours her soothing light;  
The Trojan chief observes the varying gales,  
Slacks the slight ropes, and shifts the swelling sails;  
When, lo! the ships that plough'd the foaming main, 300  
As beauteous maids now sweep its yielding plain.

Their chief they know, and where his vessels glide,  
In sportive circles cleave the moon-lit tide.  
In silvery accents as her tones are borne,  
Cymodocea grasps the lofty stern; 305

Her left hand 'neath the silent waters rows,  
Above the wave her shapely bosom shows:  
"Watches the prince celestial Venus bore?  
"Watch, and impel thy navy to the shore.  
"In us the pines from sacred Ida greet, 310  
"Nymphs of the sea, though once thy stately fleet.  
"When late Rutulia's faithless monarch came,  
"With torch uplifted, and now glar'd the flame,  
"Forc'd to the act by his all-daring hands,  
"Thy cause to serve, we burst our chieftain's bands; 315  
"And Ida's goddess in compassion gave  
"These forms immortal in the crystal wave.  
"But lo! begirt with Latium's fiercest bands,  
"Midst showers of darts the young Ascanius stands;  
"And where th' Arcadian knights complete their course,  
"Great Turnus waits, and pours his thundering horse. 321



“ With the first dawn of morning’s rosy light  
“ Summon your leaders, and dispose the fight;  
“ High on your arm the shield of Vulcan hold,  
“ Grav’d by his Cyclops, and inlaid with gold. 325

“ To-morrow’s war, (unless our words be vain,)

“ With hostile carcasses shall heap the plain.”

She push’d the stern, for well the art she knew;

Swift through the deep the Phrygian lions flew;

Swift as through parting air the javelin flies, 330

Swift as the shaft that with the zephyr vies.

Then, as his eye the azure arch surveys,

With hope increasing thus the Dardan prays :

“ Parent of gods, on Ida’s summits known,

“ Whose brow majestic rising turrets crown, 335

“ Do thou thy Dardan’s cause propitious bless,

“ Protect the just, and grant our arms success.”

E’en as he spoke, the sun’s full blaze of light

Chas’d from the sky the lingering shades of night;

The word is pass’d, that all prepar’d should stand, 340

And sheath’d in armour wait their chief’s command.

Then as his eye the Trojan camp surveys,

Uprear’d his golden buckler pours its blaze.

Rose at that sign a grove of Phrygian spears,

And o’er the waves were borne the soldiers’ cheers; 345

As the glad crane, observant of the skies,

Exults in safety when the tempests rise.

Strange to Rutulia’s monarch seems the sight,

Strange to the warriors that around him fight,

Till the white sails the silent waters bore, 350

In long array approach the Latian shore.



Towering the Dardan's crested helmet shines,  
And living flames shoot forth in fiery lines;  
His golden shield, refulgent from the main,  
Gleams o'er the waves, and flashes on the plain. 355  
So the red comet pours its sanguine light,  
Fires all the darkness, and alarms the night;  
So Sirius' scorching breath pollutes the skies,  
And frequent prayers from sickening mortals rise.  
Yet daring Turnus quail'd not at the sight, 360  
In soul unyielding, and of conscious might;  
Impetuous rush'd the sloping shore to gain,  
And meet the chief descending on the plain.  
At once the forward to the fight he cheers,  
And chides the laggard who the combat fears. 365  
"Behold how fortune to your hand has brought  
"That hour which oft our hopes, our wishes sought.  
"Strike for Rutulia as her fame demands,  
"Strike for Rutulia, victory's in our hands.  
"Let thoughts of home a noble rage inspire, 370  
"And fond affection kindle warlike ire;  
"Enact the deeds which erst our sires have done,  
"And win such laurels as our fathers won.  
"Strike, ere their footing gain a firmer hold,  
"To fortune trusting to assist the bold." 375  
One band their prince to meet the foe selects,  
Against the Dardan ramparts one directs.  
Planks from their ships the Trojan crews extend,  
Their chief directing, and to earth descend;  
Where ebb the waters from the vessel's side, 380  
Some watch, then fearless plunge into the tide,



Or rising lightly, pois'd upon an oar,  
Spring from the deck, and bound upon the shore.  
With sudden swiftness Tarchon turns his prow  
Where no white crests the dashing waters show, 385  
But quiet waves, with gently swelling tide,  
Up the smooth beach with murmuring cadence glide.  
" Now for the efforts of my chosen band,  
" The bold supporters of their chief's command ;  
" Let the stout mariner his stroke prolong, 390  
" And lift the ship, where fails the wave, along,  
" Till the keel, onward driven by the oar,  
" With angry furrow ploughs the hostile shore.  
" For wreck I care not on their Latian beach,  
" If once our spears the scene of glory reach." 395  
Thus Tarchon spoke, and on his galleys fly,  
The crews obedient to their leader's cry;  
Before their stalwart stroke the water yields,  
The foaming prow invades the Latian fields.  
Secure from harm each vessel makes the strand, 400  
Save that which sails 'neath Tarchon's own command ;  
Fix'd on a bank's uneven ridge it lies,  
The surge responding to the sailors' cries,  
Then breaks ; the wreck the mariner impedes,  
And drags him backward as the wave recedes. 405  
Turnus, meanwhile, no dull delay restrains,  
But martial fury rages in his veins ;  
Headlong he leads his warriors to the main,  
The foe expecting on the Latian plain.  
The trumpet sounds : the rustic troops confess 410  
The Trojan might ; fair omen of success.



Waver'd the Latins as great Theron fell,  
Sent by Æneas to the shades of hell.  
His falchion's blade had pierc'd the warrior's side,  
And through the wound let out the purple tide; 415  
Vain was the buckler with its brazen fold,  
Vain was the corselet with its scales of gold.  
Then Lycas died, who owed his infant life  
To the bold treatment of the skilful knife;  
His sire to Phœbus vow'd the rescued boy, 420  
Whom steel had saved and steel must now destroy.  
Cisseas and gigantic Gyas there  
Fell as they whirl'd their knotted clubs in air;  
What though their sire Melampus shar'd the spoils  
Of great Alcides in his earthly toils; 425  
What though their hands prevail'd in strength to wield  
Alcides' arms; they died on Latium's field.  
And next the javelin, quivering in his throat,  
Stops haughty Pharus in his boastful note.  
There Cydon stood, young Clytius' ardent friend; 430  
But what is love if life itself must end?  
Yet the first down was fresh on Clytius' cheek,  
And Cydon's tones would oft of friendship speak.  
Now had he died; but lo! a stalwart band;  
Children of Phorcus, check the Dardan's hand; 435  
Seven chiefs aloft their crested helmets rear,  
Seven hands are rais'd, and toss the beamy spear;  
Some from the Trojan's glittering helm rebound,  
Some from his shield fall, frustrate, to the ground;  
Some graze his side, but these a mother's care 440  
Averts, and speeds through plains of empty air.



Furious Æneas to Achates cried,  
Achates fighting by his chieftain's side :  
" Swift give the darts which late on Ilium's plain,  
" By deep Scamander, quiver'd in the slain : 445  
" On Latium's host not one descends in vain."  
He spoke : then straight a burnish'd javelin took,  
And high in air the ponderous weapon shook ;  
Swift from his hand the ponderous weapon flew,  
The burnish'd point pierc'd breast and breastplate through,  
Where Mæon, foremost on th' empurpled field, 451  
Trusted the circle of his brazen shield.  
As onward still its way the javelin made,  
On rush'd Alcanor to young Mæon's aid ;  
His right arm round the dying chief was press'd, 455  
Where the red steel transfix'd his manly breast ;  
Its course it kept, not yet its vigour spent,  
And through the arm of brave Alcanor went,  
Till, as this second blood the weapon drank,  
Powerless the hand that held the warrior sank. 460  
Then Numitor strode o'er th' ensanguin'd ground,  
And snatch'd the javelin from his brother's wound ;  
The fates Æneas to its point deny,  
Which, passing, graz'd the good Achates' thigh.  
But now, confiding in his youthful might, 465  
On came great Clausus and restor'd the fight :  
From far his vengeful weapon Dryops sought,  
True was the aim, the dart transfix'd his throat ;  
Both voice and soul alike the body fled,  
The tongue was silent, and the warrior dead ; 470



Then as with force his forehead struck the ground,  
His mouth pour'd streams of clotted gore around.  
Next twice three chieftains from the hills of Thrace,  
Of Boreas' these, and those of Idas' race,  
Fall by his hand, though not alike the blow, 475  
And, unreveng'd, to hell's dark waters go.  
Halæsas, too, Auruncë's flag display'd,  
And 'neath Messapus Neptune's charger neigh'd;  
Against invading Troy the chiefs unite,  
And for Ausonia on her threshold fight. 480  
As when, with mighty discord in the sky,  
Their rival powers contending tempests try,  
With equal speed they hold their thundering course,  
With equal fury, and with equal force,  
Nor waves, nor clouds, nor winds themselves will yield  
In doubtful contest on th' ethereal field; 486  
E'en so in battle Troy and Latium meet,  
Shoulder to shoulder stand, and feet to feet.

Where rocky fragments down the torrent borne,  
Mix'd with thick copsewood from the margin torn, 490  
Had forc'd Evander's mounted troop to quit  
Their steeds on ground for knightly course unfit,  
Pallas, who saw them in unequal fight  
Yield to their foes, compell'd at length to flight,  
Now sought (declining fortune's sole resource) 495  
With prayers, with taunts to stop their backward course.  
" O, by yourselves and by your former fame,  
" By old Evander's ever glorious name,  
" By the proud hope Evander's child that warms  
" To emulate his sire's renown in arms, 500



“ Fly not, but, where their squadrons thickest stand,  
“ Charge for Arcadia, and hew down the band;  
“ Let haughty Latium’s boastful leaders feel  
“ The power of vengeance and the force of steel.  
“ Such deeds our country’s ancient fame demands, 505  
“ Such deeds at yours, and such at Pallas’ hands.  
“ Our foes are men, no gods their succour lend,  
“ But mortal arms with mortal arms contend.  
“ Who shuns the spear the wrath of ocean braves;  
“ Or win the walls, or perish in the waves.” 510  
Bold were his words, nor were his actions slow,  
For first himself he rush’d upon the foe.  
Sad was the fate which Lycus then decreed,  
Fronting young Pallas, by his spear to bleed;  
For whilst he stoop’d the point transfix’d the spine, 515  
Where the ribs, meeting in the centre, join;  
Strong was the arm, and drove the javelin through  
The bones, then back the reeking weapon drew.  
On, as he fell, his comrade Hisbon came,  
His motive vengeance, but his fate the same; 520  
For while the youth too nobly careless went,  
His heaving lungs by Pallas’ sword were rent.  
Anchemolus then met his fatal blade,  
Who dar’d his step-dame’s honour to invade,  
Of Rhoetus’ ancient race the chief would tell, 525  
And now with Sthenelus in battle fell.  
Larides there and noble Thymber died,  
Twin sons of Daucus, and their country’s pride;  
Whose parents oft at their own error smil’d,  
So like the features show’d in either child. 530



But sad was then the bloody difference made  
Between the brothers by Arcadia's blade !  
Thy head, O Thymber, roll'd upon the plain,  
Thy hand, Larides, sever'd, sought in vain  
The steel with quivering muscles to retain. 535

His words, his acts, his country's squadrons fire,  
They hear his chiding and his deeds admire ;  
Till grief and shame in one full tide unite  
To nerve the timid and renew the fight.  
'Twas now as Rhoetus urg'd his thundering car, 540  
The spear of Pallas pierc'd him from afar ;  
And Ilus thus, amid the bloody strife,  
Sav'd for a moment's space his forfeit life ;  
For 'gainst himself was bent the youthful aim,  
Which, wing'd with death, to flying Rhoetus came, 545  
Rhoetus compell'd to Tyres' lance to yield,  
When back'd by valiant Teuthres on the field ;  
Prone from his seat he roll'd by Pallas' hand,  
And in his dying struggles tore the sand.

As, when, propitious to his rustic prayer, 550  
The rising zephyr fans the summer air,  
Arm'd with a brand the swain observant goes,  
Lights the dry copse, and all the thicket glows ;  
So the steel lances round their leader shine,  
Whose eager valour fires the wavering line. 555

But now Halæsus speeds against the foe,  
Himself protecting as he deals the blow ;  
Bold Pheres and Demodocus expire,  
And haughty Ladon feels his warlike ire ;



Strymonius' hand, against his bosom rear'd, 560  
Lopp'd by his vengeful falchion disappear'd ;  
A rock he heaves, and pour'd upon the plain  
Thy blood, O Thoas, mingles with the brain.  
His sire, prophetic of the ills of life,  
Long kept Halæsus from the bloody strife, 565  
But when old age had clos'd his eyes in death,  
Still was the tongue, and mute the prophet's breath ;  
Fate laid her hand on the unguarded son,  
The blow was struck, his victim Pallas won ;  
Pois'd was the spear, when thus the hero pray'd, 570  
The ancient Tyber calling to his aid :  
" O grant this lance, now trembling in the wind,  
" Its way through stern Halæsus' breast to find ;  
" The arms, the corselet which the chieftain wears,  
" To Tyber's oak this hand triumphant bears." 575  
Then while Halæsus o'er Imaon bent,  
And all his succour to his comrade lent,  
The god, propitious to his youthful prayer,  
Transfix'd the warrior when his breast was bare.  
Lausus leapt forth, indignant at the sight, 580  
Himself an army, and renew'd the fight ;  
Abas had check'd his way, but Abas died,  
Who oft his friends had rallied to his side.  
Down drop Arcadia's sons beneath his blows,  
Down drop, all powerless, his Etruscan foes ; 585  
And ye, O Trojans, roll upon the plain,  
From Græcian havoc who escap'd in vain.  
Forward the lines' extremest squadrons came,  
Their leaders equal, and their strength the same.



Alike these leaders stand in noble rage, 590  
Alike in beauty, and alike in age:  
And oh! alike to each did fate deny,  
Again the sweets of social life to try.  
But Jove as yet forbad, by stern command,  
The youthful blood to dye the youthful hand, 595  
Though each, foredoom'd, was spar'd but to await  
From some more mighty arm his early fate.

Warn'd by his sister, on his winged car,  
Great Turnus, thundering, cleav'd the ranks of war:  
"Sheathe, all, your arms: 'tis mine to deal the blow: 600  
"Would that Evander saw the life-blood flow!"  
E'en as he speaks his silent comrades yield,  
And quit, in sullen guise, the bristling field.  
Struck by the sight, the blooming hero turn'd,  
And as he look'd, his eyes with fury burn'd; 605  
The spear, the shield, the sword, his gaze engage,  
The monarch's stature, and the monarch's rage.  
Then, while he thus Rutulia's king survey'd,  
To haughty words his haughty answer made:  
"Or this right hand the noblest spoils shall gain, 610  
"Or sink in death as noble on the plain:  
"My father's soul can either fortune bear——  
"Now stand, proud Turnus, and thy boasting spare."  
Advancing straight, he dar'd th' unequal fight,  
While all Arcadia trembled at the sight. 615

As the grim lion watches on the plain  
The lordly bull prepare for strife again,  
Then thunders onward with all-conquering might,  
So rush'd majestic Turnus to the fight;



Bounding impetuous from his lofty car, 620  
In closer combat to conclude the war.  
But when Arcadia's champion deem'd him near,  
Within the compass of a warrior's spear,  
He linger'd not, but trusting fortune's aid,  
With fearless valour to Alcides prayed: 625  
"O, by the kindness good Evander shower'd  
"On thee, a stranger, at the festal board,  
"Grant that his arms, with gushing purple dyed,  
"By me be torn from dying Turnus' side,  
"And may the monarch's fainting look proclaim 630  
"Eternal glory to Arcadia's name!"  
With stifled sighs and unavailing tears  
His vain request Alcides mournful hears.  
Then, not unmov'd, eternal Jove began:  
"Fix'd is his time, and short the mortal's span; 635  
"But fame by godlike actions to extend  
"Is virtue's task, and life's more noble end.  
"Why need I now to great Alcides tell,  
"How heaven-born chiefs 'neath lofty Ilium fell?  
"Nay, brave Sarpedon, Jove's acknowledg'd son, 640  
"There sank in arms, his race of glory run.  
"E'en now 'gainst Turnus fate's decree is made,  
"And his own burden on the monarch laid."  
He looks; with blood the battle plain is dyed:  
The god, in sorrow, turns his eyes aside. 645  
Hiss'd the broad spear of Pallas through the air,  
Glitter'd his falchion from the scabbard bare.  
Launch'd with full force, the pointed javelin flies  
Where the steel plates above the shoulder rise,



Pierces the outer circle of the shield, 650  
Grazes the king, and drops upon the field.  
Long time did Turnus poise his spear, and feel  
Its weight of knotted oak and burnish'd steel;  
Then, as it speeds upon its fatal course,  
"Compare," he cries, "with thine a warrior's force." 655  
To tough bull-hides bright plates of steel were bound,  
And bars of brass girt Pallas' shield around;  
Through hides, and brass, and steel, the javelin flew,  
The corselet rent, and pierc'd the bosom through.  
In vain the youth the reeking weapon tore 660  
Forth from the wound; the hero fights no more.  
With crimson gore the turf around is dyed,  
The soul forth issuing with the purple tide.  
The falling champion's brazen arms resound,  
With bloody jaws he bites the hostile ground. 665  
The haughty monarch, striding o'er the slain,  
Exclaims, "These words, Arcadians, bear again  
"To old Evander: Pallas I restore,  
"Such as he merits, to his arms once more.  
"If the proud sepulchre can comfort bring, 670  
"Or love delight on naked corpse to fling  
"Some kindred sand, I grant it: thus he learns  
"What costly wages Troy's alliance earns."  
His left foot on the dead, with savage force  
He tore the sword-belt from the bloody corse,— 675  
That belt on which the fearful tale was told,  
By Clonus' art emboss'd in burnish'd gold,  
How each bride's chamber was with crimson stain'd,  
And dead each bridegroom on his couch remain'd.



Full proudly then, before th' assembled band, 680  
Did Turnus wave that girdle in his hand;  
When man the smile of prosperous fortune shares,  
Ill his weak soul the vain distinction bears.  
The time shall come, when still untouch'd to see  
That corpse would priceless to proud Turnus be. 685  
Pallas, extended on his brazen shield,  
Meet warrior's bed! is borne along the field.  
Great is the grief thy parent's heart shall feel,  
And yet thy glory might that sorrow heal.  
That day which first impell'd thee to the plain, 690  
That day must weep the youthful hero slain;  
But not till, vanquish'd on the hard-fought field,  
Rutulia sees her best and noblest yield.

Now certain tidings reach the Dardan chief,  
How terror reigns, and friends implore relief: 695  
The warrior rose within him at the word,  
And carnage mark'd the pathway of his sword.  
Proud was thy step, great Turnus, on the plain,  
And red thy right hand, but thy triumph vain!  
There Pallas seems in bloody shape to rise, 700  
And here Evander, weeping, meets his eyes;  
The board which late the wandering chief reliev'd,  
The pledge of friendship given and receiv'd.  
Four sons of Sulmo tremble in his hand,  
With four his vows from Ufens' race demand, 705  
Whose blood may flow o'er Pallas' funeral pyre,  
His shade propitiate, and appease his sire.

Rais'd was his spear, but wily Magus bent,  
And o'er his head the hissing javelin went:



" My father's tears," 'twas thus the suppliant spoke, 710  
And grasp'd his knees, " your father's shade invoke ;  
" By young Iulus listen to his cry,  
" Who asks Æneas if his son must die.

" Rich are the stores my parent's treasures hold  
" Of native ingots, and of burnish'd gold ; 715  
" The silver bars which sparkled in the mine,  
" Wrought by the workmen, in our palace shine.  
" All, all receive ; nor think one single life  
" Can change the issue, and decide the strife."

" You boast your gold,"—thus ran the chief's reply,—  
" Then let the gold your kindred's need supply : 721  
" Turnus the ransomings of war withstood,  
" When Pallas perish'd in the crimson flood.  
" Anchises' sacred shade your fate decrees ;  
" The just severity Iulus sees." 725

He ceas'd : then, as ill-fated Magus prayed,  
His left hand on his crested helm was laid,  
Back writhing in his hand the head was bent,  
And through his throat the vengeful falchion went.  
Cemonides, whose sacred brow was bound 730  
With Phoebus' fillets, next Æneas found :  
Bright were the arms in which the priest was drest,  
And rich the purple of his broider'd vest :  
He fled, but, falling on the bloody plain,  
Was by the Trojan chief to Pallas slain. 735

Stripp'd as he lay beneath death's misty shade,  
To mighty Mars his arms an offering made.  
Umbro, Marrubium's mountain chieftain wild,  
And Cæculus, the swarthy Vulcan's child,



Renew the fight, impatient to engage, 740  
And check Æneas in his furious rage:  
Umbro, whose blade stout Anxur's shield had cleft,  
Where on the ground his bleeding arm was left.  
Much trusted he to superstitious spell,  
Which from his lips in words mysterious fell; 745  
Self-fancied prowess did his thoughts engage,  
And hope had revell'd in fond dreams of age.  
Then Turquitas, bold chief, who would his race  
To woodland nymph and sylvan spirit trace,  
Proud of his burnish'd arms and glittering spear, 750  
Met stern Æneas in his full career.  
But as he stood in act that spear to throw,  
'Twas seiz'd, yet trembling, by his Dardan foe;  
In the fierce strife his shield was turn'd aside,  
Its brazen plates no more the warrior hide; 755  
Then ere the hapless chief had time to pray,  
The sever'd head in ghastly paleness lay,  
And as the bloody corse still quivering roll'd,  
These words the fury of the Dardan told:  
" There on the ground, thou dreaded chieftain lie, 760  
" No mother dear shall o'er thy funeral sigh,  
" No tomb, thy country's gift, to thee shall rise,  
" But where thy putrid corse dishonour'd lies,  
" Unscar'd by friends, to banquet on their prey,  
" Foul birds obscene shall hold their loathsome way, 765  
" Or fish around thee, in thy ocean grave,  
" Suck thy blue wounds beneath the sounding wave."  
Antæus next and Lycas feel his hand,  
Two noblest leaders of Rutulia's band;



Numa, and he whose sire did monarch reign, 770  
Silent Amyclæ, of thy fruitful plain ;  
Camers, whose golden arms refulgent shine,  
A chief renown'd of Volscens' noble line.

Thus as Ægæon, when 'gainst Jove he fought,  
A hundred hands to meet the thunderer brought, 775  
As from his fifty breasts the lurid flame,  
Breath'd forth from fifty mouths, terrific came,  
As fifty falchions wav'd above his head,  
And fifty shields in wide defence were spread,  
So great Æneas rag'd through all the plain, 780  
His sword once smoking with the crimson stain.

Lo ! where Niphæus, in his gorgeous car,  
Compels four fiery coursers to the war :  
The well-matched steeds behold his mighty stride,  
And from the furious warrior swerve aside. 785  
Prostrate the chief upon the furrow lies,  
Along the shore the empty chariot flies.

But now, by two white horses borne along,  
Two brother chieftains join the martial throng ;  
Liger, who curbs the foaming coursers' pride, 790  
And Lucagus, whose hands the javelin guide.

Æneas ill their haughty looks can bear,  
And rushes on them with uplifted spear.  
Then Liger speaks : " Expect no Græcian car,  
" Tydides' steeds, or Phrygia's lingering war ; 795  
" Your life, your battles here alike shall cease,  
" And Italy repose in lasting peace."

Such raving words the hosts around him hear,  
The Trojan leader answers with his spear.



As Lucagus, impending o'er the rein, 800  
Goaded the steeds to greater speed again,  
Then pois'd his body ready for the blow,  
He left one side unguarded to the foe,  
Through the shield's rim the javelin pierc'd his flank,  
And deep within the bleeding hero sank. 805  
When, as he rolls upon th' empurpled plain,  
The Dardan's bitter taunts assail the slain:  
" 'Twas not, O Lucagus, because the speed  
" Of these white coursers fail'd thee at thy need;  
" 'Twas not because the startled horse, afraid, 810  
" Swerv'd from the phantom of a foeman's shade;  
" The chief himself hath low his glory laid."  
He seiz'd the steeds, when, leaping to the strand,  
The hapless brother stretch'd his suppliant hand.  
" O by yourself, and by the sire who smil'd 815  
" In just approval on his noble child,  
" Great Dardan leader, spare a foe who falls  
" In suppliant posture, and for mercy calls."  
More had he said, but ere his words can flow,  
In gloomy sternness thus replied the foe: 820  
" Not such were late thy words of proud disdain;  
" Die, meet companion for a brother slain."  
Sharp was the point that pierc'd his bosom through,  
And from its home the trembling spirit flew.  
As pours the torrent swollen by the rain, 825  
As the dark whirlwind sweeps the shrinking plain,  
So carnage mark'd the pathway of the chief,  
Who to the fainting Trojans bore relief;



Till young Ascanius and the Dardan band  
Burst from the camp, and 'mid their comrades stand. 830

Meanwhile, to Juno heaven's great sire began,  
And thus his speech in jesting accents ran :

" Imperial sister of eternal Jove,  
" Sister alike, and mistress of his love.  
" True as thou saidst, 'tis Venus, ever near, 835  
" Sustains her Trojans, and directs the spear ;  
" No stalwart arm for mighty deeds is theirs,  
" No hand that strikes, no noble heart that dares."

To whom the queen, but in submissive guise,  
With tones subdued and look cast down, replies : 840

" O thou with whom immortal beauty dwells,  
" Whose perfect form of perfect virtue tells,  
" Why jest with one already prone to fear  
" Thy brow majestic, and thy tones severe?  
" Did love's soft power to Juno still remain, 845  
" Her lord would yield, and she her prayer obtain ;  
" And Turnus, granted safely to retire,  
" Might bless the threshold of his Daunian sire.  
" Now shall he perish, and the pious bleed,  
" That Ilium's dreams of vengeance may succeed. 850

" And yet the blood within his veins is thine,  
" Pilumnus fourth in his ancestral line ;  
" Nay, oft his hand would grateful offerings place,  
" Thy temples honour, and thine altars grace."

To whom great Jove : " To thee 'tis not denied 855

" For one short day to turn cold death aside ;  
" Unless thy prayer would with a wider range  
" Contend with fate, the course of empires change."



Once more she pleads: "What if thy gentler mind,  
" Though words refuse it, were to spare inclin'd? 860  
" Now is dark fate upon the guiltless laid,  
" Or Juno lives of empty fears afraid.  
" Would they were empty, and that thou wouldst bend  
" The power thou holdest to a happier end!"

Involv'd in clouds, and all oppress'd with care, 865  
The queen descended through the ambient air,  
Laurentum's camp, and Phrygia's armies sought,  
Where still, untir'd, the Trojan chieftain fought.  
In form like his the goddess now arrayed,  
In Dardan armour clad, an empty shade; 870  
Strange was the phantom; shield and crest he bore,  
Such as that day the godlike hero wore;  
His stately gait the shade enacted well,  
But indistinct the murmuring accents fell.  
So spectres from the dead may mortals meet, 875  
So baseless forms our sleeping senses cheat.  
Before the lines he waves his shadowy brand,  
And calls the leader of Rutulia's band;  
Great Turnus answers, eager to engage;  
The spectre flying mocks his frustrate rage. 880  
Then when he thought he saw Æneas field,  
And quit with coward haste the glorious field,  
With hope elate, but hope how vain, he cries:  
" Oh! is it true that great Æneas flies?  
" What, cloud at once the lustre of thy arms, 885  
" And turn a recreant to Lavinia's charms?  
" A home thou seek'st upon Italia's strand—  
" That home awaits thee from a warrior's hand."



Loud is his shout, and as his falchion gleams,  
Little his triumph of a phantom dreams. 890

It chanc'd the ship which brave Osinius bore,  
Young Pallas' comrade, from Clusinium's shore,  
Close moor'd beside a high and rocky ledge,  
By planks connected, join'd the margin's edge.  
Along this bridge the flying phantom speeds, 895  
Great Turnus headlong in the race succeeds;  
When lo! the spectre vanishes below,  
And Turnus stands alone upon the prow.

The cable breaks, the vessel leaves the strand,  
Through the blue waves impell'd by Juno's hand. 900

Meanwhile, Æneas, flush'd with carnage, stands,  
• And absent Turnus for his spear demands,  
Where many a warrior, 'mid the raging strife,  
Paid bloody forfeit for his leader's life.  
No more the phantom vain concealment tries, 905  
Ascends aloft, and melts into the skies,  
Whilst Turnus, thankless for his safety, stood,  
Borne on the bosom of the sounding flood.  
Indignant then the chief his hands extends,  
And thus to Jove his suppliant prayer ascends: 910  
'Has Turnus liv'd, great sire, so dead to fame,  
'That thou shouldst brand him with a coward's name?  
"Whence am I come? or whither am I borne?  
"Or what reproach awaits my sad return?  
"How will they curse me whom their monarch left, 915  
"In deadliest struggle, of all aid bereft!  
"E'en now I hear their groans upon the plain;  
"Their hosts are scatter'd, and their champions slain.



“ Where can I turn? Oh, what abyss so deep,  
“ From deeper infamy can Turnus keep? 920  
“ Eternal storms, before whose awful shrine  
“ I bow submissive to your power divine,  
“ On some rude cliff the staggering vessel throw,  
“ Or plunge it, reeling, to the depths below;  
“ Where, far remov’d beyond the taunts of fame, 925  
“ No mutter’d curses can assail my name.”

Such thoughts now prompt the king, all shame to hide,  
To sheathe the deadly falchion in his side;  
Now, nobly struggling to regain the shore,  
Sink in the waves, or lead his hosts once more. 930  
Thrice either he essayed; thrice Juno’s care  
Inspir’d the hope that rose against despair;  
While, self-impell’d, the vessel seems to glide,  
The wind blows with her, and she feels the tide;  
Till landed, Ardea, ’neath thy frowning walls, 935  
The gloomy chieftain treads his father’s halls.

Meanwhile, where fortune on the Trojans shines,  
Mezentius’ spear supports the wavering lines.  
Etruria’s legions, maddening at the sight,  
’Gainst the invader of their hearths unite; 940  
All one resentment to the tyrant feel,  
Fate nerves the sinew, and directs the steel.  
As ’gainst some cliff which towers above the main  
Wave mounts on wave, and storms descend in vain,  
So stands Mezentius ’gainst the tide of war, 945  
Poises his spear, and Hebrus slays from far.  
Struck by a rock that flies across the plain,  
The brow of Latagus is cleft in twain;



While Palmus lies extended on the ground,  
His knee divided by the falchion's wound; 950  
The crest and corselet which the vanquish'd grac'd  
The victor's hand on youthful Lausus plac'd.  
Here Phrygian Evās fell; and Mimas here,  
The friend of Paris, bow'd beneath his spear;  
Theano bore him on that ill-starr'd night, 955  
When Ilium's fatal torch first saw the light;  
Beneath his father's walls did Paris lie,  
And Mimas thought not on these shores to die.  
As the wild boar, where Alps' dark forests bend,  
Or moist Laurentum's marshy banks extend, 960  
Rous'd in his lair, and starting from the shade,  
Flies the swift hounds, and crashes through the glade,  
Then where the net arrests him as he roams,  
Rears his rough bristles, and more furious foams;  
Before his tusks the boldest hunter quails, 965  
His ardour lessens, and his courage fails;  
From distant voices louder shouts arise,  
The vale re-echoes, and the javelin flies;  
To every quarter he unconquer'd turns,  
Confronts the foe, and with fresh courage burns, 970  
Sharpens his tusks, so oft in battle tried,  
And shakes the lances from his harden'd side:  
So none, how just, how great soe'er his rage,  
Dares in close combat with his king engage;  
Far off the shout of warriors loads the air, 975  
Their javelins glittering, and their falchions bare.

Acron, a chief from Corythus who came,  
His sires were Greeks, and warlike was his fame,



To join the force had left his promis'd bride,  
Though fondly blushing, by her father's side; 980  
A purple feather in his helm he bore,  
'The pledge of love, which late the maiden wore.  
Far off Mezentius saw that purple crown  
Bear proud Rutulia's harness'd squadrons down :  
And as a lion, press'd by hunger's pangs, 985  
Who round the fold long time impatient hangs,  
Stops when he sees the antler'd stag steal by,  
Or timid roebuck to the woodland fly,  
Extends his jaws, his yellow mane uprears,  
Then prone to earth the startled quarry bears, 990  
With savage triumph gloats upon the slain,  
And foaming glories in the bloody stain ;  
So fierce Mezentius rushes on the band,  
In dense array where Ilium's leaders stand.  
There hapless Acron, mingled with the slain, 995  
With dying struggles tore the crimson plain ;  
From the deep wound well'd out the purple flood,  
And with its current dyed the cornel wood.  
Then as across the field Orodes sped,  
A foe less brave had laid him with the dead ; 1000  
Mezentius pois'd, but nobly held his lance,  
And face to face the adverse chiefs advance.  
The tyrant fierce, but still unstain'd with guile,  
Bent o'er the corse, and with triumphant smile,  
" Behold," he cried, " where huge Orodes lies, 1005  
" And no mean champion of Etruria dies."  
His comrades catch their chief's triumphant notes,  
And to the Dardan lines their pæan floats.



Orodes turn'd, and with his dying breath  
Replied, "Ere long thou, too, shalt yield to death; 1010  
"Like fate awaits thee from a warrior's hand—  
"Th' exulting victor bites the bloody sand."

Mezentius smil'd, yet ill his wrath conceal'd,  
His words the daring of his soul reveal'd:  
"Die thou, and leave to our eternal sire 1015

"My life to take, when gods that life require."  
Soon as he draws the javelin from the wound,  
Cold mists enshroud the dying warrior round;  
Dull leaden visions on his brow repose,  
And in eternal sleep his eyelids close. 1020

Then Cædicus the bold Alcathous slew,  
Sacrator pierc'd the stern Hydaspes through;  
Before great Rapo's spear Parthenius fell,  
And mighty Orses sought the shores of hell.

Now Ericetes and Messapus meet, 1025  
Stand shield to shield oppos'd, and feet to feet;

But Ericetes joins the mighty slain,  
And leaves Messapus victor on the plain:  
Where Clonius, too, an easy victim lies,  
The fallen horse forbade his lord to rise. 1030

Ægis impetuous to the rescue came,  
But Valerus sustain'd his father's fame,  
And smote the Lycian; slain Anthronius lies  
By Salius, Salius by Nealces dies,—  
Nealces, fam'd to speed the slender spear, 1035  
Or winged arrow, through the yielding air.

Mars rules with stern equality the plain,  
The victor vanquish'd, and the slayer slain;



Where falls his foe, the wounded warrior lies,  
And all alike ignoble flight despise. 1040

From their bright homes the gods the scene survey,  
And all the fruitless labours of the day;  
Here Venus, here great Juno guards the scene,  
While pale Tisiphone exults between.

But now see huge Mezentius raging stand, 1045  
A ponderous javelin quivers in his hand;  
Onward he strides, and seems to trembling eyes  
Of form terrific and unearthly size.

So vast Orion o'er the waves appears,  
And high his shoulders above Ocean rears; 1050  
On lower earth his steps gigantic tread,  
But loftier spheres in clouds involve his head.

The Dardan prince, who mark'd the tyrant's rage,  
Towering advanc'd, impatient to engage;  
Mezentius quails not, but expects the fight, 1055  
Like some vast rock collected in his might;  
Measuring his distance, till his godlike foe  
Stands where a warrior may his javelin throw.

"Do thou, right hand, and thou, unconquer'd spear,  
"Worshipp'd as gods, as gods your suppliant hear. 1060

"Lausus, to thee that hand devotes the spoil,  
"Torn from this plunderer of Ausonia's soil."

Swift flew the spear across the battle field,  
Just graz'd the rim, and glanc'd from off the shield,  
Then pierc'd the good Anthores in the groin. 1065

Where with the hip the ribs descending join;  
Anthores, once the great Alcides' friend,  
Who with Evander would life's evening spend.



Brave chief, the spear another's life which sought,  
To thee, alas! the bloody summons brought; 1070  
And whilst thine eye in dying frenzy roll'd,  
Still on thy heart sweet Argos kept its hold.

Hurl'd is the Dardan spear; the hollow shield  
Rings with the sound, the brazen circles yield,  
The linen folds oppose a weak delay; 1075  
Three tough bull-hides in vain its progress stay,  
Through to the groin it held its onward course,  
Mezentius piercing with expended force.

By the red stream the chief exulting knew  
The wound, his falchion from its scabbard flew; 1080  
Mezentius stagger'd as the bare steel gleam'd,  
And death more near in sober sternness seem'd.

Young Lausus groan'd, and sought his sire's relief;  
Tears gush'd unbidden, and declar'd his grief.  
Too noble youth! Oh, who the sacred name 1085  
Of bard might bear, and not thy praise proclaim!  
Long shall thy deeds the Roman ear engage,  
Thy filial fondness and heroic rage.

With step impeded, smarting from the wound,  
The hostile javelin trailing on the ground, 1090  
The king retreats; young Lausus meets the blow,  
And checks the progress of the furious foe.  
The shout to rescue through the squadron flew,  
'Neath his son's arm the fainting king withdrew;  
Thick clouds of darts o'ersadow all the field, 1095  
But fall innocuous on the Dardan's shield.

As when the storm descends upon the plain,  
The sturdy peasant flies before the rain,



The ploughman leaves his ploughshare in the ground,  
The traveller seeks some bank's protecting mound, 1100  
Or crouches 'neath the alders of the stream,  
Or where the cliffs a fretted archway seem;  
Then when again the sun's bright rays succeed,  
The active labours of mankind proceed;  
E'en so Æneas, 'mid the iron shower, 1105  
Stood till the martial thunder ceas'd to roar.  
To Lausus now he rais'd his warning cry,  
" Why rush, too daring boy, resolv'd to die?  
" E'en filial love may nought to-day avail:  
" Thy heart is noble, but thy sinews fail." 1110  
Still to the charge the frenzied youth return'd,  
And still more fierce the Dardan's passion burn'd;  
For now the thread of life its length had run,  
The spindle stops, the sisters' task is done.  
One mighty stroke the Trojan leader made, 1115  
And in the bleeding body sheath'd the blade.  
Slight was his buckler for a soul so bold,  
And soft his tunic with its threads of gold;  
Nor thought his mother, when those threads she spun,  
So soon his life-blood o'er that vest should run. 1120  
The spirit mourning left its house of clay,  
And to the land of shadows wing'd its way.  
But when the Dardan saw his dying look,  
All sterner thoughts Anchises' son forsook;  
Inly he groan'd; that groan might nought avail, 1125  
Fix'd were the features, and the visage pale;  
Death's mark was stamp'd in anguish on his brow,  
Oft seen before, so ghastly ne'er as now.



The hostile chief Æneas sees no more,  
He feels what love the son the father bore. 1130

“How can a prince, O youth lamented, show  
“He loves thy virtues, though he slew his foe?  
“Thine arms were all thy glory on the plain,  
“Those arms in death inviolate retain,  
“If calm repose with kindred dust delight, 1135  
“Thine be the urn, and thine the funeral rite.  
“And if thy foe’s unconquer’d name to know,  
“Can soothe the grief, or lighter make the blow,  
“When ’midst the spirits of your sires you stand,  
“Tell them you fell by great Æneas’ hand.” 1140

Then in his arms the bleeding corse he bore,  
And chid his comrades lingering on the shore;  
Dark soil had stain’d those features once so fair,  
And blood was clotted in his golden hair.

Meanwhile his sire by Tyber’s ancient wave 1145  
Had stopp’d, his wounds to staunch, his limbs to lave,  
Where, by the ilex’ dark green foliage screen’d,  
’Gainst an old oak the weary chieftain lean’d:  
Short space apart his brazen helmet hung,  
On the green turf his ponderous arms were flung, 1150  
Faint is the leader, and around him stand  
His country’s youth, a brave and chosen band;  
Heavy he breathes, and leans his drooping head,  
Loose on his chest his waving beard is spread.  
Then some he bids this charge to Lausus bear, 1155  
To quit the field, and to his sire repair.  
’Tis vain: his comrades, form’d in sad array,  
Bear on a shield the bloody corse away.



Vast was in arms that youthful chieftain's fame,  
Who fell the victim of as vast a name. 1160

Loud was the wail that from the throng arose,  
Prescient of ill that wail the father knows;  
Thin were the locks upon his aged head,  
On which despair the dust of mourning spread;  
To heaven his hands in bitter anguish rise, 1165  
Then, cast upon the bleeding corse, he cries:

" Could life deserve, e'en if with pleasure fraught,  
" To be by ransoming so costly bought?  
" Didst thou a champion to thy sire succeed,  
" And liv'd the father that the son might bleed? 1170  
" Now does my soul my people's hate deplore,  
" Now smarts the wound I never felt before.  
" My crimes have tarnish'd thy untarnish'd fame,  
" And branded tyrant on a gentle name.  
" A people's curse was on me: then I ought 1175  
" To have paid the penalty my country sought.  
" And shall I longer court the light of day,  
" And fate's decree by coward fear delay?"

The aged chieftain, rising from the ground,  
With soul unbroken bore his smarting wound, 1180  
And thus in words address'd his warlike steed,  
In peace his pride, his trust in hour of need:  
" Brave Rhoebus, long thy master's surest friend,  
" If aught be long that hastens to an end;  
" Or let the boastful Dardan's gory head 1185  
" Assuage our sorrows, and avenge the dead;  
" Or, if such spoil stern Mars refuse to yield,  
" Die with thy master on the adverse field.



" Ill couldst thou brook, O noblest steed! to bear  
" A Trojan prince, or Trojan armour wear!" 1190  
He ceas'd: his voice, his arms the courser knew,  
And bent, as near his wounded master drew:  
Once more the warrior in his wonted seat  
Felt his limb brac'd, his pulse more even beat:  
Sharp were the darts each hand impatient bore, 1195  
A horsehair crest his brazen helmet wore:  
Thus arm'd, with slacken'd rein, and furious speed,  
Against the foe he wheel'd his foaming steed.  
Shame burning seeks in glorious strife relief,  
And frantic rage o'erpowers excessive grief; 1200  
To love's calm woe the soul's fierce storm succeeds,  
While conscious valour prompts to noblest deeds.  
Then thrice his challenge rang upon the air,  
Æneas heard, and rais'd to heaven his prayer:  
" May Jove, may Phœbus, grant what I demand, 1205  
" And bring the foe to this avenging hand!"  
No more he said, but pois'd the fatal spear,  
And sought the monarch in his bold career.  
" Vain is the threat which, idly falling, tries  
" To make the desperate quail," Mezentius cries; 1210  
" 'Reft of his son, can doubt assail the sire,  
" In grief to live, or glory to expire?  
" Too barbarous chief, no form of death I fear,  
" Though Jove's dread bolt, or Phœbus' shafts were here.  
" Thy threats forego; to die the champion's sent, 1215  
" And mark the offerings which his hands present."  
The steady javelin show'd the warrior's aim,  
Another and another quivering came;



Each dart, with lofty circle, cross'd the field,  
But harmless rang upon the golden shield. 1220  
Thrice to the left the manag'd charger went,  
Circling the foe, and thrice the spear was sent;  
The Trojan leader, turning where he stood,  
Bore on the welded plates a bristling wood:  
Then, chaf'd in strife unequal to engage, 1225  
Such long delay ill answering to his rage,  
He hurl'd a javelin with collected force,  
And struck the forehead of the warrior-horse.  
The charger rear'd, the rider loos'd his hold,  
Then fell, and o'er his lord the courser roll'd. 1230  
Swift on his prostrate foe Æneas flies,  
While shouts of Dardans and of Latians rise;  
And, as in triumph gleam'd his naked blade,  
His brief reproach the Dardan leader made:  
"Is this the tyrant whose unbridled pride 1235  
"Trampled on right, and Jove's dread wrath defied?"  
To the clear sky one look the chieftain cast,  
His doom is seal'd, that look must be his last;  
The air of heaven refresh'd his fainting frame,  
And back the warrior's wonted coolness came; 1240  
"Smil'st thou in triumph, then, my mortal foe,  
"With bitter taunts to aggravate the blow?  
"Strike, it will bring no curse upon thy name,  
"Strike, for to meet with death Mezentius came.  
"When Lausus' soul dissolv'd in subtle air, 1245  
"He crav'd thee not his father's life to spare.  
"But, by that favour which the vanquish'd know,—  
"If aught of favour be assign'd a foe,



“ Protect my body from a people’s hate,  
“ Nor let disgrace attend a warrior’s fate;                   1250  
“ And where his son’s last home in earth is made,  
“ There let Mezentius in the tomb be laid.”  
Thus spake the chief, and, death no more refused,  
“ Groan’d out his soul, with gushing blood effused.”



## NOTES TO BOOK X.



Line 18. "Alpes immittet apertas." One hardly knows whether most to admire the bold conception of the poet, or the ending of the line, "immittet apertas," which seems to carry the Alps with it into the plain below.

64. I take this to be the meaning of "sane."

96. Repeating the same word, "dura," which Venus had used towards her.

158. *i. e.* to the entrance of that part of the heavenly palace which was peculiarly appropriated to the king of heaven himself.

191. The district of Lydia, more immediately watered by the Pactolus.

215. Cybele, who was worshipped on Mount Ida, considered as Terra, or the mother of all things, is represented as having her chariot drawn by lions, to show how the fiercest animals are subdued by fondness for their parents. In the same character she wears a crown of towers, indicating that all cities receive their support from the earth.

234. Famous for its iron mines.

260. Cynus, the father of Cupavo, lamented so much the fall of Phaeton, that he was transformed into a swan.

274. Manto was the daughter of Tiresius, the famous soothsayer of Thebes.

276. From Tuscany, Venetia, and Gaul.

282. Now called the Lago di Garda, out of which the Menzo flows.

315. "Tua vincula" may be taken to imply both the cable which moored the vessels to the shore, and the bond of union between them and their leader.

320. This is the first intimation we receive of Æneas having sent forward the cavalry of his allies by land.

357. In his note to the corresponding passage of the Iliad, Mr. Pope observes: "Virgil was too sensible of the beauty of this passage not to imitate it; and it must be owned he has surpassed



his original. In Homer's comparison there is no other circumstance alluded to but that of a remarkable brightness; whereas Virgil's comparison, beside this, seems to foretell the vast slaughter his hero was to make, by comparing him first to a comet, which is commonly esteemed a prognostic of evil, and, again, to the dog-star, which is supposed the occasion of sickness and distempers."

382. Virgil simply says, "*per remos alii*," "others by oars:" this is generally rendered, "others row themselves ashore;"—to me both an incorrect and tame explanation. It certainly did not mean rowing up their galley on the beach; that was only done by Tarchon; nor had they any small boats in which to row themselves to land. The action suggested is natural, and gives a lively idea of the haste and celerity of the troops in landing.

417. These scales were sometimes like those of a fish, sometimes of a serpent, according to which the shirt of mail had a particular name applied to it in the Greek armour.

419. He was taken from the womb of his mother after death.

553. Heyne interprets "*sylvis*" "stubbles," and refers to the First Georgic, alleging that to set fire to the woods would be a mischievous act; forgetting that it probably refers to setting fire to wood, in order to clear the land for the purposes of cultivation.

557. "*Seque in sua colligit arma*."

563. "*Injecere manum*:" a judicial term.

575. It was customary to suspend the armour of an enemy which had been devoted to any deity upon a tree, or sometimes on a wooden column erected for the purpose.

598. Juturna, who had been deified by her celestial lover, Jove, as is related in the Twelfth Book.

600. The rapidity of the action here is greatly increased by the absence of any such word as "inquit," "he said," or "cried."

610. "*Spolia opima*," the armour stripped from the body of the commander-in-chief of the adverse army when slain in battle, or (more strictly speaking) in single combat.

637. The belief of Virgil, or, at least, the popular creed of his age, seems to have been a limited fatalism, viz. "that a certain time is fixed to every man, *beyond* which his life cannot last, but, before this period arrives, he may die by accidental misfortune, or deserved punishment, *e.g.* Dido; so also that the absolute decrees of fate may be retarded by inferior beings, as is learnt from the



speech of Juno in Book VII.;” but with regard to man’s moral conduct he is considered, as is here shown, a free agent, to rise or sink according to his own exertions; “to virtue and vice necessity reaches not at all.” See Dr. Beattie’s ‘Essay on Truth,’ Part II., ch. 2, sec. 3.

677. Or,

Eurytion’s art had grav’d in burnish’d gold;  
according as you adopt the text, “Clonus Eurytides,” or, “bonus Eurytion.”

710. Here read Mr. Pope’s note to the fifty-seventh verse of his translation of the Sixth Book of the Iliad.

753. Another interpretation is given to this passage, as if it was Æneas who had pinned his opponent’s shield to his corselet with his spear, and so rendered him helpless. The meaning thus assigned to “reductâ hastâ” is undoubtedly a correct one, “drawn back to give it full force,” but, on the whole, I prefer the meaning I have adopted, and which is countenanced by many of the best interpreters. There are several passages in this battle which are not perfectly clear; and it is supposed the Book never received the finishing touches of the author.

771. The city of Amyclæ having been often thrown into confusion by false reports of the approach of an enemy, the senate declared that he should be considered a traitor to his country who spread the like again. At last the enemy drew near, no alarm was given, and the city was taken.

808. This speech has been much and perhaps justly criticised, the tone of irony and wit being ill suited to the time. The excuse is found in similar passages in Homer.

810. Alluding to the starting aside of the horses of Niphæus.

842. “Pulcherrime” implies perfection both of soul and body.

960. This introducing by name the Alpine Forest and Laurentine marsh gives great reality to the scene. See Keble’s ‘Prælections.’

981. “Purpureis ales oloribus.”—HORAT., *Odes*, iv. 1. 10.

“πτεροισιν πορφωρεοις.”—PINDAR, *Pyth.*, iv. 325.

1044. This Fury is introduced here by name with great propriety, Tisiphone being derived from two Greek words, which signify “vengeance” and “slaughter.”

1072. It is in such lines as this,

“et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos,”



that the genius of the poet so eminently displays itself, imparting a beauty not their own even to these scenes of horror, like the ray of sunlight which scatters for a moment the darkness of the tempest, and cheers the mountain waste.

1183. Professor Keble, who has added the most consummate scholarship and accurate knowledge of his authors to a mind peculiarly adapted for noticing beauties of this kind, has observed how the savage character of Mezentius is ameliorated by these strong traits of affection for his son and for his charger.

1254. *Paradise Lost*, XI. 447.







## BOOK XI.

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A TWELVE days' truce, for the burial of the slain. The funeral procession to Pallanteum. The noble speech of Turnus in the council at Laurentum, which suddenly breaks up, on the intelligence that Æneas is marching on the town. The disposition of the forces for the battle. The beautiful account of the youth of Camilla. The engagement of the cavalry, her death, and the rout of the Latians; on receiving intelligence of which, Turnus leaves the high ground which he had occupied with the main body of his forces, in order to watch the movements of Æneas and the Trojan foot, and descends into the plain. At the same moment the Dardan troops pass the defile in safety, and the two armies encamp for the night within sight of each other, before the walls of Laurentum.







## BOOK XI.

SOON as Aurora from her ocean bed  
O'er the wide earth the hues of morning spread,  
Æneas rose, his earliest vows to pay,  
And praise the heavenly guardians of the day;  
Yet griev'd his soul that many a friend should die, 5  
And on th'ensanguin'd plain unburied lie.

A branching oak, lopp'd of its leafy shade,  
To thee, red Mars, his votive column made:  
With splinter'd shaft full many a javelin stood,  
And dripp'd the helmet with the tyrant's blood, 10  
Where, as it swung, the gaping corselet show'd  
How free that life-blood in the combat flow'd;  
Nor less its orb the brazen shield display'd,  
And gleam'd above the ivory falchion's blade.  
The Trojan leaders, an illustrious band, 15  
In shining order round Æneas stand;  
And as they hear their chief's triumphant words,  
Aloft the warriors clash their glittering swords.  
"Fear not: these first-fruits of the bloody field  
"Foreshow what harvest future triumphs yield. 20  
"Now march we where Laurentum's turrets rise,—  
"Great Turnus falls as proud Mezentius lies.



“ Let no vain doubts th’ advancing host delay,  
“ Jove lifts our standards, and directs the way;  
“ Gird, warriors, gird your shining armour on, 25  
“ And feel that victory by those arms is won.  
“ But first, great chiefs, let holiest rites procure  
“ The dead respect on Pluto’s gloomy shore;  
“ Souls that for us have won this western land  
“ In just return the funeral mound demand. 30  
“ Be thou, Arcadia’s youthful leader, borne,  
“ Where kinsmen wailing o’er thy corse shall mourn;  
“ Thou wantedst not those noblest traits that give  
“ Grace to the dead, and in our memories live.  
“ Dark was the day that clos’d thy brief career, 35  
“ Thy youth, thy virtues, claim alike the tear.”

Then to the porch he held his mournful way,  
In funeral state, where lifeless Pallas lay  
Watch’d by Acætes, who through many a field  
In happier days had borne Evander’s shield. 40  
Servants that lov’d him weep above his bier,  
Troy’s rugged sons in vain repress the tear,  
And Ilian dames their shining locks unbind,  
Emblem of sorrow, to the morning wind.

When in the gate the Trojan prince appears 45  
Loud strikes the wail ill-omen’d on his ears;  
Matrons their breasts with frantic gestures wound,  
Till the high arch re-echoes with the sound.  
On pillows propp’d in undesir’d array  
The cold white face of noble Pallas lay; 50  
Wide gapes the death-wound in his snowy breast:  
Æneas gaz’d, and thus his grief express’d:



“ And did stern fate thee, helpless youth, destroy,  
“ To cloud with funeral rites the victor’s joy?  
“ O hadst thou liv’d to see Æneas reign, 55  
“ Restor’d triumphant to thy home again!  
“ Not such my promise, when with fond embrace  
“ Evander sent me ’gainst a martial race,  
“ And with the words of grey-hair’d wisdom told  
“ How Latium’s tribes were fierce, Rutulia’s bold. 60  
“ E’en now, by fruitless expectation led,  
“ His vows may seek some blessing for the dead,  
“ Whilst we with empty pomp surround the bier  
“ Of one whose voice no gods celestial hear.  
“ Unblest, oh! thrice unblest, that parent lives, 65  
“ Who mourns the child his lingering age survives!  
“ Is this the pledge I gave the weeping sire,  
“ This the proud triumph which his eyes desire?  
“ And yet that gash betrays no base retreat:  
“ ’Tis death, but death unsullied by defeat. 70  
“ Thou needst not ask the jaws of hell to close,  
“ And save from infamy, the worst of woes.  
“ Alas! that thy young life so soon should end,  
“ Arcadia’s champion, and Iulus’ friend!”

Then rose, obedient to their chief’s command, 75  
A thousand warriors from his Dardan band;  
In sad procession with the dead they go,  
To soothe, if pomp can soothe, a father’s woe.  
Some arbut stems and oaken branches weave,  
Whose twigs entwin’d the pallid corse receive; 80  
The twisted bulrush forms his humble bed,  
Boughs wave above it, and protect the dead.



So when sweet violets young virgins bring,  
Or drooping hyacinths in early spring,  
Still their fair form the graceful leaves display, 85  
The bloom still lingers, and the hues are gay;  
And yet the fragile stalk forgets to rise,  
For earth no wonted nourishment supplies.  
Two royal robes, from golden tissue wrought,  
And stiff with flowers of gold, Æneas brought; 90  
These broider'd once by Libya's matchless queen  
The chosen labours of her loom had been.  
With these his pious hands the dead adorn,  
And veil the tresses doom'd, alas! to burn.  
Full many a trophy too the warriors bore, 95  
Spoils of the battle on Laurentum's shore;  
Whilst arms and horses which his sword had won  
Attest the valour of Evander's son.  
Destin'd on Pallas' funeral pyre to bleed  
In sad array the captive youths succeed; 100  
Tall trunks of trees the Dardan leaders bear,  
Deck'd with bright arms which vibrate in the air;  
Carv'd on the wood, each warrior's name shall tell  
To after ages how the wearers fell.  
Acætes, saddest of the weeping throng, 105  
Worn down with age, and scarcely dragg'd along,  
Now tore his cheeks, now beat his faithful breast,  
Roll'd in the dust, and frenzied grief express'd.  
Next in procession came the hero's car,  
Red with the bloody stains of furious war. 110  
Æthon, so late the youthful warrior's pride,  
Conscious of woe, his trappings cast aside,



With mournful pace attends the sylvan bier,  
And down his cheeks now roll'd th' unbidden tear.  
Javelin and helm attendant comrades bore;      115  
His golden girdle haughty Turnus wore.  
Trojans, and Tuscans, and Arcadia's line,  
With arms revers'd, in slow procession join;  
As the last ranks moved on before the dead,  
Long gaz'd the Dardan chief, and sorrowing said:      120  
"Farewell! we too to sadder scenes repair,  
"Death's mournful duties, and the funeral care.  
"Peace to the warrior's shade who bravely fell—  
"Farewell to thee, too noble youth, farewell."  
He ceas'd: then turn'd to where the turrets shine      125  
In long array before the Trojan line.

From Latium's walls a suppliant band proceed,  
A truce demanding to entomb the dead;  
Their king, they plead, was once the Dardan's friend,  
And man's first feuds with man's existence end.      130

To whom the prince: "What though the hand of fate  
"In discord sad has plung'd your Latian state;  
"With the brave dead the brave no quarrel know,  
"And generous hearts forgive the generous foe.  
"By heaven's decree to Latium's shores we came,      135  
"And bear no hatred 'gainst the Latian name.  
"Your king great Turnus for his champion chose,—  
"Then let the champion's hand the struggle close:  
"And life be his to whom the gods shall give  
"The strength to conquer, and the lot to live.      140  
"Now go; and where the dead demand your care,  
"Collect the slain—the funeral pile prepare."



Laurentum's elders on each other gaze,  
Such noble words call forth a foeman's praise;  
Then Drances spoke, who oft with rival hate 145  
Would thwart young Turnus in the Latian state:  
"Great Trojan chief, ere now renown'd by fame,  
"Whose godlike deeds enshrine the hero's name,  
"O how can words a worthy tribute raise  
"For one deserving of immortal praise? 150  
"If martial prowess there command applause,  
"Compassion here more just approval draws.  
"Grateful thine answer to our king we bear,  
"And smiling peace for happier days prepare.  
"Firm shall that peace, if fortune help, remain, 155  
"And Turnus comrades for himself may gain.  
"Your rising walls shall Latium's sons employ,  
"And willing shoulders bear the stones of Troy."

His words consent from all around produce,  
For twice six days the Trojan grants the truce. 160  
Within the mountain's forest depths the while  
Laurentum's warriors with the Dardans toil,  
Crashes the ash, the lofty pine-tree reels,  
The gnarled oak the wedge descending feels,  
The odorous cedar sinks upon the plain, 165  
And still unceasing groans the rustic wain.

Now Fame, who late from Tyber's blood-stain'd shore  
The deeds of Pallas through all Latium bore,  
Straight to Evander's palace speeds away,  
With alter'd tones, and fills it with dismay, 170  
Arcadia's children as her law decrees,  
Rush to the gates, and funeral torches seize;



One sheet of flame her ancient causeway seems,  
And o'er the distant fields the torch-light gleams.  
The Trojan troops advancing march along, 175  
Their murmurs blended with the mournful throng,  
Whose slow approach as weeping dames descry,  
Wild shrieks ascend, and wailings rend the sky.  
As strike those wailings on the monarch's ear  
He bursts through all, and falls upon the bier, 180  
On the cold corpse in palsied sorrow lies, [sighs  
Long chok'd with grief, and speaks at length through  
" Not such thy promise when thou soughtst the field,  
" With cautious valour to advance the shield.  
" Well did I know how glory's dazzling charms 185  
" To boldest deeds would urge thy youthful arms;  
" But sad these first-fruits of a warrior's days,  
" Bitter these rudiments of martial praise.  
" Why would not heaven regard a father's prayer,  
" Accept his vows, or in his offerings share? 190  
" Blest in a death that knew not of the dead  
" Art thou, most holy partner of my bed;  
" Whilst I, o'erpassing nature's boundary, live  
" To curse the fates which days unnumber'd give.  
" Would that Rutulia's hostile spears had slain, 195  
" 'Midst Trojan arms, Evander on the plain,  
" And this display of funeral pomp had led  
" To its last resting-place the silver head!  
" Yet blame I not the league with Ilium made,  
" Fate hath this sorrow on the father laid: 200  
" Fitting it was, if Jove his end decreed,  
" Evander's son the Dardan host should lead;



" His soul exulting to the shades would go,  
" 'Mid slaughter'd thousands of the Volscian foe.  
" No other pomp will e'en thy ghost expect, 205  
" Pallas, than that which Ilium's cares direct,  
" Where the brave Trojan lords the column lead,  
" And Tuscan warriors in their train succeed.  
" Great are the trophies which their hands present,  
" From noblest chiefs to Pluto's kingdom sent. 210  
" And had his youth to equal stature grown,  
" Like strength of limb, like power of muscle known,  
" Or were these arms, enfeebled now by age,  
" Prompt as of old in combat to engage,  
" Thou, Turnus, too, shouldst in the funeral share, 215  
" A lifeless trunk, and thine own armour bear.  
" Ye Trojan leaders, who for glory burn,  
" To war, to vengeance, and your chief, return!  
" His valour only, now the child is slain,  
" On this dull earth can make the sire remain. 220  
" To each alike that valour Turnus owes,  
" This the sole hope a father's sorrow knows.  
" Life's joys, 'tis well, are from Evander fled,  
" He asks this offering to the silent dead."  
    But now, succeeding to the shades of night, 225  
Again Aurora pour'd the cheerful light;  
And with the light man's daily struggle came,  
To bear with sorrow, or contend for fame.  
The Tuscans here, and there the Trojans bore  
Huge piles of wood, and heap'd the winding shore; 230  
From unctuous pyres dark wreaths of smoke arise,  
And with the gloom of night involve the skies.



Round the sad fires on which the dead were laid  
Thrice march'd the chiefs, in glittering arms array'd;  
Thrice the mail'd horsemen wheel'd the flames around,  
While solemn dirges through the air resound. 236

Full many a tear, which rugged warriors pour,  
Bedews their arms, till earth receives the shower;  
And, mingled with their kinsmen's plaintive cries,  
Loud piercing notes of brazen trumpets rise. 240

Some, as they stand around the mournful pyre,  
With sword and buckler feed the sacred fire,—  
Arms that in fight the Latian champions wore,  
Bridles they held, and wheels that chieftains bore;  
Some to the dead present their well-known shield, 245  
And spears, by fortune blunted on the field;

There many a lordly bull to Pluto dies,  
While savoury fumes from bristly swine arise,  
And blood of sheep, from all the fields around,  
Flows o'er the flame, and hisses on the ground. 250

Long troops of mourners line the sounding shore,  
Watch the red embers, and the slain deplore,  
Till dewy night's descending shadows fall,  
Veiling the planets with her sable pall.

Nor with less care the Latians raise their pyres, 255  
Heap on the dead, and light the mournful fires.  
Some with loud wails disturb the silent air,  
And slaughter'd chieftains to Laurentum bear;  
But numbers more of unrecorded fame  
Sank undistinguished in the general flame, 260  
In neighbouring fields a soldier's funeral found,  
Or bloody burial on the battle ground.



Throughout two days the frequent fires that rise  
Light up the country, and suffuse the skies.  
When the third morn, with warm and cheerful ray, 265  
Chases the vapours of the night away,  
Their friends collect the bones with pious hand,  
And raise a barrow of the smoking sand.

But chief the storm that on Laurentum falls  
Darkens the splendour of the royal halls: 270  
Mothers of sons bereav'd, and widow'd brides  
Whose lords were torn just wedded from their sides,  
Sisters whose brothers left the social hearth,  
Boys who deplore the authors of their birth,  
All hearts averse to lengthen'd contest bring, 275  
And curse the nuptials of Rutulia's king,  
Bidding the prince who seeks the crown and bride,  
With his own sword the mortal strife decide. .  
The hostile Drances heads the murmuring bands,  
And shows how Troy one single life demands; 280  
Whilst 'neath the shelter of the queenly name,  
For Turnus these with nobler purpose came,  
With whom the monarch's early fame unites,  
And all the trophies of a hundred fights.

Meanwhile, as men's contending passions burn, 285  
The Latian chiefs from Arpi's town return:  
Sad are their words: that all entreaties fail,  
Nor gifts, nor gold, nor prayers, may aught avail;  
Or new allies must Latium's monarch take,  
Or peace with Troy's unconquer'd chieftain make. 290  
The signs of wrath, the recent tombs that rise,  
Proclaim that chief the favourite of the skies.



In vain the aged monarch seeks relief,  
He bows beneath the vastness of his grief;  
Then to full council in his lofty halls, 295  
All Latium's wisest, noblest leaders calls:  
The call all Latium's noblest leaders hear,  
And in their monarch's lofty halls appear.  
No tongue the stillness of the council broke,  
As Venulus, with brow contracted, spoke: 300  
" All dangers pass'd, we reach the fertile plains,  
" Where Greece revives, and great Tydides reigns,  
" And touch the hand that aided to destroy  
" Old Priam's power, and raze the walls of Troy;  
" Now on those fields which once Iapyx claim'd 305  
" He builds Argyripa, from Argos nam'd.  
" Receiv'd, our name and lineage we relate,  
" Present our offerings, and our business state:  
" Who battle wage on Latium's shore declare,  
" And press the object of our monarch's prayer. 310  
" He heard, and then, with placid look, replied:  
" ' Ye who in Saturn's smiling vales reside,  
" ' Who, while Ausonia's tribes repose in peace,  
" ' Blest with rich flocks, enjoy a large increase;  
" ' Say what could tempt you, in an unknown war, 315  
" ' To seize the javelin, and ascend the car.  
" ' All who 'gainst Ilium drew the fatal steel  
" ' And liv'd, the gods' avenging anger feel:  
" (' I waive the horrors of the Phrygian plain,  
" ' And Simois' stream, empurpled with the slain.) 320  
" ' We who survive a sad existence lead—  
" ' E'en Priam's heart for suffering Greece might bleed.



“ ‘ How Pallas’ wrath on mighty Ajax fell,  
“ ‘ Euboea’s isle, Caphereus’ rock can tell.  
“ ‘ Patient of evils, on Mount Ætna’s strand, 325  
“ ‘ Ulysses trembled in the Cyclops’ hand;  
“ ‘ And Sparta’s prince, by fate’s all stern decree,  
“ ‘ To utmost Egypt swept the adverse sea.  
“ ‘ Why should I tell how Pyrrhus lost his crown,  
“ ‘ And his own gods Idomenus disown; 330  
“ ‘ How Locrian chiefs Parnassus’ heights deplore,  
“ ‘ And wander helpless on the Lybian shore?  
“ ‘ Nay, Argos’ king, supreme in wide command,  
“ ‘ Died on his threshold by assassin hand;  
“ ‘ And he who conquer’d Asia for a wife, 335  
“ ‘ Fell by the edge of an adulterer’s knife.  
“ ‘ Or need I tell how heaven to me denied  
“ ‘ Again o’er fair Ætolia to preside?  
“ ‘ In lovely Calydon another reigns,  
“ ‘ And her I lov’d, disgraceful passion stains. 340  
“ ‘ Transform’d to birds, through plains of spacious air  
“ ‘ Strange pinions now my screaming comrades bear;  
“ ‘ Along the margin of the stream they fly,  
“ ‘ Haunting the islands with their mournful cry.  
“ ‘ His doom, who once in war’s wild tumult stood, 345  
“ ‘ And madly thirsted for ambrosial blood.  
“ ‘ When Ilium fell, her sons no more were foes,  
“ ‘ Nor feel I gladness in their former woes:  
“ ‘ To their great prince your gifts, your offerings bear,  
“ ‘ The brave may well an idle triumph spare. 350  
“ ‘ How have I seen him rising to his shield,  
“ ‘ How like a whirlwind swept his spear the field!



“ ‘ Who stands oppos’d in battle to the foe,  
“ ‘ Can best the record of his prowess show.  
“ ‘ Two more such heroes had the Xanthus seen,      355  
“ ‘ Far different, Latians, had the issue been :  
“ ‘ A foreign host had reach’d Pelasgia’s strand,  
“ ‘ And Greece had quail’d before the Dardan band.  
“ ‘ Whate’er reverse the Greeks were doom’d to know,  
“ ‘ Or Hector or Æneas dealt the blow.      360  
“ ‘ Through ten long years their arm delay’d the fall  
“ ‘ Of Priam’s empire, and the Trojan wall.  
“ ‘ In courage equal, equal in the field,  
“ ‘ The palm of piety must Hector yield,  
“ ‘ If peace be offer’d, take the proffer’d hand,      365  
“ ‘ But let not man to man in battle stand.’  
“ And now to thee, O best of kings, is known  
“ The Greek’s reply, to thee his counsel shown.”

Scarce had he ceas’d, when ’midst the chiefs began  
A murmuring noise, and through th’ assembly ran :      370  
So, when some rock, dissever’d from the side,  
Dams up the channel, and impedes the tide,  
Chafe the white waves, arrested in their course,  
And in deep murmurs spend their angry force.  
The tumult hush’d, the aged monarch rose,      375  
Invok’d the gods, and thus his purpose shows :  
“ Much could I wish, that ere this crisis came,  
“ (And well might Latium’s state desire the same,)  
“ Our minds the chance had weigh’d : ’tis now too late ;  
“ The mighty Dardan thunders at our gate.      380  
“ A race of gods triumphant battle wage,  
“ And hosts unconquer’d hasten to engage :



“ No toil so great those hosts refuse to share,  
“ Nor worst defeat can drive them to despair.  
“ Gone is the hope of Græcian succour nigh, 385  
“ On his unaided sword must each rely :  
“ Nor can the boldest look without dismay,  
“ Who count the past, the future chances weigh.  
“ None would I blame, where all with valour fought,  
“ And hearts devoted to their monarch brought: 390  
“ Well fits it then your monarch to explain,  
“ What counsel profits, and what hopes remain.  
“ Ye know our lands by Tyber’s ancient tide,  
“ From us extending to its western side,  
“ Whose bounds the wide and fertile plains embrace, 395  
“ Where reign’d of old Sicania’s early race.  
“ Auruncian peasants and Rutulians now  
“ Enclose the hills, and guide the crooked plough;  
“ And where the brakes a stunted pasture yield,  
“ The hardy herdsman drives his flocks afield. 400  
“ That plain from which the pine-clad mountains rise,  
“ A fruitful home for Ilium’s sons supplies :  
“ There may your king their wandering steps invite,  
“ And equal justice kindred realms unite;  
“ There may they dwell, if such their souls’ desire; 405  
“ There found the city which their gods require.  
“ But if the fates permit them still to roam,  
“ Nor on Ausonia’s shore command their home,  
“ Twice ten stout ships we’ll build on Tyber’s strand,  
“ Or more, if more the Trojan crews demand. 410  
“ Let them the form prescribe, the number teach;  
“ Tall are the woods that clothe Italia’s beach :



" Our skill shall shape the timber for the fleet,  
" And for the prow beat out the brazen sheet.  
" Nay, be a hundred chosen nobles sent, 415  
" To speak our offers, and our gifts present;  
" And let Latinus' wish for peace be told  
" By the green olive which his subjects hold.  
" Nor Afric's gold, nor India's ivory spare,  
" Nor robe purpureal, nor the regal chair. 420  
" And now let each advise his country's weal,  
" And in wise counsel show the patriot's zeal."

First Drances spoke, Drances whose meaner breast  
Long had ignoble jealousy possess'd :  
Great was his wealth, and glibly ran his tongue, 425  
Weak at his side his craven falchion hung ;  
Swift with his voice to sound the loud alarm,  
Slowly his recreant limbs for battle arm ;  
In faction apt with every artful word,  
Oft was his speech with mute attention heard ; 430  
His mother's race, not frown'd upon by fame,  
Had rais'd his pride, obscure his father's name.

Oppos'd to Turnus thus the chief began,  
And bitter gall through all his accents ran :  
" All know, great king, thy care for Latium's weal, 435  
" And all thy wisdom, though in silence, feel.  
" Nay, curb the haughty spirit would enthrall  
" Laurentum's chiefs, one voice will burst from all.  
" Yet I will speak, what though Rutulia frown,  
" And Turnus look with eye indignant down, 440  
" Whose evil genius wraps us in its shroud,  
" And fills our city with a mourning crowd ;



“ Whilst he attacks the Trojan camp, then flies,  
“ And with the din of arms affrights the skies.  
“ One further offering, best of kings, present, 445  
“ More rich than all by Latium’s nobles sent,  
“ Such as a father’s fondest love may give,  
“ Whose child shall long in honour’d wedlock live,  
“ The glory of her father’s name increase,  
“ And bless her country with eternal peace. 450  
“ But if such dread enslave our council’s mind,  
“ And all are still to crouch to one inclin’d,  
“ Then let us beg it as an act of grace  
“ That private right to public weal give place.  
“ Nay, is it worthy thee, Rutulia’s king, 455  
“ In peril Latium’s citizens to bring?  
“ O thou! of so much ill the fount and head,  
“ Whose stream through Italy hath ruin spread,  
“ War is but overthrow: ’tis peace we seek,  
“ And her whose voice alone the charm can speak. 460  
“ E’en I the first (whom you may hostile deem,  
“ And in all truth I may be what I seem),  
“ I first a suppliant to my Lord would bend,  
“ And beg that passion may in pity end.  
“ Yield, ere we see a loftier funeral mound, 465  
“ And weep a wider vengeance pour’d around.  
“ Or, if the love of glory fill thy heart,  
“ If true thou burn’st to play the champion’s part,  
“ If true thou wouldst o’er Latium’s realm preside,  
“ And gain a throne as dowry for a bride, 470  
“ Be bold, and with a warrior’s soul demand  
“ Their prince a victim to thy conquering hand.



“ What! so great Turnus may his bride enjoy,  
“ Death may at will our vulgar hosts destroy.  
“ Oh, if thy country’s valour warm thy soul, 475  
“ If fame can urge thee, or disgrace control,  
“ Obey the voice which calls thee to the field,  
“ Meet spear with spear, and shield oppose to shield.”

As thus his speech the artful Drances turn’d,  
With noble rage Rutulia’s monarch burn’d; 480  
Whilst words that seem’d to burst from out his breast  
The indignation of his soul express’d,  
Groans shook his frame, and fury heav’d his chest:

“ O ever prompt to speak, when need demands  
“ No traitor’s language, but a warrior’s hands; 485  
“ With babblers prating at the council board,  
“ Still first to doubt, the last to draw the sword.  
“ Now whilst our walls secure repel the foe,  
“ In mighty torrents Drances’ sermons flow.  
“ Well may *he* thunder, and our sword arraign, 490  
“ Whose red right hand with dead hath heap’d the plain.  
“ Prove thou thy manhood, and thy challenge sound,  
“ The time invites, the foe our walls surround.  
“ Come, let us charge them, and our power display—  
“ What! wouldst thou halt when Turnus leads the way?  
“ Does all thy valour in mere boasting lie, 496  
“ And all thy vigour in thy strength to fly?  
“ When did I yield? thou craven wretch, declare!  
“ Or who, when Turnus fled, say, who was there?  
“ Was he who by the river’s margin stood, 500  
“ When Tyber’s stream ran red with Dardan blood,



- “ Stript of her arms who saw Arcadia lie,  
“ Evander’s kingdom fall, and Pallas die ?  
“ Will Bitias say Rutulia’s leader fled,  
“ Or mighty Pandarus, or the thousand dead, 505  
“ Whom in one day this arm to Pluto sent,  
“ Hemm’d in by foes, in hostile campment pent ?  
“ War is but overthrow : is that thy song ?  
“ Traitor, those notes to Dardan ears prolong.  
“ Of this twice-conquer’d people’s prowess boast, 510  
“ Spread fear through Latium, and depress her host.  
“ All Greece sure flies before this Phrygian arm,  
“ Tydides quails, Achilles owns alarm ;  
“ Nay, Aufidus recoiling at the sight,  
“ Rolls back his waves, and speeds his watery flight. 515  
“ And dost thou, caitiff, feign thyself afraid  
“ Of this right hand ? in vain the charge is made.  
“ Turnus will set no dastard spirit free,  
“ Thy coward soul may long remain with thee.  
“ And now, great father, from the wretch we spurn,  
“ To Latium’s fortunes let our counsels turn : 521  
“ If one defeat Laurentum’s state alarms,  
“ Hope leaves her elders, and deserts her arms ;  
“ If one repulse can no recovery know—  
“ Unarm’d, irresolute, implore the foe. 525  
“ But oh, if aught of ancient fame we feel,  
“ Blest call we him who met his foeman’s steel,  
“ In dying agony who bit the ground,  
“ Ere fate had spread such craven fear around.  
“ Oh, if we still unbroken hearts possess, 530  
“ Still trust that heaven will faith and valour bless,



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“ If Ilium’s chiefs in equal numbers fall,  
“ And one fierce tempest strikes alike at all,  
“ Why faint inglorious at the first defeat,  
“ And, ere the trumpet sounds the charge, retreat? 535  
“ The strange vicissitudes of mortal toil  
“ Oft from the victor’s hand will wrest the spoil;  
“ The wretch who yesterday in sorrow lay,  
“ On Fortune’s wheel may rise secure to-day.  
“ What though Ætolia’s prince his aid denies, 540  
“ And Arpi’s town in sullen stillness lies,  
“ Tolumnius here will raise his augur’s shield,  
“ Messapus shine refulgent on the field,  
“ And many a noble warrior-chief beside  
“ Before his harness’d host all proudly ride. 545  
“ Nor shall slight glory with the bands remain  
“ That rise from Latium and Laurentum’s plain :  
“ Whilst young Camilla, with resistless force,  
“ Glitters in brass, and leads her Volscian horse.  
“ But if ’tis I whom Trojan vows demand 550  
“ Alone in battle with their prince to stand,  
“ Victory has not so fled from Turnus yet,  
“ That he can all a warrior’s hopes forget.  
“ And oh! who would not freely dare his fate?  
“ If great the risk, the beauteous prize is great. 555  
“ Nay, though like stern Achilles he should stand,  
“ Sheath’d in the armour of a heavenly hand,  
“ Nor would my heart before his fury quail,  
“ Nor his own sword Rutulia’s monarch fail.  
“ Sprung from an ancient and a martial race, 560  
“ My shield as yet unspotted by disgrace,



“ To you and to Lavinia’s royal sire  
“ My vow devotes the life that you require.  
“ Æneas asks me singly from the line ;  
“ As his the challenge, be the answer mine. 565  
“ I wish not Drances in defeat to share,  
“ Nor would I glory to the caitiff spare.”

While thus in fierce debate the leaders join,  
In full advance the Dardan moves his line.  
When lo ! swift tidings through the council spread 570  
Filling the startled citizens with dread,  
That Phrygia comes, resolv’d the strife to end,  
And Tuscan squadrons on the plain descend.  
The fears, the passions of the people rise,  
And anger rages in no gentle guise. 575  
Arms, arms the youth with eager voice desire,  
Half utter’d fears disturb each cautious sire,  
As thus or dread or rage the tone supplies,  
A murmur various through the city flies.  
So the white swans with notes discordant scream, 580  
Where dart the fish through swift Padusa’s stream ;  
So when large flocks in some deep grove alight,  
The rustling birds disturb the silent night.

“ Is this the hour, ye Latians,” Turnus cried,  
“ For trembling age in council to preside ? 585  
“ This hour when Phrygia boldly takes the brand,  
“ And sweeps triumphant through the startled land.”  
Then as with haste he leaves the royal halls,  
Aloud he shouts, and on each comrade calls :  
“ Forward, brave Volusus, Rutulia lead, 590  
“ And bid Camilla’s Volscians arm with speed ;



“ Messapus, thou with Coras loose the rein,  
“ Charge with our horse, and scour the hostile plain.  
“ Let some in arms Laurentum’s gate defend,  
“ Some seize their quivers, and the towers ascend: 595  
“ The rest shall fight where Turnus leads the way,  
“ And share with him the glories of the day.”

The order flies, the warriors arm with speed,  
Man urges man, and bands to bands succeed.  
Latinus rises much disturb’d at heart, 600  
Breaks up the council, and the chiefs depart;  
And much himself the good old king accus’d,  
Who rous’d the Trojans, and their prince refus’d.  
Some a deep fosse before the portals make, 604  
Some raise huge stones, and point the bristling stake;  
Whilst the shrill trumpet pours its thrilling sound,  
And spreads the call of bloody Mars around.  
Here anxious matrons hurry to the wall,  
Here beardless boys their young companions call;  
Each shares the toil, and quits his peaceful home, 610  
And waits with stern resolve Laurentum’s doom.

Meanwhile proud dames Minerva’s temple sought,  
Throng’d round their queen, and costliest offerings  
With downcast eyes the young Lavinia came, [brought;  
Whose peerless beauty fann’d the martial flame; 615  
And as their mournful prayers to Pallas rise,  
Through the wide dome the perfum’d odour flies.  
“ Do thou, dread power, omnipotent in arms,  
“ Whose hand the lance, whose ear the trumpet charms,  
“ Refulgent now amid our ranks appear, 620  
“ Break in his hand the Phrygian robber’s spear;



“ Crush’d in thine anger let him prostrate lie,  
“ And ’neath Laurentum’s walls inglorious die.”

Turnus himself, impatient to engage,  
Girds on his arms, and feels a warrior’s rage. 625

In golden greaves the monarch’s limbs were drest,  
His country’s corselet glitter’d on his breast,  
Bright by his side his burnish’d falchion gleam’d,  
But unconfined by helm his tresses stream’d :  
Erect he stood amid the gazing throng, 630  
And blazed all golden as he pass’d along.

In thought already is the strife begun,  
The Dardan vanquish’d, and the combat won.  
So on some open plain the pamper’d steed  
Breaks forth and wantons, from confinement freed ; 635

Seeks the sleek herd upon the mountain’s side,  
Or laves his body in the crystal tide,  
Neighs as his loose mane dances on his chest,  
Paws in his pride, and rears his shining crest.

Camilla meets him with her Volscian bands, 640  
Bounds from her courser, and respectful stands,  
Like her her followers from their chargers leap,  
And ’neath the lofty gate their station keep.

“ O noble Turnus ! ” spoke the martial maid,  
And as she spoke she half unsheath’d her blade, 645

“ If the brave heart may aught of triumph feel,  
“ Methinks there’s victory in this burnish’d steel.

“ Alone against these Tuscan knights I’ll stand,  
“ And pour the fury of my Volscian band.

“ Halt thou thy army by Laurentum’s tower, 650  
“ Nor in the onset doubt a maiden’s power.”



Proud was the look with which the king survey'd  
The glowing features of the warlike maid.  
"O say," he cried, "what words, what acts can greet  
"Thee, glorious maiden, with a homage meet. 655  
"But if thy noble soul will danger dare,  
"The toil let Turnus with Camilla share.  
"Fame, and the tidings which our outposts bring,  
"Declare the counsels of the Dardan king,  
"Who bids his light-arm'd troops the level gain, 660  
"Invade the fields, and desolate the plain;  
"Whilst he shall pass the mountain's summit o'er,  
"And on the undefended city pour.  
"My purpose is an ambush deep to lay,  
"Where the dark gorge declines a double way, 665  
"Along each height an arm'd division spread,  
"Watch either point, and line the valley's head.  
"Do thou in battle meet the Tuscan horse,  
"Bear down upon them, and impede their course;  
"With thee shall bold Messapus form the line, 670  
"And Latium's troops with Tibur's squadrons join.  
"Let each the danger and the glory share,  
"But be the leader's part Camilla's care."

Like words Messapus and the rest invite,  
As turns the prince to mingle in the fight. 675

A pass there is, where rise on either hand  
Dark shrubs, fit ambush for a secret band,  
Along whose summit runs a level plain,  
Known but to few, yet safe to those who gain,  
Whether descending to the left or right, 680  
From vantage ground the chief directs the fight,



Or firm upon the mountain fastness stands,  
And pours down missiles on the hostile bands.  
Here by such path as forest hunters know  
The youthful Turnus, hasting, waits the foe. 685  
    Meantime Diana, where in blissful seat  
Her bright-hair'd nymphs in sacred concourse meet,  
Summon'd swift-footed Opis to her side,  
And thus in tones that told of sorrow cried:  
“ E'en now, in vain in Dian's arms array'd, 690  
“ To cruel war goes forth the Volscian maid;  
“ Much have I lov'd Privernum's peerless queen,  
“ And long this love have eyes celestial seen.  
“ When Metabus, of royal power bereft  
“ For lawless violence, his country left, 695  
“ To share his banishment, through war's alarms  
“ He bore the smiling infant in his arms.  
“ Casmilla was her Volscian mother's name,  
“ And in Camilla still he heard the same.  
“ Far though he fled, yet still the foe was near, 700  
“ Beset each pass, and hurl'd the frequent spear.  
“ Exhausted now the flying warrior stood  
“ Where Amasenus pour'd his swollen flood:  
“ He stopp'd nor dar'd to tempt the foaming tide,  
“ So dear the heart that throbb'd against his side; 705  
“ And when at last his bold resolve he took,  
“ Still fond regret was lingering in his look.  
“ The warrior's hand by chance a spear supplies  
“ With season'd shaft, and of unwonted size;  
“ The child, in cork tree bark enclos'd, he bound 710  
“ To the tough wood, and swath'd the infant round;



“ Then as he pois’d the loaded spear in air,  
“ Thus to Diana rose the father’s prayer:  
“ ‘ Bland goddess, guardian of the sylvan groves,  
“ ‘ To thee the father vows the child he loves. 715  
“ ‘ Holding thy dart she speeds through paths of air,  
“ ‘ Entreats thy aid, and seeks thy gentler care.’  
“ He ceas’d: impell’d with all a warrior’s power  
“ Swift flew the spear above the torrent’s roar  
“ And rush of waters: poor Camilla lies 720  
“ Bound to the shaft, and with the javelin flies.  
“ Short time upon the swollen river’s side  
“ The chieftain paus’d, then dash’d into the tide,  
“ And from the turf the laden weapon tore,  
“ Which Dian’s votary to her guardian bore. 725  
“ No walls a fence around the wanderers spread,  
“ No fretted roof hung o’er the infant’s head;  
“ His haughty manners and untutor’d pride  
“ All kindness proffer’d to the child denied.  
“ Lone was their life upon the mountain, where 730  
“ The forest tenant made his sylvan lair;  
“ Whilst he, as lay the babe upon his breast,  
“ Between her lips the brood-mare’s teats compress’d.  
“ Soon as the tottering infant learnt to stand,  
“ A pointed javelin glitter’d in her hand; 735  
“ A tiny quiver from her shoulders hung,  
“ A tiny bow her slender fingers strung.  
“ No chains of gold the maiden’s tresses bound,  
“ No loose robe fell in broider’d folds around;  
“ The tiger’s spoils adorn’d her youthful head, 740  
“ And o’er her form their shaggy covering spread.



“ Beside her many a tapering spear she'd lay,  
“ The burnish'd trifles of her infant play;  
“ Around her head in rapid circles swing  
“ The twisted thong that held the hunter's sling;      745  
“ Strike the tall crane upon the streamlet's side,  
“ Or check the white swan in her silvery pride.  
“ Full many a suitor for the virgin sigh'd,  
“ And noblest dames their courteous efforts tried :  
“ But she, content with Dian's gentle laws,      750  
“ From sylvan life a maiden's pleasure draws.  
“ Would that she ne'er, in glittering arms array'd,  
“ Had wheel'd the charger, and unsheath'd the blade;  
“ But, dear to me, through all the whispering groves,  
“ Had led the chorus which Latonia loves.      755  
“ Seal'd is her fate, e'en gods in vain would grieve:  
“ Do thou, swift Opis, bright Olympus leave,  
“ To Latium's fields, where warriors fight, descend,  
“ And watch the battle doom'd in blood to end.  
“ Whoe'er her sacred form shall dare to wound,      760  
“ Or born in Phrygian or Italian ground,  
“ Shall blood for blood to angry Dian give,  
“ And when the virgin dies, no longer live.  
“ Be mine the care to bear her corse away,  
“ And in the tomb long lov'd Camilla lay.”      765  
She ceas'd: the nymph descends through ambient clouds;  
Where the dark mist her form celestial shrouds.

Meanwhile the Tuscan chiefs and Trojan horse  
Tow'rd fair Laurentum speed their martial course,  
And as in order'd ranks the squadrons pass,      770  
The neighing steed impatient paws the grass,



Foams as he struggles 'gainst the horseman's rein,  
Bounds to the spur, and prances on the plain.  
The iron field with burnish'd armour gleams,  
From lance and helmet where the sunlight streams. 775  
Messapus, Coras, and Catillus there  
With Latium's troops in adverse ranks appear;  
With these Camilla's light-arm'd Volscians wheel,  
Poise the swift lance, and wave the pointed steel.  
Now falls the tramp of squadrons on the ear, 780  
Now halts each army as the charge is near;  
Then with one shout springs forth with thundering course,  
And every rider cheers his foaming horse;  
Sharp shower of iron sleet around them flies,  
Casts a dark shade, and blackens all the skies. 785  
Tyrrhenus and Aconteus first advance,  
Poising with steady hand the burnish'd lance,  
Till on their chargers rush with slacken'd rein,  
Dash breast 'gainst breast, and stagger on the plain.  
Sudden as bolts from warlike engines fly, 790  
Swift as the lightning flash descends from high,  
Aconteus falls; helm, shield, and corselet roll,  
And into air dissolves the warrior's soul.  
The Latins waver when their champion falls,  
Their horses turning to Laurentum's walls; 795  
Behind his back each rider casts his shield,  
And with no glorious bearing quits the field.  
The Trojan band impetuous rush'd along,  
But chief Asylus press'd the flying throng.  
They near'd the gates, then wheel'd the Latian horse, 800  
And stood arrested in their backward course;



Each knight rang out his shout, drew tight his rein,  
The steed, obedient, fac'd the foe again.  
Straight in their turn the Trojan squadrons fly,  
Content in swiftness, not in strength, to vie. 805  
As when the ocean with alternate tide  
Breaks on the beach, and laves the mountain's side,  
Flings its white foam the rocky ledges o'er,  
And with advancing wave ascends the shore,  
Until in turn, repuls'd with equal speed, 810  
The ebbing waters from the edge recede,  
And as again they seek the azure deep,  
Back in their course the rolling pebbles sweep :  
Thus twice in onward charge the Tuscans sped,  
And twice Butulia's wheeling squadrons fled; 815  
Thus twice again the Tuscan horsemen yield,  
Reverse their shields, and wavering quit the field.  
When the third time the hostile squadrons join,  
Man chooses man, and line is mix'd with line;  
The victor's cry, the vanquish'd warrior's groan, 820  
Show the fierce struggle is still fiercer grown;  
The dying steed, the chief of noblest note,  
In one wide flood of crimson'd carnage float.  
Fearing with Remulus in fight to close,  
Orsilochous his heaviest javelin chose, 825  
Against his charger hurl'd the ponderous spear,  
And pierc'd the foaming steed beneath the ear;  
The courser rear'd, impatient of the wound,  
Unhors'd, the rider roll'd upon the ground.  
Catillus slays Iölas, and strikes down 830  
The great Herminius, of no mean renown;



Huge is the chief in stature and in arms,  
And his impetuous soul whole hosts alarms.  
He scorns with helmet to protect his head,  
And o'er his back his yellow hair is spread ; 835  
Nor falchion's edge he fears, nor javelin's length,  
But trusts, all boastful, to his giant strength.  
The spear between his shoulders forc'd its way,  
Doubled with pain the dying champion lay.  
On every side dark gore is pour'd around, 840  
And many a wounded chieftain strews the ground ;  
Each rushes on, content his blood should flow,  
So fame's bright laurel wreath the warrior's brow.  
On swept Camilla with a hero's might,  
One side expos'd, as Thracian virgins fight, 845  
Her golden bow her shoulders gaily bore,  
And proud the look the martial maiden wore.  
Unwearied now her arm the halberd plies,  
And now through air the frequent javelin flies.  
Her quiver sounds ; and if compell'd to yield, 850  
Still the turn'd bow showers darts upon the field.  
Her chosen comrades, with a warlike pride,  
Ply their light spears, and gather to her side ;  
Tulla, Tarpeia with her brazen blade,  
And young Lavina, an Italian maid ; 855  
The lov'd companions of Camilla's hours,  
In heroes' combats, or in maidens' bowers.  
So painted arms, along Thermodon's stream,  
When Thracian virgins ride, refulgent gleam,  
Or round Hippolyte, or when in war 860  
Penthesilea thunders in her car,



Where youthful bands with crescent targets seen  
Shout in loud chorus round their warlike queen.

Whom first, whom last, on that eventful day,  
Stern Volscian maiden, did thy prowess slay? 865

Eumenius first, whose unprotected breast  
The long fir javelin's quivering force confess'd;  
Dying, he spouted streams of blood around,  
Tore the red soil, and writhed upon his wound.

Then Pagasus 'mid shouting squadrons died, 870

With Liris fighting by the champion's side:  
There the pierc'd charger roll'd upon the chief,  
Here fell his comrade as he brought relief.

Harpalycus, Demophoon, Chromis fall,  
Amastus, Tereus, one dark fate to all. 875

For every spear that from the virgin fell,  
A Phrygian spirit sought the shores of hell.

Far distant, Ornitus is seen to rein

A courser bred upon Apulia's plain,—

A hunter skill'd through greenwood to advance, 880

But not so skilful with the warrior's lance:

Above his brow in terrible array

A wolf's grim jaws their cruel fangs display;

And hung around his ample chest is worn

A shaggy hide in sylvan combat torn 885

From some wild bull; light javelins arm his hand;

His brawny shoulders overtop the band.

His troops confus'd, Camilla pierc'd his breast,

And thus the anger of her soul express'd:

"And didst thou, rugged Tuscan prince, suppose, 890

"Thine arms should now with forest tenants close?



“ This day shall low the haughty warrior lay,  
“ A woman’s hand the wordy boaster slay:  
“ Yet bear this comfort to thy father’s shade,  
“ That death o’ercame thee by the Volscian maid.” 895  
Now on in swift career the virgin flew,  
And two of Ilium’s giant champions slew:  
Through Butes’ throat her spear unerring sends,  
Where shines the gorget, and the shield descends,  
And, as the chief his foaming charger reins, 900  
’Twixt helm and mail an open space remains;  
Then seem’d before Orsilochus to yield,  
And swept in waving circuit through the field,  
But swift in narrower circle urg’d her track,  
And flying gain’d th’ incautious victor’s back, 905  
Rose on her steed, her burnish’d halberd plied—  
Cleft by the stroke, his mail’s steel plates divide;  
In vain he prays, again descends the blow,  
Out bursts the brain, and crimson torrents flow.  
Now Aunus’ son before the maiden stands, 910  
Who from Liguria led her mountain bands;  
Bold though he was, the unexpected sight  
Startled the warrior, and relax’d his might.  
’Twas then the chief—but fate was adverse—brought  
Deceit to aid him, as his nation taught; 915  
For when he saw escape by flight was vain,  
(So close Camilla press’d him on the plain,)  
“ O where, brave queen,” the chieftain thus began,  
And subtlest guile through all his accents ran,  
“ Where is your glory, if you only dare 920  
“ With your good horse the meed of victory share?



“ Cease, as the warlike ought, to trust in speed,  
“ Descend to earth, and fight without thy steed.”  
His taunting words the Volscian maiden stung,  
Straight from her horse the queen indignant sprung; 925  
Fearless, alone, she trod the bloody field,  
Bright was her falchion, bright her virgin shield;  
Then laugh’d the youth, and turn’d his bridle rein,  
Intent his friends with headlong speed to gain;  
No shame he felt, but every effort tried, 930  
And lanced with iron heel his courser’s side.  
“ Now vain thy cunning, vain thy courser’s speed,  
“ All may not now, nor guile, nor art, succeed.”  
Then every nerve the Volscian virgin strain’d,  
Outstript the courser, and the bridle gain’d; 935  
Before the trembling youth a moment stood,  
Then slak’d the fire of vengeance in his blood.  
So the swift hawk, the Thracian god’s delight,  
Sweeps from some rock, and sails through plains of light;  
On rapid pinions soars his prey above, 940  
And strikes amidst the clouds the trembling dove;  
Her fluttering breast his crooked talons tear,  
And reeking entrails quiver in the air.

Thus fought mankind: while Jove survey’d from far,  
And urg’d great Tarchon to restore the war. 945  
’Mid straggling lines the leader forc’d his horse,  
Call’d each by name, and check’d their backward course:  
“ What fears, ye Tuscans, in your bosoms reign,  
“ Whose craven souls ne’er feel a nobler pain?  
“ Why point the spear, why wave the sword on high, 950  
“ Then o’er the plain before a woman fly?



“ No laggards ye, when wanton pipes invite  
“ In love’s soft battles to consume the night;  
“ When gorgeous feasts enervate all the soul,  
“ And Bacchus bids you to the foaming bowl;        955  
“ While to deep groves the sacred pageant leads,  
“ The augur blesses, and the victim bleeds.”

He ceas’d, then show’d for death a proud disdain,  
And where the foe was thickest turn’d his rein.  
’Gainst Venulus he spurr’d with furious rage,        960  
Nor stopp’d with lance or falchion to engage,  
But round him flung his arm, nor check’d his horse,  
And thunder’d onward with impetuous course.  
Tiburtum’s chieftain reel’d, then left his steed,  
Still clasp’d by Tarchon in his headlong speed.        965  
Loud shouts from Latium’s troubled squadrons rise  
Above the din of war, and reach the skies;  
On, on he flies, and with tenacious grasp  
His arms the hero, shield, and corselet clasp.  
Then from his javelin’s head he wrench’d the steel, 970  
And tried some opening in his mail to feel;  
Whilst he his right hand from its purpose held,  
Guarded his throat, and force with force repell’d.  
As when the eagle’s mounting pinions bear  
The wounded serpent through the plains of air,        975  
The more the hissing snake his talons clasp,  
The more his victim struggles in his grasp;  
The more the serpent twines his sinuous folds,  
Enrag’d, the bird of Jove more tightly holds;  
And as its wings a louder clapping make,        980  
With crooked beak attacks the struggling snake;



E'en so, ere Tibur's troops snatch back the prey,  
Tarchon in triumph bears their chief away.

True hearts and hands Mæonia's children bring,  
Rush on the foe, and emulate their king. 985

Then Aruns, bold, though doom'd his life to yield,  
Sought young Camilla on the crimson'd field;  
Now wheel'd in circles, now his javelins plied,  
And all of art and all of daring tried.

Where'er through serried hosts the virgin flew, 990

There Arnus' stealthy steps her steps pursue;

Soon as the martial queen her friends regains,

Unnotic'd then the chief his courser reins.

Now here, now there, he sought the vantage ground,

Now clos'd, now swept in wider circuit round; 995

And still unwearied pois'd his polish'd dart,

Steady of hand, and resolute of heart.

It chanc'd that here, amidst the battle's roar,

Chloreus, who Berecynthia's chaplet wore,

Once the attendant on her sacred shrine, 1000

Shone in bright arms before the Phrygian line.

Against the bit his foaming charger press'd,

In richest housings for the combat dress'd;

And well those housings might a maiden please,

Which wav'd like golden feathers in the breeze. 1005

Rich dyes the priest, of deepest purple, wore,

A Lycian bow, a Cretan quiver bore;

The bow was gold, and gave a ringing sound,

And gold the helmet that his temples crown'd.

His saffron robe a golden girdle holds, 1010

And binds in graceful fall the muslin folds;



The needle's subtle point had work'd his vest,  
And in embroider'd greaves his limbs were dress'd.  
Charm'd by the sight, resolv'd the prize to gain,  
Heedless the maid pursued him o'er the plain. 1015

Was it she wish'd in Dian's fane to raise  
A votive column Dian's self might praise?  
Or, in gay trappings from proud Chloereus won,  
To thread the woodland when the war was done?  
Her woman's heart with eager fondness glow'd, 1020  
When his bright mail the sacred leader show'd.  
Now was the time the crafty Aruns sought,—  
The burnish'd javelin to its aim was brought;  
But ere 'twas launch'd his voice to Phoebus pray'd,—  
Phoebus, the god of dark Soracte's shade: 1025

“O thou to whom Etruria's children turn,  
“Kindle the flame, the odorous pine-wood burn;  
“Apollo, deign thy servant's prayer to hear,  
“And smile propitious on thy suppliant's spear.  
“No spoils I seek, nor hence a warrior's fame, 1030  
“But home return with an inglorious name;  
“This scourge, this pest left lifeless on the plain,  
“I seek no trophy, and no triumph gain.”

As thus the chieftain to Apollo pray'd,  
In part the bright-hair'd god vouchsaf'd his aid; 1035  
In part he heard, in part the suppliant's prayer  
The winds dispers'd through plains of empty air.  
That young Camilla by his hand should fall,  
Apollo granted to the warrior's call;  
The prayer that would the sweets of kindred find, 1040  
Melts in the mist, or floats upon the wind.



Soon as in air the Tuscan javelin plays,  
The Volscian squadrons in confusion gaze,  
And when its swift and fatal course is seen,  
Each eye in terror seeks their martial queen. 1045  
But she nor sees the steel, absorb'd in mind,  
Nor hears the javelin whizzing on the wind,  
Till in her naked breast the weapon stood,  
And, deep embedded, drank her virgin blood.  
While to their queen her trembling comrades speed, 1050  
To instant flight the warrior wheel'd his steed,  
'Mid the thick fray to hide the daring deed.  
So when the prowling wolf some shepherd kills,  
The dread of death his coward spirit fills;  
He knows the act too bold, and fears to face 1055  
The gathering anger of a nobler race;  
Then, ere the avenging bands of peasants meet,  
To trackless mountains bends his felon feet,  
Bears low his drooping tail in craven guise,  
And to the shelter of the thicket flies. 1060  
Camilla still one dying effort made  
From her pierc'd side to wrench the reeking blade,  
But 'twixt her ribs its way the point had found,  
And stood embedded in the closing wound;  
The mist of death was o'er her eyelids spread, 1065  
From pallid lips youth's bright vermilion fled.  
Then ere she breath'd her last, from all her band  
She bade fair Acca by her courser stand,—  
Acca, who oft her faithful zeal had prov'd,  
And long had been by young Camilla lov'd. 1070



“ Well, sister Acca, could Camilla fight  
“ Ere death unnerv’d her hand, and dimm’d her sight;  
“ Powerless that hand now quivers by my side,  
“ And death’s cold mists the pomp of battle hide.  
“ Haste from the field, bid noble Turnus lead      1075  
“ Rutulia up, and to the fight succeed.  
“ And now farewell.” Her fingers dropp’d the rein,  
Powerless Camilla sank upon the plain.  
Then, by degrees, o’er her dissolving frame  
The clammy chill of life’s last struggle came;      1080  
Her neck no more of graceful beauty told,  
But languid droop’d, her hand relax’d its hold;  
Her noble spirit spurn’d the bonds of earth,  
And sought the purer regions of its birth.  
On rush’d in dense array the Trojan force,      1085  
The Tuscan leaders, and Arcadia’s horse;  
The shout, redoubled when Camilla dies,  
Strikes ’gainst the golden pavement of the skies.  
Opis, who, pausing on a mountain’s height,  
Saw the queen fall amid the raging fight,      1090  
Thus, groaning, spoke: “ Alas! too noble maid,  
“ Life has the price of daring valour paid,  
“ Slight the reward thy form exhibits here  
“ For those who Dian’s sylvan quiver bear.  
“ Oh! not forsaken shall her favourite lie,      1095  
“ Nor all unhonour’d brave Camilla die;  
“ Never shall fame to future ages tell,  
“ That unreveng’d Diana’s votary fell;  
“ For he whose javelin did thy beauty mar,  
“ Shall die dishonoured ’mid the ranks of war.”      1100



Upon the plain a funeral mound appear'd,  
In earliest days to King Dercennus rear'd;  
Here first her flight the beauteous goddess stayed,  
Addressing Aruns from the ilex shade;  
Who gaily rode, in youthful spirits, by, 1105  
Proud of his arms, unconscious death was nigh.  
"Why, warrior, why the field of glory leave?  
"Come, and the wages of thy deed receive.  
"If by thy lance Diana's votary bled,  
" 'Gainst thee with justice is her vengeance sped." 1110  
With winged arrow fitted to her hand  
Behold intent the Thracian virgin stand.  
She grasp'd her bow, and drew the string so tight,  
The burnish'd ends of polish'd horn unite;  
Her left hand touch'd the arrow's pointed steel, 1115  
Her breasts the right hand and the bow-string feel.  
Ere in the air has died the hissing sound,  
The dart, triumphant, quivers in the wound.  
Groaning he fell, and on the hostile plain  
His limbs, unnotic'd by his friends, remain: 1120  
Diana's messenger her wings extends,  
And to Olympus' shining courts ascends.  
Then first Camilla's light-arm'd Volscians yield,  
Butulia turns, Atinas quits the field;  
One general panic through the host prevails, 1125  
The soldier wavers, and the leader fails:  
All feel the shock when bold Camilla bleeds,  
And to Laurentum urge their reeking steeds.  
None may resist the Dardans' furious course,  
The shower of javelins, and the thundering horse; 1130



Unbent their bows behind their backs remain,  
The flying charger shakes the sandy plain.  
A cloud of dust towards Latium's city flies,  
And loud laments from Latium's dames arise,  
As watching from some battlemented tower 1135  
They beat their breasts, and curse the fatal hour.

Who to the walls' defences swiftest fly,  
Bear the foe with them, and return to die;  
Fall on the threshold of their household fire,  
And 'midst the refuge of their homes expire. 1140  
Unbarr'd the portals some no longer leave,  
Nor dare, sad thought! imploring friends receive;  
Wide is the carnage which through all succeeds,  
Who keeps the gate, who seeks its shelter, bleeds.  
Shut out before his weeping parents' eyes, 1145  
In the deep fosse crush'd down, the warrior dies;  
Whilst these beneath the rampart draw the rein,  
And thunder 'gainst the iron gate in vain.  
Yet in this hour of brave Camilla's fall  
The love of country animated all; 1150  
No more a woman's weakness matrons feel,  
But mount the turrets, and propel the steel,  
Sharpen the stake, and point the hard-burnt brand,  
And shape to martial toil the female hand:  
All burn to prove how Latium's mothers know 1155  
In aid of Latium to defy the foe.

Meanwhile to Turnus in the forest's shade  
Came charg'd with evil news the Volscian maid,  
And Acca's words in tones of anguish tell,  
How Aruns triumph'd, and Camilla fell; 1160



How her troops yield, their royal leader slain,  
And hostile squadrons press them on the plain :  
How Dardan Mars on every side succeeds,  
And to the walls victorious numbers leads.  
Impell'd by fortune, Turnus yields to rage, 1165  
Quits the high ground, and rushes to engage.  
Scarce had the monarch left the friendly wood,  
Scarce on the level ground his army stood,  
When through the forest pours the Trojan line,  
The pass made good, and helm and corselet shine. 1170  
Thus tow'rds the city all direct their course,  
Nor great the space divides the hostile force.  
Soon as from far the Trojan prince descries  
The clouds of dust from Latium's squadrons rise ;  
Soon as great Turnus marks the Dardan chief 1175  
Bear boldly onward to his friends' relief,  
Then hears the tramp of horse as they proceed,  
The shouting rider, and the snorting steed ;  
Each burns in single combat to engage,  
To prove his fortune, and indulge his rage. 1180  
But rosy Phœbus hasten'd now to lave  
His weary coursers in the western wave ;  
Swift set the garish day with fading light,  
And earth repos'd beneath the shades of night.  
The hostile armies camp upon the ground, 1185  
And gird with jealous care the city round.



## NOTES TO BOOK XI.

Line 24. The standards were never raised till the gods had been consulted by auguries: and the ease with which the shaft of the colours (if we may use a term not strictly correct) was plucked from the soil into which it had been driven was considered an omen of success.

37. The corpse, decked with flowers, &c., was wont to be laid out in the vestibule.

64. The dead were connected only with the infernal gods.

119. There can, I think, be no doubt that "præcesserat" is the right reading. The Arcadians were of Græcian origin, and in Greek funeral processions the men walked before the body, the women after.

188. "The rudiments of this great warfare."—MILTON.

214. There is some difference of opinion, whether the words in the text should be taken as referring to Evander only, to Pallas only, or to both; they are capable of either interpretation. I have thought it better to apply them to both, though at the risk of incurring the charge of being diffuse.

235. Homer describes a similar action as performed round the body of Patroclus:

"Around the body thrice their glossy steeds

"Mourning they drove."—COWPER.

340. During the absence of Diomedes, his wife, Ægiale, conspired with Cometes, one of her own household, against her husband.

351. "Quantus in clypeum assurgat;" with what might would he raise his shield, and lift himself up, as it were, to greater height with it.

352. Answering to Homer's expression, *οβριμος εγχος*, stormy spear.

376. It was customary with the Roman orators to commence with a solemn invocation of, or address to, the gods.

407. This is the meaning of the expression "Sin possunt," "if they still have it in their power," and are not controlled by destiny to remain here.



428. "This word I have taken leave to coin. The Latins have both substantive and adjective. *Purpura*, *Purpureus*. We make purple serve both purposes; but it seems a poverty to which we have no need to submit, at least in poetry."—COWPER, in the notes to his *Homer*.

428. Such were the presents usually sent from Rome to friendly sovereigns :

"*Tunica purpurea, sella eburnea, patera aurea.*"

510. Turnus may be supposed to allude either to the double capture of Troy, first by Hercules, and subsequently by the Greeks, to which allusion is made in other passages of the *Æneid*; or to the triumph of the Greeks, and to his own successes before the arrival of *Æneas*.

594. Camilla was afterwards united, at her own request, with Messapus, Coras, and his brother Catillus, in the command of the cavalry.

641. As I am afraid my translation of this passage may too well justify the mere English reader in passing over its most striking feature, though to preserve it I have ended the second line in a way that violates poetic beauty, I would call the attention to the respect paid in ancient days to a leader's authority and person. Camilla, the most distinguished character in the whole camp, whose sex might have justly claimed some deference to itself, leaps from her horse, and stands reverently before the general in presence of the whole concourse assembled in the gate, the grand meeting place of ancient cities; and her whole force at once follow her example.

644. I wish I had it in my power to convey to the English reader all the points of a perfectly drawn character which are contained in the five lines that comprise in the original Camilla's address to Turnus. Extreme diffidence, "*si qua est fiducia*;" elevated by the consciousness of a truly brave spirit conveyed in the epithets "*merito*" and "*forti*;" advancing to a little sense of female self-sufficiency in the word "*Audeo*," which in Messapus might have been deemed arrogance; checking itself, and yet, fearful of repulse, more strongly asserting the same in the addition of "*promitto*;" rising to great dignity in the adjective "*Sola*;" bursting through all restraint at the name of the enemy, "*Tyrrhenos equites*;" absolutely rushing upon them in the rapid conclusion of the line, "*ire obvia contra*;" and then again softening at once to a tone of



entreaty, and confessing the boldness of a maiden who wishes  
 “prima tentare pericula belli.”

720. I cannot help here indulging in a tribute of affectionate respect to the memory of Noel Thomas Ellison, Fellow and Tutor of the Balliol of my day, the most accomplished scholar of his time, who always maintained that by no other rendering than the simple word “poor” could the beautiful aptness of the epithet “infelix” be matched.

743. “Puerilia,” her toys.

755. A name of Diana, from her mother, Latona.

774. “The field, all iron, cast a gleaming brown.”

*Paradise Regained*, III. 326.

784. “Sharp sleet of arrowy showers.”

*Paradise Regained*, III. 324.

865. Mr. Pope, in the note to verse 864 of his translation of the Fifth Book of the Iliad, observes, “This manner of breaking into an interrogation, amidst the description of a battle, is what serves very much to awaken the reader. It is here an invocation to the Muse. Virgil, I think, has improved the strength of this figure, by addressing the apostrophe to the person whose exploits he is celebrating.”

869. The expression in the original is literally, “writhes himself on his wound;” “suo se in vulnere versat,” which the reader can hardly repeat without laying an accent of horror on the first syllable of “vulnere,” and this I have endeavoured that the English reader should also effect by laying a similar accent on the word “writhed.”

881. “Armis ignotis,” arms to the use of which he was unaccustomed.

1014. See Mr. Addison’s just and elegant criticism on this passage in the Fifteenth Number of his ‘Spectator.’

1078. “Powerless,” “non sponte.”

1088. “Ferit aurea sidera.”







## BOOK XII.

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TURNUS, in vain dissuaded by Latinus, challenges Æneas to single combat. The conditions of the combat are solemnly agreed upon, and a truce is struck, which Juturna, at the instigation of Juno, contrives to break. Æneas, in vain endeavouring to calm the fury of the soldiers, is wounded, but healed by the aid of Venus. The Trojans with great fury renew the battle. Juturna assumes the place of Metiscus, the charioteer of Turnus, and prevents him from meeting Æneas. In the meantime each leader makes great havoc amongst his opponents. Æneas, by the advice of Venus, determines to attack Laurentum, and set fire to the city. Amata, in alarm, destroys herself. Turnus, who sees the flames, and hears the shouts of distress, leaps from his war-chariot, and rushes on foot towards the walls. The chiefs meet in single combat. Jupiter, at the request of Juno, declares that though it is decreed for the Trojans to be victorious, yet when the two races unite, the Latins shall preserve their own name, customs, and dress. Juno retires to Olympus. Jupiter sends one of the Furies to the field of battle in the form of an owl. Juturna retires from the scene; and Turnus, unnerv'd by the prodigy, falls an easy prey to Æneas.







## BOOK XII.

WHEN Turnus saw all Latium's host demand  
His single word to save the trembling band,  
His eye the ardour of his soul express'd,  
And all the warrior kindled in his breast.  
So the grim lion, wounded where he roves, 5  
In savage majesty through Afric's groves,  
In conscious might no more the hunter fears,  
But high his crest in shaggy grandeur rears ;  
Lashes his sides, while peasants trembling stand,  
Snaps the fix'd lance, and glares upon the band. 10  
" Turnus delays not ; " thus his speech began,  
And noble rage through all his accents ran ;  
" Now keep thee, Dardan champion, to thy word,  
" Or victor live, or feel a hero's sword.  
" I stand in arms : let Latium's honour'd king 15  
" Attest the treaty, and the victims bring.  
" Or my right hand shall deal the glorious blow,  
" Which sends this wanderer to the shades below,  
" And with its unassisted might deny  
" The slanders that on Latium's honour lie ; 20  
" Or vanquish'd Troy's all-powerful fortune own,  
" Resign Lavinia, and renounce the crown."



To whom Latinus thus his thoughts express'd,  
For time had calm'd the passion of his breast:  
" Unconquer'd prince, the warmth that prompts thy hands,  
" From me the words of cooler age demands: 26  
" Wide realms and many a conquer'd town are thine;  
" A heart that loves thee, and rich treasures mine.  
" Virgins as fair on Latium's fertile plain,  
" Of spotless fame, and noblest birth remain. 30  
" Reject not truth, whose words less pleasing rise,  
" Nor war with fate, when fate the bride denies.  
" Mov'd by thy virtues and Amata's tears,  
" And all the kindred ties of earlier years,  
" I burst the bonds that stricter faith impos'd, 35  
" Repuls'd the suitor, and the gods oppos'd.  
" What labours hence our Latian home befell,  
" Thou shar'dst the foremost, and thou best canst tell.  
" Our hosts twice vanquish'd in the open plain,  
" The city's walls a weak defence remain; 40  
" The Tyber's stream flows warm with Latian gore,  
" And bones of warriors whiten all the shore.  
" But why do wavering thoughts a king engage,  
" Speaking the weak uncertainty of age?  
" If, Turnus dead, our halls the chief receive, 45  
" Why not before our souls for Turnus grieve?  
" What would thy subjects, what Ausonia say,  
" If thou shouldst fall—O heaven, avert the day!—  
" Whose generous suit the young Lavinia sought;  
" In bloody bridals to thy palace brought? 50  
" War's chances weigh, nor from thy mind remove  
" A father's sorrow, and a father's love."



Vain are his words : no peace the chief can feel—  
The medicine irritates which fails to heal.  
“ Thy fears forbear, O best of kings,” he cried, 55  
Soon as the passions of his soul subside ;  
“ Oh ! let a warrior keep a warrior’s name,  
“ And fleeting life exchange for lasting fame.  
“ We too, great sire, a champion’s lance can wield,  
“ And blood attests our prowess in the field. 60  
“ Venus no more her flying son shall shroud,  
“ And hide his weakness in a woman’s cloud.”  
Now fear, with its attendant sadness came,  
Crushing the spirit of the royal dame ;  
Herself foredoom’d, she wept, but tears were vain 65  
To curb his passion, or his youth restrain.  
“ By that high name which once Amata bore,  
“ By these salt tears ne’er pour’d to thee before,  
“ O thou sole hope on whom our age relies,  
“ With whom must Latium fall, or Latium rise, 70  
“ Yield to our prayers, when, kneeling, all implore,  
“ Nor risk that life, which all would lost deplore.  
“ If Turnus dies unfriended in the fight,  
“ With him Amata seeks the realms of night ;  
“ Nor brooks these halls in captive guise to tread, 75  
“ And in her daughter’s lord a tyrant dread.”  
Her mother’s words the young Lavinia hears,  
The moisten’d cheek betrays the maiden’s fears :  
Whilst the deep blush that o’er her features steals,  
The throbbing heart, the swifter pulse reveals. 80  
As when his art a skilful workman tries,  
And stains the ivory with some costlier dyes ;



As deeper tints the frequent roses spread,  
Till the fair lily blushes in the bed;  
So youth's rich tinge, that crimsons as it glows, 85  
A warmer hue o'er virgin whiteness throws.

To her his look the youthful monarch turns,  
And still more fiercely for the combat burns,  
Then briefly speaks: "O queen, forbear to pray;  
"Nor with ill-omen'd fears the fight delay. 90  
"The leader may not his assent deny,  
"Though Mars demand him on the field to die.  
"This message, Idmon, to the Phrygian bear,  
"Twill sound but roughly in his woman's ear.  
"Soon as Aurora, queen of rosy morn, 95  
"Blushes, and heaven all crimsons with the dawn,  
"Our hosts shall rest, our arms the claim decide,  
"The warrior's sword shall win the warrior's bride."

He calls, his call the ready groom obeys,  
And smiles in triumph as his courser neighs. 100  
These to Pilumnus Orithyia gave;  
Than snow more white, than wind that sweeps the wave  
More swift; the charioteers who guide the rein,  
Caress their necks, and smooth the full-haired mane.  
Bright is the corselet which the monarch shows; 105  
Welded with gold the mountain copper glows;  
His shield he lifts, his sword is on his thigh,  
His double crest divided flames on high;  
That sword the Lemnian Vulcan gave his sire,  
Dipp'd in the Styx, and forg'd in Ætna's fire; 110  
Then seiz'd his spear, which 'gainst a column stood,  
Felt its sharp steel, and shook the solid wood;



Erst had he won it with his conquering sword,  
When fortune frown'd upon Aurunce's lord.  
"Thou lance, which once," the wrathful monarch cried, 115  
"Arm'dst in the fray heroic Actor's side;  
"Which, hosts o'erthrown, and hostile leaders slain,  
"Attest that Turnus never hurl'd in vain;  
"Grant me once more to deal the fatal blow,  
"To tear his armour from this Phrygian foe, 120  
"And stain with dust that head whose tresses vouch  
"With perfum'd steam the crisping-iron's touch."

His eyeballs glaring pour a fiery stream,  
From his whole face indignant flashes gleam.  
So when the rocks on some sequester'd shore 125  
Echo his challenge and prolong the roar,  
'Gainst a gnarl'd oak the bull prepares his horns,  
Enacts the combat, and the furrow spurns.

Nor less Æneas, with a warrior's pride,  
Surveys the armour Vulcan's art supplied. 130  
Feels warm within him all a hero's fires,  
And the last hazard of the sword desires.  
His comrades' hearts, Iulus' grief, he cheers,  
And shows how fate to certain victory bears;  
Then heralds bids in solemn state repair 135  
To Latium's king, and terms of peace declare.

Soon as from ocean's depths the coursers came,  
Whose panting nostrils breathe ethereal flame,  
Pouring the day, till every mountain height  
Flash'd with the glories of increasing light, 140  
With linen veil'd, with vervain chaplets crown'd,  
Assembled chiefs mark out the hostile ground,



Raise the green shrines where holiest fire may burn,  
And at the crystal fountain fill the urn.  
Ausonia's host pours forth to act its part 145  
In warlike guise, and bears the Roman dart;  
Trojans and Tuscans leave alike their lines,  
The corselet glitters, and the helmet shines;  
And all the weapons of their country wield,  
As if stern Mars had call'd them to the field. 150  
In gilded arms, and purple housings gay,  
The warlike chiefs their martial pomp display;  
The bold Asylas, Mnestheus, and the seed  
Of ocean's god, who curbs the foaming steed.  
The leaders halt, and as the trumpets play, 155  
Each takes his station by his own array;  
The spear, unbrandish'd, rises from the plain,  
And by their sides the warriors' shields remain.  
Then matrons, mixing with the unarm'd throng,  
And helpless elders, pour with haste along, 160  
With feeble steps ascend the lofty gate,  
Mount to the ramparts, and the combat wait.  
But lo! from Mount Albanus' top the queen  
Of gods with anxious gaze surveys the scene:  
Mount Alba now, but then unknown to fame, 165  
Till Alba Longa gave its lasting name;  
And thus, as cares perplex'd her heavenly breast,  
Juturna, goddess of the streams, address'd,  
Who, when enfolded in the Thunderer's arms,  
Immortal life receiv'd for virgin charms: 170  
"Nymph of the lakes, with whom Saturnia shares  
"Both Latium's sorrows and Rutulia's cares,



“ Of all who Jove’s inconstant bed have press’d,  
“ To Juno’s courts alone a welcome guest ;  
“ While power celestial might the fates oppose,       175  
“ I guarded Turnus, and repuls’d his foes ;  
“ But now that death’s involving shades descend,  
“ I would not watch his day in darkness end ;  
“ Yet fail not thou a sister’s love to show,  
“ If heavenly wisdom can avert the blow.”       180

Her gushing tears the sister’s grief express’d,  
Who thrice in sorrow smote her beauteous breast.  
“ No time is this for tears,” Saturnia cried,  
“ To break the truce let every art be tried ;  
“ Inflamm the crowd, the leaders’ will prevent.”       185  
The sorrowing nymph declar’d her sad consent.

Meanwhile, array’d in more than regal state,  
The kindred monarchs left Laurentum’s gate ;  
Four noblest steeds adorn’d Latinus’ car,  
Wide blaz’d his crown, resplendent from afar,       190  
Shone forth twelve rays of purest flame, the sign  
Of heavenly brightness and a race divine.  
Two coursers ready yoked for Turnus stand :  
Two ponderous javelins bristle in his hand.  
Nor with a less celestial splendour shine       195  
His arms, from whom descends our Roman line ;  
His golden shield pours forth refulgent rays,  
And like the stars its burnish’d circles blaze :  
With him Ascanius, whose immortal grace  
Bestows fresh glory on a noble race.       200  
Where rose the shrine that smok’d with odorous wood  
Attendant priests in holy vestments stood.



Led forth the hog, unconscious of the knife,  
And sheep unshorn, to yield its peaceful life;  
Towards the East they turn in reverent guise, 205  
Libations pouring where the altars rise;  
Place on the victims' heads salt cakes of meal,  
And mark their sacred foreheads with the steel.

In pious tones then good Æneas pray'd,  
And in his hand was bared his falchion's blade: 210  
"Hear thou, bright sun, and thou, Italian shore,  
"For whom such toils I shar'd, such labours bore;  
"Eternal Jove, Saturnian Juno, hear,  
"And oh! at last, in milder form appear;  
"Thou, Mars renown'd, who with thy fiery hand 215  
"Canst hosts o'erthrow, the battle's roar command;  
"Gods of the air, and of the deep below,  
"Ye founts that bubble, and ye streams that flow;  
"Bear witness all: if fate shall now assign  
"The palm to Turnus, and Ausonia's line, 220  
"Our tribes shall seek Evander's peaceful seat,  
"And young Iulus from your fields retreat;  
"And ne'er again shall Phrygian arms invade  
"The waving harvest, or the rustic glade.  
"But if red Mars shall bless our Dardan steel, 225  
"(And may the gods confirm the hopes I feel!)  
"I would not empire from the combat gain,  
"Nor subjugate by force Italia's plain:  
"Each race unconquer'd shall its laws enjoy,  
"And Latium dwell in amity with Troy. 230  
"The sceptre still let king Latinus hold,  
"I gods would give, and sacred rites unfold.



“ Be arms, be empire, still that monarch’s care,  
“ With him I would nor throne nor empire share ;  
“ Walls for their chief his Trojan crews shall raise,      235  
“ The name Lavinia give, and hers the praise.”

Æneas ceas’d: Latinus thus replies,  
And with extended hand invokes the skies:  
“ Not with less truth, great Trojan prince, I swear,  
“ By all the stars that hang in liquid air,      240  
“ By earth, by sea, by Janus’ double face,  
“ By the great lights of Jove’s ethereal race,  
“ By the dread powers of Orcus’ deep abyss,  
“ And by the awful courts of grisly Dis ;  
“ And oh! bear witness thou, eternal sire,      245  
“ Who strik’st the perjur’d with the lightning’s fire ;  
“ As here before the laden shrines I stand,  
“ Touching the holy flame with reverent hand ;  
“ Howe’er the fortune of the day may end,  
“ No power my soul to hostile acts shall bend ;      250  
“ Though all wide earth dissolve in ocean’s foam,  
“ Or heaven descend to Pluto’s gloomy home :  
“ E’en as this sceptre, which our princes wield,  
“ Carv’d with rich art, no leafy shade shall yield,  
“ Nor e’er, arising from its parent plain,      255  
“ Shoot forth its boughs, and swell with buds again.”  
Thus, as their nobles gaz’d upon the scene,  
The league was struck the royal chiefs between ;  
The victims pierc’d, the sacrificial stream  
Hiss’d on the flame, and rose in wreaths of steam ; 260  
Whilst entrails, quivering from the slaughter’d sheep,  
In leaden chargers every altar heap.



Unequal long the match Rutulia deem'd,  
And now the champions more unequal seem'd.  
With silent step and slow great Turnus came, 265  
And eyed with downcast look the sacred flame ;  
His cheek no more the hue of health display'd,  
No youthful gladness o'er his features play'd.  
Soon as the murmur of the fickle crowd,  
Hush'd at the first, prevail'd at length more loud, 270  
Juturna took Camertus' form, who, brave  
Himself, fresh glory to his fathers gave ;  
From rank to rank throughout the army flew,  
And well the way to rouse their passions knew.  
" What, are our hearts so weak, our bands so small, 275  
" One single chieftain must contend for all ?  
" Do you not here the base Arcadians know,  
" The haughty Trojans, and our Tuscan foe ?  
" If but one half our host in arms appears,  
" Still will our champions far outnumber theirs. 280  
" Turnus, 'tis true, the courts of heaven shall tread,  
" The name still famous, though the prince be dead,  
" Whilst we, who here inactive yield to fate,  
" A conquer'd people on the victors wait."  
Increasing still, the whisper, hush'd at first, 285  
From every rank in louder murmurs burst :  
'Twould seem as if some sudden change were wrought,  
Which change of purpose to the warriors brought ;  
And he who late extoll'd the kind relief  
From instant death, now felt a nobler grief 290  
For Turnus' fate, and long'd himself to stand  
In mortal combat, and unsheath the brand.



To minds thus rous'd that would their leader save  
Juturna's art increas'd excitement gave ;  
Hers was the omen, and the augur's word, 295  
Vainly prophetic, was with reverence heard.  
For lo ! e'en now the golden bird of Jove  
Through the red sky the tribes of Ocean drove,  
Then cleav'd with swiftest swoop his airy way,  
And seiz'd the fairest cygnet for his prey. 300  
As Latium's warriors on the combat gaz'd,  
The birds around a sudden tumult rais'd,  
Attack'd, unwonted sight ! the feather'd king,  
Stretch'd the long beak, and ply'd the frequent wing,  
Till, yielding slowly to united might, 305  
He dropp'd his burden in his upward flight.  
Rutulia's leaders in the sign rejoice,  
But chief Tolumnus rais'd a prophet's voice :  
" See how the birds by heavenly teaching show,  
" That gods propitious hear the augur's vow ! 310  
" Your swords unsheath, your weapons boldly wield,  
" Your priest in person leads you to the field.  
" As quail'd the cygnets at the eagle's eye,  
" Our youth before this Dardan champion fly ;  
" As now on high his wings retreating soar, 315  
" So turns the chief, and seeks the deep once more.  
" In heart united to the plain descend,  
" Charge for your country, and your king defend."  
Advancing then, his spear Tolumnus threw,  
True through the air the hissing javelin flew : 320  
Indignant murmurs in the ranks began,  
Rous'd every heart, and spread from man to man.



Fronting the line whence sped the augur's spear,  
Their glittering crests nine brother chieftains rear,  
Sprung from chaste spouse of ancient Tuscan race 325  
These the wide halls of good Gylippus grace.  
One, who from all that chivalrous array  
Shone out in arms and broider'd tunic gay,  
The point transfix'd, and pierc'd the warrior's loin,  
Where, 'neath the clasp, the baldrick's edges join. 330  
Around the corse the martial brothers stand,  
Bold in their grief, and just revenge demand,  
Then rush impetuous on Laurentum's band.  
On charge the Latian foe, the squadrons meet,  
Their shout with answering shout the Trojans greet; 335  
With painted arms Arcadia's warriors brave,  
And bold Etruria's, swell the brazen wave.  
Inflamed, their fury spurns at all control,  
One thirst for slaughter animates the whole;  
Dark is the iron shower obscures the sky, 340  
And sacred cups in wild confusion fly.  
The king, while such fierce acts the rites deform,  
Bears off his gods, and flies before the storm.  
Some yoke the eager courser to the car,  
Some mount the charger, and expect the war. 345  
On swept Messapus, with collected force,  
And 'gainst Aulestes push'd his foaming horse;  
A chief was he who rul'd Etruria's shore,  
And in the field a king's insignia bore;  
Now, backward reeling where the altars stand, 350  
Headlong he falls, and rolls upon the sand.



Loud pray'd the Tuscan leader in his need,  
With beamy spear Messapus from his steed  
Smote him, and cried, "A nobler victim here,  
"Ye gods, is offer'd by a warrior's spear." 355

Ausonia's children join the bloody strife,  
And strip the quivering limbs, still warm with life.  
Where by the altar Chorinæus stood,  
He snatch'd a brand from out the burning wood,  
And as in attitude to strike he came, 360

The face of Ebusus received the flame;  
Long was his bushy beard, which fiercely blaz'd,  
And through the air a reeky vapour rais'd.  
Confus'd the chieftain for a space remain'd,  
When Chorinæus press'd th' advantage gain'd: 365

His left hand seiz'd th' astounded warrior's hair,  
His right hand laid his gleaming weapon bare;  
Then as his foot the fallen leader press'd,  
He sheath'd the falchion in his gaping breast.  
Through the front ranks the shepherd Alsus fled, 370  
With naked blade on Podalirius sped;  
But Alsus, turning, cleaves his head in twain  
With his broad halberd, and out spirts the brain;  
Death's iron sleep upon his eyelids press'd,  
And in eternal night he sank to rest. 375

His head uncover'd, and unarm'd his hands,  
Bound by religious awe, Æneas stands;  
Points to the madness of his friends in vain,  
And chides their fury as they scour the plain:  
"Sworn is the oath, and from his fiery throne 380  
"Great Jove permits one champion's arm alone.



“ And I completion to these rites will bring,  
“ To me attesting gods devote the king.”  
E’en while he spoke a winged arrow sped  
Through the clear air: the Trojan chieftain bled. 385  
But who the praise of deed so great might boast,  
Or adverse god, or prince of Latium’s host,  
Unsung remains: no mortal chief may claim  
To add this glory to a warrior’s name.

But when great Turnus saw the Phrygians yield, 390  
And mark’d their leader wounded quit the field,  
With hope elate he bade his friends prepare  
The burnish’d armour and the gorgeous car.  
Loud through the host his voice triumphant rang,  
As to his seat the warlike monarch sprang, 395  
Pois’d the tough spear, and shook the flowing rein,  
Then thunder’d headlong o’er the iron plain,  
Against the routed hurl’d the flying spear,  
And hosts fell backward as the king drew near.  
On, on, uncheck’d the furious monarch sped, 400  
With Troy’s best blood his horse’s hoofs were red,  
Troy’s noblest chiefs lay number’d with the dead.  
As when red Mars, where spear and falchion gleam  
By the cold current of the northern stream,  
Clashes his arms, th’ ethereal steeds rejoice, 405  
Collect their force, and wait their master’s voice,  
Then spring obedient to the slacken’d rein,  
Outstrip the tempests, and devour the plain,  
Till the wide woods and utmost shores of Thrace  
Groan ’neath the thunder of their furious race; 410



And Rage, uncheck'd, and Stratagem are there,  
The god's companions, and grim-visag'd Fear;  
So through the thickest of that deadly fray  
The steeds of Turnus, panting, force their way,  
With prancings fling the bloody dew around, 415  
And tread the mangled corpses in the ground.  
His falchion Thamyris and Pholus slew,  
A spear, more distant, Sthenelus pierc'd through;  
Far off the sons of Imbrasmus sank down,  
Whom Lycia claim'd, all proudly, for her own, 420  
Taught in close ranks to fight with steady force,  
Or spur the charger in the knightly course.

There, in another part, Eumedes shone,  
Brave was the sire, and bravely fought the son;  
Boastful he bore his grandsire's glorious name, 425  
But emulated more his father's fame,  
Who, when he would the spy on Argos play,  
Ask'd for Pelides' chariot as his pay;  
That price Tydides gave him, and no more  
He sought the horses which Achilles bore. 430  
'Gainst him great Turnus on the plain from far  
Launch'd a light dart, then leaping from his car,  
Beneath his foot the fallen leader press'd,  
Seiz'd his own poignard, and transfix'd his breast:  
" Thus, doughty warrior, measure Latium's field, 435  
" Thus reap the harvest which her furrows yield."  
There Butes sank, companion to his shade;  
Stout Dares, Chloreus, Sybaris felt his blade;  
Thersilochus confess'd his conquering force;  
And fell Thymætēs from his stumbling horse. 440



As when the blasts of northern tempests roar,  
And roll huge billows to Ægea's shore,  
The clouds, dispers'd, sweep racking through the sky ;  
Before the king so routed squadrons fly.  
The winds his chariot met as on he press'd, 445  
Play'd round his helm, and wav'd his fluttering crest.  
Phegeus in vain the monarch's course impedes,  
Grasping the bridles of the foaming steeds ;  
Thrown cross the pole, his breast expos'd to view,  
A javelin pierc'd his quilted corselet through : 450  
Graz'd by the point he still the combat tried,  
His falchion drew, and loud for succour cried ;  
But as the wheel revolv'd more swiftly round,  
It bore the hapless warrior to the ground ;  
Beneath the helmet's clasp his neck was cleft, 455  
And on the field the quivering carcase left.

While mighty Turnus thus, great heroes slain,  
With frequent carnage crimsons all the plain ;  
Faint from the wound, and leaning on a spear,  
The Dardan chieftain to the camp drew near. 460  
In vain his friends, for fate denied success,  
Would from the flesh the broken arrow press ;  
Whilst he, intent to join the fight again,  
Tugg'd at the arrow, nor confess'd the pain ;  
Then call'd some hand to cut the flesh around, 465  
And tear the pointed mischief from the wound.  
Alone unmov'd amid the sorrowing crowd,  
Propp'd on his massy spear the hero stood.  
'Twas then Iapis to his prince drew near,  
Iapis who, to bright-hair'd Phoebus dear, 470



His choice receiv'd, the augur's art to know,  
To tune the harp, or bend the archer's bow;  
But he from heaven the simpler skill would gain,  
That soothes the agony of human pain.  
Old was Iapis now, yet round his breast 475  
Was girt with youthful energy his vest;  
Full many a herb of healing power he brought,  
With skilful art, whose virtues Phœbus taught;  
In vain his hands the lingering arrow try,  
And grasp the steel—no present god is nigh. 480  
As clouds of dust from charging horse arise,  
So in the camp the arrowy vengeance flies,  
And where the din of battle loudest swells,  
Death's piercing cry of broken squadrons tells.  
'Tis now, oppress'd with all a mother's cares, 485  
Venus the healing dittany prepares;  
Whose downy leaf on Ida's mountain grows,  
Where every stalk with purple flowerets glows;  
Its soothing power the wounded wild goats know,  
Assuage their pain, and cool the fiery throe. 490  
Involving mists the radiant goddess hide,  
Who pours the medicine in the bubbling tide,  
Ambrosial juices blends with heavenly skill,  
And odorous drugs, the balm for every ill.  
The liquid charm assuaging all the smart, 495  
With secret power endows Iapis' art;  
The blood no more in spouting streamlets flows,  
No more the body throbs with painful throes;  
The barb leaps forth, and drops upon the plain,  
The Dardan's limbs their ancient force regain. 500



“ Arms for the hero, arms,” Iapis cries,  
And cheers triumphant from the Trojans rise :  
“ ’Tis not to human skill your life you owe,  
“ ’Tis not Iapis, chieftain, heals the blow ;  
“ That god whose power propitious sooth’d the pain, 505  
“ For mightier deeds recalls thee to the plain.”

Around his limbs his golden greaves he clasps,  
Fits on his corselet, and his javelin grasps,  
On his left arm uprears his golden shield,  
Then stands impatient, and demands the field ; 510  
But calls the young Ascanius ere he goes,  
And through his steel-barr’d helm one kiss bestows.  
“ May thou, my son, the smiles of fortune share,  
“ And all her frowns, as bore thy father, bear.  
“ My arm, their leader slain, the strife shall end, 515  
“ Conduct to empire, and thy youth defend.  
“ But when, confirm’d by length of time, thy heart  
“ Has learnt itself to act the monarch’s part,  
“ As Hector fought, and as Æneas bore,  
“ Be thou the hero they have been before.” 520

He ceas’d : then, godlike, from the gate proceeds,  
Shakes his huge javelin, and the battle leads ;  
Antheus and Mnestheus with fresh ardour burn,  
All quit the camp, and to the field return :  
Thick clouds of dust the host encircle round, 525  
And quakes the earth beneath the trampling sound.  
Juturna first, with sorrow-sharpen’d ear,  
Heard the loud tumult, nor conceal’d her fear ;  
Ausonia saw them with unwonted dread,  
Then quail’d her bravest, and her champions fled. 530



On pour'd the fiery host, and shook the plain,  
As when the tempest, furious, sweeps the main,  
Then rolls huge billows to the sounding shore,  
Where the rude peasant trembles at the roar;  
Sees nodding groves their verdant glories yield 535  
And golden harvests, prostrate, strew the field.  
In dense array so Phrygia's squadrons stand,  
Then charge obedient to their chiefs command.  
Before Thymbræus huge Osiris fell,  
Bold Mnestheus sent Archetius' soul to hell; 540  
Achates' sword great Epulo cleft through,  
And mighty Ufens noble Gyas slew;  
Tolumnius died, whose spear renew'd the fight,  
Though failed his art to read the omen right.  
Then rose a shout: Rutulia's warriors yield, 545  
Quail at the sound, and quit th' ensanguin'd field.  
Through the dense mass Æneas rush'd along,  
Nor seeks for victims in the vulgar throng,  
But hastes, disdainful of their flying bands,  
And Turnus only for his spear demands. 550

Juturna heard, and trembling sought the car,  
Whence Turnus nobly stemm'd the tide of war;  
The charioteer was roll'd upon the plain,  
The martial virgin seiz'd herself the rein;  
The voice, the form, the arms Metiscus wore, 555  
Like voice, like form, like arms Juturna bore.  
As the light swallows ply their dusky wing,  
Where the rich mansion's marble columns spring,  
Now through the courts on rapid pinions shoot,  
Now skim the water in their swift pursuit, 560



Dart through the buzzing denizens of air,  
And to their twittering young the insects bear;  
E'en so Juturna, with increasing speed,  
Along the ranks impels the foaming steed.  
Where'er the Latian warriors turn to gaze, 565  
Bold is the bearing which their chief displays;  
But still, how loud soe'er his shouts may rise,  
Far from the Trojan foe the sister flies;  
Whilst he, still thundering with resistless force,  
Through broken squadrons holds his winding course. 570  
Oft as each nerve the Dardan leader strains,  
And on the monarch's winged coursers gains,  
So oft the hands which now their movements guide,  
Draw the loose reins, and turn the steeds aside.  
In vain he strives; oppress'd with various cares, 575  
As wave on wave the heaving ocean bears.  
With swift career on vast Messapus came,  
Tough was the spear and true the chieftain's aim;  
The Trojan leader stoop'd beneath his shield,  
The javelin graz'd his crest, and struck the field. 580  
Then foam'd the Dardan with indignant rage,  
While Turnus fled, reluctant to engage;  
On Jove he call'd, and every power divine,  
To curse the faithless, and avenge the shrine;  
Mars rag'd before him, as his crimson'd blade 585  
Swept through the field, and one wide carnage made.  
What god will now the martial strain inspire,  
Matching the poet's with the hero's fire,  
Show how great Turnus triumph'd on the plain,  
Or sing the warriors by Æneas slain? 590



Oh! why, dread Jove, should chieftains thus contend,  
Whose states shall in eternal compact end?

'Gainst Sucro first the Dardan's falchion shines,  
(That deed restor'd the Trojans' wavering lines,)  
Great was the force, and true the warrior's art, 595  
It pass'd the ribs, and pierc'd the champion's heart.

To Turnus now two brother chiefs draw near,  
One meets his sword, one sinks beneath his spear;  
Sad is their fate from his avenging hand,  
Each rolls a headless carcase on the sand; 600  
Fix'd to his car their heads the monarch bore,  
The lips still quivering, and bedew'd with gore.

Stout Talos, Tanais, and Cethegus fell,  
And at one moment sought the shores of hell;  
With these Onytes swell'd Æneas' fame, 605  
Sprung, hapless chieftain, from a Theban dame.

The brothers born in Lycia's sacred groves,  
Whose sunny shores the bright Apollo loves,  
By Turnus struck, with young Menætes died,  
Whose home had been by Lerna's silvery tide: 610  
There oft the gentle boy his sport would take,  
And with light meshes sweep the crystal lake:  
Poor was his sire, and till'd another's soil,  
Nor wish'd for wealth, contented in his toil.

As when fierce fires 'mid crackling laurels rise, 615  
Through the dry wood the blaze triumphant flies;  
As mountain streams with mighty tumult roar,  
Down the rough rocks their foaming torrents pour,  
Then spread wide ruin o'er the trembling plain,  
And plough fresh channels till they meet the main; 620



So either chief, by equal rage possest,  
Now boils with fury pent within his breast;  
With full career now rushes on the field,  
Careless of wounds, and ignorant to yield.  
Here a vast rock which great Æneas flings, 625  
Murranus strikes, proud son of Latium's kings :  
Oft of his royal sires the prince would boast,  
But now his glory in the dust is lost ;  
Beneath his chariot wheels the chieftain lies,  
And trampled by his steeds the master dies. 630  
Brave Hyllus there Rutulia's king engag'd,  
With gilded helmet fierce the warrior rag'd ;  
But weak that helm to check the javelin's course,  
In the cleft brain the iron spent its force.  
In vain brave Creteus, of the Græcian name, 635  
To mortal combat then with Turnus came ;  
In vain his gods some lingering fondness feel,  
And fence Cupentus from Æneas' steel ;  
Before the godlike prince the warrior quail'd,  
His shield's tough folds and brazen circles fail'd. 640  
Thou too, O Æolus, foredoom'd to die,  
Must on Laurentum's plain extended lie,  
'Gainst whom the stern Achilles fought in vain,  
The fatal scourge of Priam's ancient reign :  
Stately thy palace stood 'neath Ida's shade, 645  
But 'neath Laurentum's was thy funeral made.  
Together Dardans and Rutulians fall,  
Mars towers supreme, and havoc spreads through all.  
Where stout Asylus and Serestus fought,  
There too the tide of war Messapus brought, 650



And with the Tuscan foot's compacted line  
The gay arm'd horsemen of Evander shine;  
No rest, no stay, in undistinguish'd strife  
Monarch and subject all contend for life.

But Venus now directs the Dardan's hand, 655  
Inspires the counsel, and supplies the brand;  
As rang'd his gaze through all th' embattled powers,  
By her 'tis fix'd upon Laurentum's towers;  
At once the torch his thoughts in prospect raise  
And through the fallen city watch the blaze. 660  
Around their chief his noblest leaders stand,  
Where stout Serestus heads the martial band.  
Then thus he cries: "Unless the foe submit,  
"Crouch to their master, and obey the bit,  
"Yon faithless walls this angry arm shall raze, 665  
"While crumbling palaces augment the blaze.  
"Seems it the action some excuse may need?  
"Great Jove, the god of right, approves the deed.  
"What! shall this breast feel no indignant rage,  
"Patient till Turnus pleases to engage? 670  
"Yon perjur'd towers themselves, ye Trojan band,  
"The head, the fountain of our labour stand.  
"Prepare the torch, and let the blazing pine  
"Before Laurentum's faithless turrets shine."

He ceas'd: his voice the Dardan chiefs obey, 675  
Form in a wedge, and force their onward way.  
Here the light ladders steel-clad warriors raise,  
Here gleams the sword, and here the torches blaze;  
These by the gates cut down the trembling foe,  
These poise the spear, these clouds of javelins throw. 680



Before them all their chief exulting stands,  
Extends his arms, and cheers his Trojan bands;  
Calls heaven the truce twice broken to attest,  
And chides Latinus with indignant breast.  
Discord, meanwhile, disturbs the Latian state; 685  
Some taunt their monarch, and desert the gate;  
With nobler purpose these resist alarm,  
For gods, for kindred, and for country arm.  
So when a shepherd would the insects drive,  
With pungent odours, from their rocky hive, 690  
Throughout their waxen camp the legions roam,  
And whet their fury to avenge their home;  
Whilst poisonous vapours wind through all the cells,  
And a faint murmur in the caverns swells.  
But now, worn out and harass'd by the foe, 695  
A worse misfortune must Laurentum know.  
When the queen saw the hostile band appear,  
The flames ascending, and no Turnus near,  
She deem'd Rutulia's warlike host had fled,  
Their squadrons broken, and their leader dead. 700  
Loud call'd she then upon the monarch's name,  
And on her own injustice charg'd the blame.  
Sad are the complaints her absent maidens hear  
Of frantic grief and uncontroll'd despair;  
Beneath the gilded beam her robe she tears, 705  
And for unseemly death the noose prepares.  
Loose flows the young Lavinia's golden hair,  
From all the palace wailings lade the air;  
Then, as still wider spreads the hideous tale,  
The city faints, men's hearts within them fail. 710



His tunic rent, the dust of sorrow spread  
On his white locks, Latinus mourns the dead;  
Sees the wide ruin which outruns relief,  
And weeps his quarrel with the Dardan chief.

Now Turnus on the outskirts of the field 715  
Pursues the few who scarce contending yield;  
No conqueror's pride the monarch's movements show,  
His wheels are heavy, and his coursers slow.  
A shout, with which are shrieks of sorrow blent,  
Reaches his ear, on martial sounds intent; 720  
Whilst every note that swells upon the gale  
Of wild confusion spreads the mournful tale.

"Why do such groans from Latium's city rise,  
"What means that shriek of woe?" the monarch cries:  
Then grasps, scarce conscious of the deed, the rein, 725  
And checks his coursers on the distant plain.

In words like these Juturna straight replied,  
Who seem'd Metiscus by her brother's side:  
"Let others stand, the ramparts to defend;  
"Pursue, while Fortune smiles Rutulia's friend. 730  
"Æneas presses on the Latian band,  
"So let the Phrygians feel thy warlike hand.  
"To him at least thou shalt not yield in fame,  
"Thy victims equal, thy renown the same."

"Sister, for long I've known thee," Turnus cries, 735  
"Nor can the goddess cheat the brother's eyes;  
"The league was broken by Juturna's art,  
"Although in arms she acts Metiscus' part.  
"Who bid thee leave Olympus' portals bright,  
"Mix in the tumult, and endure the fight? 740



“ Was it a brother’s cruel death to see ?  
“ For say what other fate remains for me ?  
“ I saw Murranus bleeding on the plain,  
“ A mighty chief by mighty warrior slain :  
“ Dear was his soul to mine, and dying pray’d 745  
“ That hand for vengeance, which had fail’d to aid.  
“ Great Ufens fell, of th’ Æqui’s ancient race,  
“ Disdaining to behold the king’s disgrace :  
“ Now Trojan hands away the body bear,  
“ His plunder’d arms the hostile Trojans wear. 750  
“ In truth, methinks, but one more curse remains,  
“ Invaded hearths, and desolated fanes.  
“ Shall Latium’s plain see Turnus basely fly ?  
“ Shall Drances say her champion fear’d to die ;  
“ If gods of heaven refuse their aid to bring, 755  
“ Ye gods of hell more kind receive the king ;  
“ Grant a free passage to the parting breath,  
“ Shorten the time, and soothe the pains of death.  
“ Worthy his sires, his name unstain’d by fear,  
“ Shall Turnus’ ghost in Pluto’s realms appear.” 760  
Scarce had he ceas’d, when on a panting horse  
The wounded Sages urg’d his flying course  
Tow’rds Turnus’ chariot, and implor’d his chief,  
Their last resource, to bear his friends relief ;  
“ In arms Æneas thunders at the walls, 765  
“ The turret rocks, the lofty palace falls ;  
“ Around our homes the torches wildly glare ;  
“ To thee Laurentum turns her latest prayer.  
“ Nay, e’en her king’s half-mutter’d whisper shows  
“ He doubts his friends, and leans upon his foes. 770



“ The queen, whose voice would long support thy side,  
“ And claim for thee the sceptre and the bride,  
“ Alarm’d, by her own hands has fled the light,  
“ And sought, uncall’d, the sable realms of night.

“ Alone before the gate Messapus stands, 775

“ Alone, Atinas meets the Phrygian bands;

“ On every side a hostile line appears,

“ And its rough front the iron harvest rears;

“ Whilst the king’s chariot flies along the plain,

“ And courts the combat where no foes remain.” 780

Silent great Turnus stands in thoughtful guise,  
As various passions in his bosom rise.

Shame, burning, seeks in nobler deeds relief,

And madness mixes with excess of grief;

Love, stung to fury, spurns all weak control, 785

While conscious valour swells his daring soul.

Soon as the first dark clouds have pass’d away,

Reason returns, and thought resumes her sway.

The king, indignant, turns his flashing eyes

To where Laurentum’s frowning bulwarks rise, 790

And from his chariot, with inquiring gaze,

That ancient city’s wide extent surveys.

When lo! a column of transparent flame

Forth from the loopholes of a turret came;

That tower’s vast pile his martial skill had prais’d, 795

And on huge wheels the jointed fabric rais’d.

“ Fate triumphs o’er the works of Turnus’ hands;

“ I go where fortune, and where heaven demands.

“ Æneas calls: then Turnus comes prepar’d,

“ Nor asks ignobly that his life be spar’d. 800



“ Oh! let me bravely spend a warrior’s rage,  
“ Nor barter glory for inglorious age.”

Thus spoke the chief; then, with impetuous bound,  
Leapt from his car, and shook the solid ground :  
Vain was his sister’s grief, his swift career 805  
Bursts through the ranks, nor sees the hostile spear.  
As some round rock that toppled o’er the plain,  
Worn by long time, or wash’d by wintry rain,  
Vibrates in air, and trembles from its base,  
Then thunders headlong with impetuous race, 810  
Acquires fresh strength at every whirling bound,  
Strews groves and herds, and smokes along the ground ;  
So mighty Turnus rushes to the walls,  
Man rolls on man, and chief on chieftain falls ;  
And where in streams the warrior’s life-blood flows, 815  
Through clouds of hissing darts uninjur’d goes.  
His hand, his voice alike forbid the strife :  
“ O spare,” he cries, “ each foe his foeman’s life.  
“ Mine is the part, though heaven’s dread wrath descend,  
“ The gods to satisfy, the carnage end.” 820  
All start aside, no hand impedes the chief,  
Who to his fainting comrades bears relief.

But when Æneas hears the monarch’s voice,  
He feels his soul in sterner thoughts rejoice ;  
No more his torch against the turret gleams, 825  
All vain delay and useless labour seems.  
His very joy the vulgar crowd alarms,  
As on he thunders, terrible in arms !  
Great as Mount Athos with majestic form,  
Or loftiest Eryx which o’ertops the storm, 830



Or father Apennine, whose shaggy brow  
Roars in the wind, and glories in the snow.  
Phrygians and foes all turn alike to gaze;  
Who man the towers, or who the engines raise,  
Each lowers his arms, and pauses in the fight, 835  
Content to watch the hostile leaders' might.  
Breathless with wonder King Latinus stands,  
To see two warriors, born in different lands,  
On western shores contend for Latium's crown,  
In arms unequall'd, equal in renown. 840

Now on the vacant plain the chiefs draw near,  
And each, impatient, hurls the distant spear,  
Then hand to hand the close attack is made,  
On shield and helm sharp clangs the temper'd blade;  
Earth groans; in rage the hostile champions grow, 845  
Whirl the huge sword, but scarce direct the blow;  
Loud clash their arms, fierce glare the furious kings,  
Through all the air the martial clamour rings.  
So when two bulls contend with rival might  
In Silas' groves, or on Taburnus' height, 850  
To some smooth knoll the trembling swains retire,  
And watch the beasts expend their lordly ire;  
Faint low the heifers, and uncertain gaze—  
Who conquers now, henceforth the herd obeys:  
In deadly charge the bellowing monsters meet, 855  
The purple current gushes to their feet;  
Their panting sides are drench'd with crimson gore,  
The hills rebellow, and the forests roar.

Meanwhile, great Jove, to show whose fates prevail,  
Adjusts the beam, and balances the scale; 860



The different sides their different fortunes fill,  
This mounts in air, this sinks, depress'd with ill.

But Turnus now, advancing on his foe,  
Lifts his bright sword, and rises to the blow;  
Breathless the armies on the field remain; 865  
The blade snaps short, and glitters on the plain.  
Unlike his own the faithless weapon shines,  
He turns his steps, and flies along the lines.

When first the monarch sprang into his car  
(So runs the legend) and commenc'd the war, 870  
His father's sword by chance aside was laid,  
And in its place he seiz'd Metiscus' blade.

Long as the flying Trojans sweep the plains,  
Perfect the temper of the steel remains,  
But when the edge which mortal fire had wrought, 875  
To cope with arms of heavenly art was brought,  
Like brittle ice it fail'd the warrior's hand,  
Snapp'd, and with glittering fragments strew'd the sand.  
Perplex'd, his doubtful course the monarch takes,  
And swiftly circle within circle makes. 880

Small is the space, for close on either hand  
The hostile squadrons of the Trojans stand;  
Here a morass extends its reedy bed,  
There the high mountain rears its threatening head.  
With equal speed Æneas in the ring 885

Press'd on the footsteps of the trembling king;  
And yet some anguish from the archer's reed  
Stiffen'd his muscles, and repress'd his speed.  
So when the hound pursues the panting deer,  
Where rushing streams on either side are near, 890



Or where the purple feather, waving high,  
Forbids the prey to wider plains to fly,  
The active quarry, bounding, shifts its ground,  
Scours round the circle, and eludes the hound;  
Who strains each nerve to bring the game to bay, 895  
Snaps at the stag and seems to hold the prey;  
Then rings the vale,—the banks, the lakes reply,  
The echo deepens, and ascends the sky.  
The flying chief, invoking every friend,  
Calls each in turn his trusty sword to send; 900  
Whilst still Æneas threatens death to all  
Who dare to answer to their leader's call;  
To instant fire devotes the hapless town,  
And bears, though wounded, on the monarch down.  
Five circles round the field the champions trace, 905  
Five times returning to their former place:  
For no light stake one follows, and one flies;  
Thy blood, thy life, O Turnus, is the prize!  
Long a wild olive on these plains had stood,  
Near Faunus' temple, on whose sacred wood 910  
Would sailors oft, returning to the shore,  
Suspend their offerings, and the god adore;  
But Troy had fell'd it with irreverent force,  
That steeds might charge with unimpeded course.  
In its tough root was fix'd Æneas' spear, 915  
His eye attracting as that chief drew near,  
Who strove to grasp it, that, as Turnus flew,  
Its point might swifter still the king pursue.  
Then, wild with fear, that monarch urg'd his prayer:  
"Faunus, receive thy votary to thy care; 920



“ O Earth, compassion for the pious feel,  
“ And with tenacious force retain the steel.  
“ Oft have I worshipp’d on this sacred plain,  
“ Which now with blood the reckless Dardans stain.”  
So prayed the monarch, and his prayer was heard, 925  
Earth held the spear, obedient to his word.  
With all his power in vain Æneas strove  
The root to open, and the spear remove.  
While thus he stopt, again Juturna took  
Metiscus’ armour, and Metiscus’ look; 930  
And as fresh efforts still the Trojan made,  
To Turnus’ hand restor’d his trusty blade.  
Venus, indignant act so bold to see,  
Loosen’d the Dardan javelin from the tree.  
The towering chiefs, their arms, their courage new, 935  
Majestic stand, the combat to renew;  
Quick beats the pulse of each, as each draws near,  
This trusts his sword, this glories in his spear.  
Meanwhile, as on a golden cloud she lies,  
And to the battle-field directs her eyes, 940  
Great Jove, who knew the feelings of her breast,  
In words like these the queen of gods address’d;  
“ Oh why need I to ears that know it tell  
“ In these bright courts the Dardan chief must dwell?  
“ What plans Jove’s consort, that she lingers here, 945  
“ ’Midst the cold vapours of this cloudy sphere?  
“ Deem’st thou it right, one destin’d to advance  
“ To heavenly courts should bleed by mortal lance?  
“ Or (for thou didst it) that the monarch’s sword  
“ Should with fresh strength be to his arm restor’d? 950



“ Yield to my prayers, nor let corroding grief  
“ Obscure thy radiance, and refuse relief.  
“ Thy hate was strong the Trojans to pursue  
“ With fell mischance the stormy billows through ;  
“ Thy hand to scatter discord could prevail, 955  
“ And cloud the bridals with the funeral wail.  
“ ’Tis vain to plead, and vainer to deplore,  
“ Fate stands supreme, and Jove permits no more.”  
    So spake the king of gods ; his queen replies  
In humble accents, and with downcast eyes : 960  
“ I knew thy will, dread sire, and therefore left  
“ My favourite monarch of my aid bereft ;  
“ Else hadst thou not beheld me here alone,  
“ Inertly prostrate on a fleecy throne ;  
“ But, girt with flames, and in the battle-field, 965  
“ Juno had made these Phrygian wanderers yield.  
“ My voice, I own it, bade the sister dare  
“ Much for the brother, and his labours share,  
“ But not herself the burnish’d spear to throw,  
“ To fit the arrow, or to bend the bow. 970  
“ I swear it by dark Pluto’s gloomy waves,  
“ Deep awe for which e’en heavenly minds enslaves,  
“ And now that Juno earth’s vain strife would leave,  
“ Do thou at least her last request receive ;  
“ For his own Latins, and for Latium’s state, 975  
“ Let Jove concede what granted is by fate. •  
“ When these blest nuptials, (be they blest indeed !)  
“ And peaceful rites to sterner scenes succeed,  
“ O let them still retain the Latian name,  
“ For such respect its ancient date may claim ; 980



“ Still may their speech their origin declare,  
“ Still may their men the Latian toga wear,—  
“ Still be it Latium, still Albania’s kings,  
“ Still Rome confess from whence her valour springs.  
“ Troy is no more,—and with her grandeur may 985  
“ The name of Trojans pass from hence away.”

To whom the king of gods and men replied :

“ Sister of Jove, once ancient Saturn’s pride,  
“ Let not such wrath disturb thy heavenly breast,  
“ Since Jove, obedient, grants his queen’s request. 990  
“ Its speech, its customs, still shall Latium claim,  
“ With Troy united, but unchang’d in name.  
“ While with one voice before the shrines they bow,  
“ Fresh rites of worship shall the people know.  
“ Sprung from this stock, a pious race shall rise, 995  
“ Surpass their fellows, and ascend the skies;  
“ None to thy name such frequent fanes shall raise,  
“ Or wider spread majestic Juno’s praise.”

The queen contented left th’ ethereal plain,  
And sought Olympus’ star-pav’d courts again. 1000

And now his power the god of thunder tried,  
To move Juturna from her brother’s side.  
Twin pests there are, whom Night to Acheron bore,  
(A third, Megæra, haunts the Stygian shore,  
Round each she coils the serpent’s hissing folds, 1005  
Each on swift wings its airy pathway holds ;  
To men dark-omen’d messengers of ill,  
The dreaded heralds of their sovereign’s will,  
To spread infection through the poison’d air,  
Or wide the blazing torch of discord bear. 1010



One, whom the Thunderer to Juturna sends,  
Portending evil, to the earth descends ;  
And as, unseen, athwart the cloudy air  
Their venom'd barbs the Parthian arrows bear,  
Thus swift, thus silent, thus on death intent, 1015  
Through fleeting shades the baleful herald went.  
The form of that ill-omen'd bird she takes,  
Whose loathsome home the ruin'd altar makes,  
Whose cry amidst the tombs disturbs the night,  
Till mortals, waking, tremble with affright; 1020  
So screams the bird around the monarch's head,  
O'er his broad shield her sluggish pinions spread.  
'Tis then strange dread unnerves the martial prince,  
His limbs, his voice, his hair cold fear evince.  
But when from far that scream Juturna knew, 1025  
And mark'd the wings on which the Fury flew,  
The hair dishevell'd, and the wounded breast,  
The bleeding cheek, her agony confess'd.  
" How can his sister more her brother serve,  
" Or how from fate the warrior's life preserve? 1030  
" How still retain her post upon the field?  
" Before a fiend of hell must sorrow yield.  
" Full well I know the clapping of thy wings,  
" And the stern doom which Jove's dread herald brings.  
" Thus tyrant lust a virgin's love repays 1035  
" With the long sorrow of protracted days.  
" Would that I were one moment mortal made,  
" To die attendant on my brother's shade!  
" O say what joy immortal years can give,  
" Unless with such as blest those years to live? 1040



“ Would that the earth some deep abyss might show,  
“ And snatch a goddess to the realms below!”  
Thus wept the nymph, too weak, alas! to save,  
Veil’d her bright form, and plung’d beneath the wave.

On press’d the great Æneas, and his spear 1045  
Tower’d like a pine-tree, as the chief drew near;  
Fierce was the rage that swell’d within his breast,  
Fierce were the accents which that rage express’d:  
“ Why should the hero, Turnus, shun the fight?  
“ In arms let kings, let slaves contend in flight. 1050  
“ Call earth’s dark womb to open to thy prayer,  
“ Or ask for wings, to mount through spacious air;  
“ All shapes assume, or force, or cunning try,  
“ All, all shall fail, and thou dishonour’d die.”

“ Insulting foe, no words,”—the prince replied, 1055  
And wav’d his crest with all a monarch’s pride,—  
“ No words of thine affect my soul with fear;  
“ The partial gods in adverse league appear.”  
No more the warrior says, but turns his eyes  
To where an ancient stone before him lies; 1060  
Long had it lain embedded in the sand,  
To mark the limits, and divide the land.  
Not twice six men so vast a weight could raise,—  
The puny men of these degenerate days.  
On rush’d the chieftain, as the rock he swung, 1065  
And ’gainst his foe the mighty ruin flung;  
Wild was the cast, as if the reeling brain  
No more might empire o’er the limbs retain.  
The trembling knee the monarch scarce sustains,  
The blood grows cold, congealing in his veins; 1070



Short of the goal, and with uncertain aim,  
Through the thin air the ponderous fragment came.  
As when dull night the languid body chains,  
His fetter'd limbs in vain the sleeper strains;  
No more the foot obeys the dreamer's will, 1075  
The arm is powerless, and the tongue is still;  
Check'd are his efforts when he strives to rise,  
The word, half syllabled, in utterance dies;  
So the dire fiend unnerves the warlike king,  
Its wonted aid no more will valour bring. 1080  
Confus'd he stands, then toward Laurentum's wall  
Looks, and now dreads the spear about to fall;  
Sees no escape, no way to charge the host,  
His chariot absent, and his sister lost.  
Watching his time, the Dardan chief drew near, 1085  
And with increasing might impell'd the spear;  
No rock, launch'd forth by some vast engine's force,  
E'er cleft the air with such impetuous course;  
Ne'er shot so swift, or with a roar so loud,  
Jove's fiery thunder from th' impending cloud. 1090  
Like the dark whirlwind, charg'd with death, it flew,  
Pass'd shield and corselet's outmost border through,  
Then pierc'd the thigh, and, powerless from the wound,  
The warlike monarch sank upon the ground.  
Up rose Rutulia's chiefs, and groan'd aloud, 1095  
That groan was answer'd by the steel-clad crowd;  
Rebellow Tiber's ancient hills around,  
And all the distant groves return the sound.  
Then prayed the king, but with no coward's prayer,  
"Death I deserv'd, and ask no foe to spare; 1100



“ Yet Daunus may Anchises’ son implore,  
“ For once Anchises watch’d thy manhood’s hour;  
“ Or me restore, or (dost thou blood require)  
“ My lifeless body to my aged sire.  
“ Thy spear has conquer’d, and the Latians see 1105  
“ The vanquish’d monarch stretch his hand to thee.  
“ Thine is Lavinia; favour’d thus by fate,  
“ Demand no more, but dare be nobly great.”  
Fire flash’d from out the Dardan’s eyes, his blade  
Was bared for slaughter, yet his hand was stayed: 1110  
Mercy had triumph’d, but that Turnus bore  
The golden belt which once young Pallas wore;  
Wrench’d from his body in that bloody fight  
When youth had yielded to superior might.  
Deep in his soul the fire of vengeance burn’d, 1115  
And, cloth’d with fury, to the king he turn’d:  
“ Shall he escape, who on th’ ensanguin’d plain,  
“ With savage exultation stripp’d the slain?  
“ ’Tis Pallas’ wounds this sacrifice demand,  
“ ’Tis Pallas, Pallas, that impels the hand!” 1120  
Fierce was the blow, and with it pass’d away  
The soul, indignant, from the realms of day.



## NOTES TO BOOK XII.

Line 39. First in the battle on the landing of the Arcadian and Tuscan allies; and again in the engagement of the cavalry under Camilla.

94. Turnus, a few lines below, calls Æneas "Semivir."

104. Perhaps the English reader may require to be reminded that this is a word of four syllables, the *y*, in pronouncing it, being lost in the *i*. It is a Greek name, and in that language the *yi* is expressed by a diphthong. The two first syllables are short.

141. Servius on this passage remarks, that for the sacred officers on these occasions to wear linen was contrary to the religious rites of Rome, and that Virgil designedly so clothes them to intimate that a league struck under faulty ceremonies would be broken. Others for "linus" read "limus," an apron or sash worn by those engaged in religious ceremonies.

146. "Pilata agmina," troops armed with the "pilum," or long spear of the Roman legions.

153. Messapus.

157. Their spears were stuck upright in the ground.

192. Circe, the daughter of the Sun, was the mother of Faunus, the father of Latinus.

206. A cake of fine flour, "mola," was placed on the head of the victim; hence our word to "immolate." A few hairs were also cut from the forehead, and burnt, or (as in Homer) distributed to the principal persons:

"Agamemnon then

"Cut off the forelocks of the lambs, of which

"The heralds gave to every Græcian chief

"A portion, and to all the chiefs of Troy."—COWPER.

It may be further observed, that Virgil introduces the ewe-lamb, according to the Græcian custom, and the sow, after the most ancient Latin form of ratifying a league, as described by Livy, in the reign of Tullus Hostilius, between the Romans and the Albans.

242. It is evident, I think, that Virgil meant to introduce



Latinus as calling the sun and moon to attest his sincerity, who are, throughout the ancient mythology, confounded with Apollo and Diana, and so addressed as "*Latonæ genus duplex*" by Jupiter.

278. One portion of the Etrurians, under Messapus, were ranged on the side of Turnus, the others on that of Æneas.

297. Milton also introduces a like omen :

" Nigh in her sight  
" The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his airy tower,  
" Two birds of gayest plume before him drove."

*Paradise Lost*, XI. 184.

308. Being an omen taken from birds, it came strictly under the science of "augury;" and the interpretation of it, that Turnus was the swan rescued from the talons of Æneas by his surrounding comrades, was fairly given according to the principles of that science; the error was in supposing that to have been sent immediately from Jupiter, which was only contrived by Juturna.

345. "*Strictis ensibus adsunt.*"

348. One of those who came with Æneas,—Lib. X. v. 164.

353. The reader will call to mind the account of Goliath, "the staff of whose spear was like a weaver's beam."

363. Such passages as this, though they may sound oddly, perhaps, to the present English ear, mark too strongly the simplicity of the ancient Epic, to justify the translator in any way passing over or abridging them.

412. When Fear is spoken of as a feeling of the mind, it is more commonly described as pale; here, when personified as the deity inspiring alarm, Virgil, with great propriety, uses the expression, "*atræ Formidinis ora*," the countenance of dark or grim-visaged Terror.

424. It may be necessary to remind the English reader that this is ironical. The night adventure of Dolon, the father of Eumedes, in the 10th lib. of the *Iliad*, must be known to all.

436. In the first of these lines Turnus insultingly alludes to the custom of conquerors, of measuring out the conquered territory amongst their followers; the latter, though differing from the text, may help to convey the spirit of the whole to the English reader.

466. I have borrowed this expression from Cowper's *Iliad*.

473. So called because the healing art in early times consisted only in the knowledge of herbs and simples.



480. I have been obliged to omit the "tenax forceps," which Iapis (who, like the Doctor in St. Ronan's Well, was "nunquam non paratus") carried with him. "Pincers," though we have the authority of Spenser for using the word in poetry, seemed to carry with it too much of the workshop, as "forceps" did of the surgery; and I knew of no other term.

527. The reader will find the acuteness of hearing consequent upon extreme anxiety alluded to in the fifth stanza of the opening canto of Rokeby:—

"Far townward sounds a distant tread,  
"And Oswald, starting from his bed,  
"Hath caught it, though no human ear,  
"Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,  
"Could e'er distinguish horses' clank,  
"Until it reach'd the castle-bank."

554. I use the term "virgin" in the same vague sense in which it frequently occurs in the original.

594. Others interpret this parenthesis differently, that this bold standing of Sucro against Æneas first checked the Trojans, who were now bearing all before them.

614. There is, I think, an indescribable beauty in such passages as these thus introduced; a beauty, as far as I know, found only in Virgil, and his great master and prototype, Homer. The mind is transported at once from the horrors of carnage to the fairest images of perfect peacefulness. How completely do they justify the remark in Professor Keble's 'Prelections': "In Æneide suâ fecit Virgilius, ut inter bella et heroicos tumultus tacitâ quâdum ruris memoriâ se delectavit."

683. First made with Ilioneus; and secondly with Æneas, ratifying the single combat between him and Turnus.

725. "Amens," having for the moment lost his presence of mind.

807. I have adopted this epithet from Homer, *ολοοιτροχος*, round as a wheel.

862. Virgil follows Homer. In the Fourth Book of the 'Paradise Lost' the light scale mounting aloft is made to foreshow the flight of Satan from his contest with Gabriel.

910. The temple is not mentioned in the text, but there seems no impropriety in introducing it, as these wild olive-trees (selected for the hardness and durability of their wood) were commonly



planted in the neighbourhood of temples for the purpose here mentioned.

946. In the lower air, or sky, which is visible from earth, and below the regions of pure light and warmth inhabited by the gods.

1000. It is probable that few readers have been satisfied with the way in which the death of Turnus is brought about; it may be well, therefore, to bring before them at this point the following note from Dr. Beattie's *Essay on Poetry and Music*, cap. 4th; Of Poetical Characters:—"Turnus is a brave and gallant young prince; but his disobedience to the will of Jupiter, as repeatedly declared by oracles and prodigies whereof he could not misunderstand the meaning, (lib. vii. vers. 104 and 596,) in persisting to urge his claim to Lavinia, whom Fate had destined to be the wife of his rival, engages him in the war which concludes with his death. We pity his fall; of which, however, himself, with his dying breath, acknowledges the justice. Had he been less amiable, we should have been less interested in his fate; had he been more virtuous, the poet must either have omitted the Italian war altogether, or brought it about by means less probable, perhaps, and less honourable to the Trojans, and consequently, to Rome. Piety to the gods is everywhere recommended by Virgil as the first and greatest human virtue, to which all other duties and affections are to give place, when they happen to be inconsistent."

1104. For the correctness of this expression, which is literally rendered from the original, let the reader consult Dr. Beattie's note at v. 1000.

THE END.



December, 1874.

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